NUPTIAL
Dialogues *and* Debates:

Or, An Uſeful Proſpect of the

FELICITIES and DISCOMFORTS OF A
MARRY'D LIFE,

Incident to all DEGREES, from the THRONE to the COTTAGE.

Containing

Many great Examples of Love, Piety, Prudence, Juſtice, and all the Excellent Vertues, that largely contribute to the true Happineſs of Wedlock. Drawn from the Lives of our own Princes, Nobility, and other Quality, in Proſperity and Adverſity.

Alſo the fantaſtical Humours of all Fops, Coquets, Bullies, Jilts, fond Fools, and Wantons; old Fumblers, barren Ladies, Miſers, parſimonious Wives, Ninnies, Sluts and Termagants; drunken Husbands, toping Goſſips, ſchiſmatical Preciſians, and devout Hypocrites of all Sorts.

Digeſted into ſerious, merry, and ſatirical Poems, wherein both Sexes, in all Stations, are reminded of their Duty, and taught how to be happy in a Matrimonial State.

In Two VOLUMES.

By EDWARD WARD, *Author of the* London Spy.

The Third EDITION, adorn'd with CUTS.

As the plough'd Furrows of the fruitful Field,
Among the Corn, do Weeds *and* Thiſtles *yield:*
So thorny Cares, *as well as ſoothing* Joys,
In ſpite of Love, *in* Wedlock *will ariſe.*
Here both lie open to the Reader's *View:*
If marry'd, *he may find the* Author *true.*

London: Printed for Meſſ. BETTESWORTH, and HITCH, WARE, and OSBORN, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*; HODGES, on *London-Bridge*; BAILY, in *Mitre-Court*, *Fleetſtreet*; and CUMMINS, at the *Royal Exchange*. 1737.

THE

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO THE

Worthy Gentlemen of the County and Corporation of Leiceſter.

Gentlemen,

THE Chearfulneſs of your Converſation, the Hoſpitality in your Houſes, and the many Civilities I met with when a Sojourner among you, have, in Point of Gratitude, oblig'd me to this thankful Ac-

knowledgment of your paſt Favours, and to beg your kind Acceptance of theſe Two Volumes of *Nuptial Dialogues and Debates*, which (ſince ſome of them have had the Approbation of the World) I am willing ſhould be honour'd with your Patronage.

For a Dedication to a ſingle Perſon, ſtuff'd with fulſome Flattery, and hyperbolical Adulation, is, in my Opinion, ſuch a mendicant way of Scribling, that I was ever aſham'd of, and have therefore laid hold of this Occaſion, not to court your Generoſity, but to ſhew the Reſpect I have for that ancient Town, and not only pleaſant, but plentiful County, where my Anceſtors once had the Happineſs to flouriſh in Proſperity, and where I my ſelf have ſome Friends, as well as Relations, to whom I am indebted for ſundry Services.

Therefore

Therefore, nothing has induc'd me to this Preſumption, but a ſincere Deſire of ſhewing the great Veneration I have for that Country where my deceas'd Father receiv'd his firſt Breath, and early inbib'd thoſe true Church-Principles of Religion and Loyalty, in which he always took Care to educate his Children, to their great Happineſs; and which I heartily wiſh may ever maintain their Ground among you, by the conſtant Labours of thoſe learn'd and pious Clergy, for which you are highly eminent above other Counties.

As to the Performance of what I have preſum'd to put under your Protection, I ſhall humbly ſubmit the ſame to your own candid Judgment, without laying the leaſt Claim to your good Opinion, by aſſuring you, I have done any Thing therein that can be truly

worthy of your generous Approbation; for to commend my own Works, or to diſparage others, are to me equally diſagreeable.

Therefore, if there be any Thing herein that may deſerve your Favour, I only beg, that you will vouchſafe to give the Books ſuch a friendly Promotion as your Selves ſhall think neceſſary, and you will greatly oblige

Your moſt humble Servant,

EDWARD WARD.

THE PREFACE.

AS *the* State of Matrimony *is a holy Inſtitution, and very largely conducing to the Peace and Preſervation of all National Governments, as well as to the mutual Felicity of both Sexes; ſo it ought not to be jeſted with after ſuch a manner, as to be render'd liable to the Contempt of thoſe Perſons, who, for want of being ſenſible of the great Bene-*

fits which Mankind in general receive thereby, are too ready to diſhonour it with ſuch unmannerly Sarcaſms, as may fright the Innocent from venturing to engage therein, and conſequently from obeying that firſt and great Command, viz. Increaſe and Multiply.

Some Libertines, to ſhew their Wit to the reſt of their Companions, will cry, Matrimony's like Muſtard; and he that praiſes either, ought to do it with Tears in his Eyes.

Others, perhaps, will tell us, that joining a Couple in Wedlock, is like putting them under a great Bell; wherein there is no ſtirring, without abundance of Noiſe.

Some, of leſs Manners, from their Obſervation of the Jars and Differences

that

that ariſe too often betweeen imprudent Perſons, will ſcoffingly affirm, that a Man and his Wife are like a Couple of Cats ty'd together by their Tails, and flung croſs a Sign-Poſt, who, as long as they live, will be always ferretting and tormenting of each other.

Other merry Blades will tell us, marrying is but putting two Lovers into a Ring to fight for the Breeches; and He *or* She, *who has the Fortune to win the Prize, will be ſure, without Mercy, to make a Slave of the Victim.*

The Father of the Engliſh *Poets, has long ſince oblig'd the World with this Compariſon,* viz.

Marriage is like a Revel Rout,
Thoſe that are out, would fain get in,
And thoſe that are in, would fain get out.

Another celebrated Poet tells us, in one of his merry Madrigals, that a marry'd Man is like a Dog with a Bottle faſt ty'd to his Tail; *with many other very coarſe Similies, too immodeſt to recite.*

Alſo the famous Dr. Brown, *in his* Religio Medici, *is not behind-hand with the reſt, in inveighing againſt that ſacred Ordinance, wiſhing, That Mankind might procreate like Trees, or beget their Like by ſome other Means than what Heaven has appointed: Which, I think, is not only cavilling at the Wiſdom of Omnipotence, but, as it were, preſcribing new Meaſures to the Almighty after a blaſphemous Manner. Which unhappy Over-ſight has been no ſmall leſſening to the Credit of that Book, which would otherwiſe have deſervedly obtain'd a large Reputation for its learned Author.*

Many

The latter does the first preserve,
No Man can be Content and Starve;
No Sage Philosopher secure
A quiet Breast, if Old and Poor.
I, therefore, like what you advise,
'Tis Wealth alone makes Age seem Wise,
And not our Wrinkles, but our Pence,
That gain Respect and Reverence.

WIFE.

The greater Reason still we have
To keep what we have toil'd to save;
That now we're Ancient we may be
Secure from helpless Poverty.
Unhappy those that do depend,
When Old, upon a Child or Friend.
'Tis hard, my Dear, we should be taught,
Now Aged, how to Eat, and what;
Rudely directed where to sit,
And caution'd how we Smoak or Spit;
Be fearful to disclose our Wants,
And teas'd with the imperious Taunts
Of some proud Minx our Son shall wed
Who'll think we are too nicely fed,
And ne'er be easy till we're dead.

HUSBAND.

Therefore the way to live at Ease,
And spend our aged Days in Peace,

Is ſtill to keep what we poſſeſs
And not, by giving, make it leſs:
'Tis better, that our Children wait
Till we are dead, for our Eſtate,
Than that we ſhould reſign the ſame,
And then turn Penſioners to them:
Whilſt in our Hands we keep the Staff,
And they depend on us, we're ſafe.
Our own paternal Love, we know,
Is great, and will continue ſo;
But filial Duty in a Son
Is not to be rely'd upon;
Age may be fond of Youth, we ſee,
But Youth with Age can ne'er agree:
Whene'er they buckle and obey,
Or humour us in what we ſay,
They only ſeemingly comply,
In hopes, at laſt, to gain thereby;
And coax and flatter us, for fear
We ſhould beſtow our Wealth elſewhere:
Therefore 'tis fit our Brood depends
On us, who are their faithful Friends;
Not we on them, who only want
To gain what we have Pow'r to grant,
Which if we part with whilſt we're living,
They'll make us ſoon repent our giving.

WIFE.

Children, we know, affect their Pleaſure,
And ſooth their Parents for their Treaſure;

But

But who can blame 'em, ſince we find,
That all are to the ſame inclin'd?
Money, we ſee, commands the Great,
The Wiſeſt nibble at the Bait;
Yet, tho' 'tis lov'd by Young and Old,
For Pleaſure ſtill they barter Gold,
And, by their Lives, let others ſee
The World is all but Vanity:
Therefore ſince Money bears the Sway,
And all Delights its Pow'r obey,
Let us, whilſt we have Life, take care
To ſave enough, that we may bear
Our Charges to our Journey's End,
Without the Help of Child or Friend;
For wretched muſt thoſe Parents be,
Who feel the Smart of Poverty,
And for Subſiſtance muſt rely
Upon their Childrens Charity.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

No Parent is oblig'd to ſtarve
To pleaſe a graceleſs Son or Daughter,
Firſt let's be careful to preſerve
Our ſelves when Old, our Children after.

For

For he that parts with all his Gold,
Or Lands, without a Reservation,
To bless his Issue, may, when Old,
Repent his liberal Donation.

'Tis true, the wealthy Father ought
To make a suitable Provision
For his own Brood, and grant 'em what
May place them in a blest Condition:

But he that gives his Children all,
And on their Curtesy relies,
Will fare but ill, and surely shall
Repent his Folly ere he dies.

FINIS.

Many other ſuch like Paſſages, and ſatirical Scoffs, might be collected out of ſeveral celebrated Authors, ancient, as well as modern; which ſhew, that the greateſt Wits, like the beſt Fruits, are very ſubject to produce Maggots.

Therefore, I ſhall only take the Freedom to aſſure you, that the following Dialogues have not the leaſt Tendency to the Diſhonour of a marry'd State; for which I cannot but acknowledge I have as great a Reverence as any Man: and have often wonder'd, with what Confidence any Perſon living, except a profligate By-blow, can give himſelf the Liberty of exclaiming againſt it; when he cannot but know, that if his Parents Embraces had wanted the Nuptial Sanction, he muſt have been born a Baſtard.

I muſt

The Preface.

I must confess, the Passions and Follies of some indiscreet Husbands, and obstreperous Wives, who want a Sense of their Duty to each other, may very reasonably render Wedlock but an uncomfortable State, to such single Persons, who, living under the same Roof, have frequent Opportunities of being Eye or Ear Witnesses of their ridiculous Contentions. But, whoever reflects upon the holy Institution, because they see it shamefully abus'd by some imprudent Persons, may as well condemn the natural Necessities of Eating and Drinking, because some Men are Gluttons, and others Drunkards; or disparage a House for its Loftiness, because the Tenant was so mad as to wilfully break his Neck out of the Garret-Window.

Matrimony was certainly ordain'd for the Delight and Comfort of both Sexes;

Sexes; but if any ſhall enter into it, without a Chriſtian Reſolution of maintaining theſe three principal Vertues, viz. Patience, Chaſtity, *and* Temperance, *if they propoſe much Felicity after Honey-Moon's over, will be ſurely diſappointed; for none can enjoy it truly, but thoſe who are worthy of ſo honourable a State.*

The Quarrels and Diſputes that frequently ariſe betwixt Husbands and Wives of thwarting Diſpoſitions, are commonly occaſion'd by ſuch ridiculous Trifles, that they cannot be otherwiſe than good Comedy to a Stander-by, to hear from what minute Cauſes they will work up their Paſſions to an extravagant Madneſs; and when they have ſpit their Venom at each other, like a couple of courting Cats in the height of their Amours, it is no little Pleaſure to obſerve how ſuddenly they'll relapſe into their accuſtomary

cuſtomary Fondneſs, as if the greateſt of their Happineſs was in a ſpeedy Tranſition from one Extreme to another.

Whilſt others, thro' the Advantage of a better Education, have ſo equal a Senſe of their Duty, and ſuch a mutual Eſteem for each other, that they never ſuffer their Love to go unaccompany'd with Prudence; but by the Practice of Civility, have acquir'd ſuch a plauſible Habit of indearing Deportment, that none can obſerve with what Decency and Reſpect they always behave themſelves at Home and Abroad to one another, without envying their Happineſs.

From theſe, and ſuch like Obſervations, I have drawn the following Dialogues, that thoſe who are unhappy in a marry'd State, may ſee where the Fault lies, and bluſh at their own Follies: And

if

if they are willing to reform themſelves from thoſe Indiſcretions, which make their Lives uncomfortable, I have alſo given them ſuch Examples, as will, I hope, encourage 'em to that Vertue and Patience, that may add to their Happineſs.

And as for thoſe Pot-valiant Tyrants, who treat their Wives like Vaſſals; and over-fond, uxorious, and puſilanimous Ninnies, who, on the contrary, make themſelves mere Slaves to the Pride and Vanity of their Nuptial Governeſſes; alſo thoſe untamable Shrews, intolerable Goſſips, laſcivious Wantons, and brandy-fac'd Termagants, who are ſo eſtabliſh'd in their vicious Habits, and contemptible Follies, as to be paſt reclaiming, I have given, I hope, ſuch a genuine Repreſentation of their ſcandalous Deportment, and fantaſtical Humours, as may keep

keep others from deſerving the like ſatirical Chaſtiſement.

Beſides, I have taken what Care I could to ſuit the ſubject Matter of the ſeveral Dialogues and Debates to the Quality and Station of the Perſons I have repreſented: So that the Reader may find ſeveral profitable Arguments, Pro *and* Con, *upon thoſe Points which have been the unhappy Occaſion of all our late Diviſions; alſo many pleaſing Encouragements to Religion, Loyalty, and a vertuous Life. All which are heartily recommended to every honeſt and unprejudic'd Reader, by their*

Humble Servant.

THE

THE

CONTENTS.

Dialogue
I. BEtween *a ſurly Husband, and a condeſcending Wife,* Page 1
II. *Between an extravagant Husband, and a prudent Wife,* 10
III. *Between a dying Wife, and a profligate Husband,* 18
IV. *Between a pert Lady, and an old fumbling Libertine,* 26
V. *Between a wealthy Niggard, and his generous Termagant,* 34
VI. *Between a pert Lady and her Spouſe, concerning Superiority in Wedlock,* 48
VII. *Between an Officer at his Departure, and his affectionate Wife,* 57

VIII.

Dialogue
VIII. *Between a kind and wealthy Wife, and her facetious Husband of inferior Fortune,* Page 72
IX. *Between an old drolling Gentleman with a Carbuncle-Nose, and his merry tallow-fac'd Lady,* 82
X. *Between a generous Husband and his parſimonious Wife,* 89
XI. *Between a Termagant Court-Lady, and her Spouſe, about ſettling in the Country,* 100
XII. *Between a depending Courtier, who would have ſacrific'd the Chaſtity of his Wife to a certain great Man, in hopes of Preferment, and his vertuous Lady, who was averſe to a Compliance,* 109
XIII. *Between a ſqueamiſh cotting Mechanick, and his ſluttiſh Wife, in the Kitchen,* 122
XIV. *Between a pious Clergy-man, and his vertuous Lady,* 128
XV. *Between a tender and religious Husband, and his barren melancholy Lady* 135
XVI. *Between a fond Gentleman, and his coaxing Lady,* 145
XVII. *Between a prudent Gentleman, and his obliging Lady, about her keeping Company with a certain Gentlewoman of a ſlender Reputation,* 153

Dialogue
XVIII *Between a teasing Husband, and his vexatious tipling Wife,* Page 160
XIX. *Between an honest blunt Gentleman, and his fantastical Lady, who, between forty and fifty, had made her a colour'd furbelo'd Scarf,* 169
XX. *Between a City-Termagant, and her Mechanick Spouse,* 177
XXI. *Between a thriving Chandler, and his Wife, about the Education of their Daughter,* 186
XXII. *A Pastoral Dialogue between* Corydon *a Shepherd, and his Wife* Phyllis, *concerning the innocent Pleasures of a rural Life,* 193
XXIII. *Between a rattle-headed News-Monger, and his prudent Wife,* 203
XXIV. *Between the happy Pair, concerning the Comforts of mutual Fidelity, and the innocent Pleasures of a retir'd Life,* 211
XXV. *Between a generous Mechanick, and his old stingy Wife, about her locking up the Cupboard to keep the Victuals from his Apprentices,* 222
XXVI. *Between a nice affected Gentleman, and his careless, slatternly Lady,* 229
XXVII. *Between a High-Church Gentleman, and his Low-Church Lady, about the Difference of their Opinions,* 238

Dialogue
XXVIII. *Between a young Libertine, and an old canting rich Widow, whom he had marry'd for her Money,* Page 248
XXIX. *Between an old, prodigal, new-sworn Constable, and his young noisy Wife, concerning his Power and Authority,* 257
XXX. *Between the forgiving Husband, and the penitent Adulteress,* 265
XXXI. *Between a rich Sea Captain, and his young, beautiful, buxom Lady, after six Months Marriage,* 276
XXXII. *Between an old Country Couple, in the Winter of their Age, concerning the Disobedience of their Children, and the Vanities of this World,* 286

Nuptial Dialogues.

VOL. I.

DIALOGUE I.

Between a ſurly Husband, and condeſcending Wife.

HUSBAND.

ERE, Wife, let's ſee my Slippers, Cap and Gown;
Help off my Coat. Z—s, Madam, how you frown,
As if, thro' Pride, you thought your ſelf too good
T' attend your Husband as a Woman ſhou'd!

WIFE.

My Dear, what makes you think ſo, when you find
None can be more obliging, none more kind?
Am I not always ready to obey?
Or do I contradict whate'er you ſay?
But nimbly run at your Commands, as if
I was your Servant, rather than your Wife;

Yet all my diligent Endeavours ſeem
Too negligent to merit your Eſteem.

HUSBAND.

'Tis true, that you obey what I command,
But ſtill 'tis done with an unwilling Hand;
A ſullen Pride does on your Brows appear,
And ſhews you humble not thro' Love, but Fear;
As if your ſeeming Readineſs to pleaſe,
Was for your own bye Int'reſt, and your Eaſe;
And not th' Effect of Duty which you owe,
Or that Affection which a Wife ſhould ſhow;
Therefore you only do what you repent,
Becauſe you act without the Mind's Conſent;
For ev'ry Look, when you obey, betrays
Your Perſon and your Will move diff'rent ways.

WIFE.

My Dear, my humble Temper you miſtake,
And from your own this raſh Conſtruction make.
Thoſe who with Jaundice Eyes behold the Dame
That's fair, conceit her tinctur'd with the ſame.
'Tis true, when peeviſh, you command me to
What's fitter for a ſervile Drudge to do,
Than for a lawful Wife; yet I obey
Your harſh Commands without the leaſt Delay;
Tho' your Injunctions often ſeem ſevere,
From whence, you being conſcious that you err,
Fancy I ſcornfully perform that Act,
Which is in you Ill-nature to exact,

Well

Well knowing 'tis unmanly to impoſe
Upon a Wife, who ſo much Temper ſhows,
And that ſhe juſtly may refuſe a Task
Which is in you tyrannical to ask;
Therefore you think I've but a ſlender Mind
T' oblige, becauſe you know your ſelf unkind,
And that, alas! you do too oft require
Things barb'rous for a Husband to deſire.

HUSBAND.

Wives, Madam Pert, are in a ſervile State,
Should ſilently obey, and never prate.
'Tis Inſolence to frown, or knit your Brows,
And bold Rebellion to upbraid your Spouſe.
Man from his Maker ſov'reign Power derives,
And ought to reign in Triumph o'er his Wives;
Many he was allow'd, when they were ſuch
That would obey, but One is now too much.
Women are ſpoil'd ſince Men ſo fond are grown,
The Subject now uſurps the nuptial Throne,
And doating Man, by Nature born to rule,
Is made, by Love, his Woman's ſervile Tool;
Muſt give the haughty Minx the upper Hand,
And for his Eaſe obey his Wife's Command;
Flatter the Gipſy to improve her Pride,
And ſtoop to her, o'er whom he ſhould preſide:
But I'll be no ſuch Foe to human Race,
I'll keep my Pow'r, and make you know your Place:
I ſcorn, by ſuch Examples, to betray
Others to bend to thoſe that ſhould obey.

Husbands and Kings ſhould be alike ſevere;
'Tis Virtue in 'em both to be auſtere;
For we, alas! by long Experience find
Both are ill us'd, if lenitive and kind;
Deſpis'd, oppos'd, involv'd in endleſs Strife,
One by his Subjects, t'other by his Wife;
Therefore expect I'll ever bear the Sway,
And prove a Tyrant, if you diſobey.

WIFE.

I own, my Dear, you have a native Right
To rule, and 'tis my Duty to ſubmit;
That ev'ry Wife ſhould true Allegiance own
To 'er lawful Spouſe, as Subjects to the Throne;
But ſtill a Husband's Pow'r may be miſus'd,
And virtuous Wives by their Commands abus'd;
Be baſely injur'd, ſlighted, and oppreſt,
Thro' the falſe Motives of a jealous Breaſt,
Tho' their whole Lives have been a Scene of Care,
And prudent Circumſpection not to err;
Therefore 'tis hard, in ſuch a wretched Caſe,
Virtue, thus highly wrong'd, ſhould want Redreſs.
Kingdoms, we ſee, when Princes do exert
Their ſov'reign Pow'r to their own Subjects Hurt,
Will uſe their utmoſt Diligence to free
Themſelves from a tyrannick Slavery,
And think it Juſtice to reſtrain that Pow'r,
Which ceaſes to protect, and would devour;
Therefore, ſince you this Parallel have made,
That Husbands like to Kings ſhould be obey'd,

Why

Why have not Wives, when they're abus'd, as well
As injur'd Subjects, Title to rebel?

HUSBAND.

The Husband's wedded to his ſervile Wife
By Heav'n, as Kings are to their Thrones for Life.
When thus united, all Men are forbid
To break thoſe Bonds that God himſelf has ty'd,
The Wife accepts her Husband as her Lord,
Is bound to hon'r'im, and obey his Word;
And ſins, whenever ſhe his Will withſtands,
Or makes herſelf the Judge of his Commands:
None but the prating, proud, rebellious Shrew,
Preſumes to dictate what her Spouſe ſhould do,
Or will, thro' Pride, contentiouſly diſpute
Her Husband's Pow'r, which ſhould be abſolute.
A prudent Wife a willing Temper ſhows,
Comes when ſhe's call'd, and when commanded goes;
Does with Submiſſion his Deſires fulfil,
And asks no Reaſons, but obeys his Will,
Knowing her Duty is to humbly bend,
And ne'er to murmur, cavil, or contend;
For Wives and Subjects, when they durſt oppoſe
Their lawful Sov'reign, or their lawful Spouſe,
Both, to deter the reſt from like Offence,
Ought to be puniſh'd for their Inſolence.

WIFE.

I'm willing to obey; but yet, my Dear,
Methinks you ought not to be ſo ſevere:

Woman's the weaker Veſſel, and by Chance
May give ſome ſmall Offence thro' Ignorance.
Such little Slips and Failings ſhould not move
A Husband's Anger, or impair his Love.
Things may be taken ill, not ill deſign'd,
Or the Tongue err abſtracted from the Mind;
And Faults, methinks, without the Will's Conſent,
Cannot in Juſtice merit Puniſhment,

HUSBAND.

Th' obedient Wife is careful how to pleaſe,
Her only Study is her Husband's Eaſe;
For ſhould ſhe do by Chance what ſeems unkind,
How ſhould we know but ſhe the Slight deſign'd?
Men judge of things as they appear to be:
In friendly Actions we your Kindneſs ſee;
But when a Wife ſhall diſreſpectful prove,
Her Pouts and Slights betray her Want of Love:
If, when you talk, your Tongue ſhould make a Trip,
And from your Mouth offenſive Words ſhould ſlip,
The cloſe Repentance that purſues behind,
Shews that the Lips have vary'd from the Mind;
For then no ſooner is the Sentence ſpoke,
But you beg Pardon that it mayn't provoke,
And by a quick Atonement, let us ſee,
Tho' your Tongue err'd, that ſtill your Mind was (free;
But if you ſtill continue to offend,
And when you know you ſhould ſubmit, contend;

To

To plead ſuch Errors are againſt the Will,
Is but a farther Provocation ſtill;
That gives us Cauſe to think you run aſtray,
And hate the Man you care not to obey.
If therefore you would merit my Eſteem,
And make me love and prize you as a Gem,
Think not your Lily Hand too white to do
The meaneſt Thing that I command you to;
But wave your Frowns, abandon female Pride,
Lay all your ſtately Vanity aſide;
Forget your Beauty, Fortune, and your Birth,
Boaſt not your Parents Quality or Worth.
But let my Preſence keep your Heart in Awe,
And my Commands be valid as a Law;
Then a reſpectful Husband ſhall I prove,
When by your Duty you confirm your Love;
But if you ſlight or diſregard my Word,
And ſcorn to ſtoop to your Domeſtick Lord,
I'll ſtrictly guard my Pocket, knit my Brows,
And ſhew a fooliſh Wife an angry Spouſe.

WIFE.

Man has ſome Reaſon, if the Wife be croſs,
To be neglective, ſlighting, and moroſe;
But when a Woman's kind, to be auſtere,
Argues a Husband's Temper too ſevere,
Gives her juſt Cauſe to murmur and complain,
That ſhe's ill govern'd with too ſtrait a Rein.
Tho' Man's Authority be great, when us'd
As Tyrants do their Pow'r, 'tis then abus'd;

And tho' weak Woman, in ſo hard a Caſe,
Is forc'd to ſuffer Wrongs without Redreſs,
Yet 'tis inglorious Cruelty and Pride
To injure and oppreſs the weaker Side,
Or make your feeble Help-mate fare the worſe,
Becauſe unable to withſtand your Force.
  However, pray believe, my only Dear,
My Virtues are not owing to my Fear;
For no ill Uſage ſhall incline my Heart
To act a treach'rous, or a ſtubborn Part;
Senſe of my Duty is alone the Law
That guards my Breaſt, and keeps my Soul in Awe.
My nuptial Vows ſhall bind me to be true,
And ſteer my faithful Love to none but you;
No Frowns or Slights ſhall ever change my Mind;
Tho' you are ſordid, I'll be juſt and kind,
And win you by indearing Means, to be
As loving and as affable to me;
For when the Man, fatigu'd with worldly Toil,
Proves Vinegar, the Woman ſhould be Oil.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

THO' the Man's ſurly, proud, perverſe
Ill-temper'd as the Devil,
The Wife ſtill makes her Fate but worſe,
That is not kind and civil.

She

She ought to ſtudy how to pleaſe,
And wink at ev'ry Failing;
For nothing's gain'd, but farther Teaſe,
By Scolding and by Railing.

A Woman's Tongue will ne'er aſſwage
Her Husband's peeviſh Nature,
For, tho' he's cauſeleſs in a Rage,
'Twill make the Storm the greater.

'Tis true, it's hard a Wife ſhould bear
Thoſe Taunts ſhe does not merit;
But who that's wiſe would ſnarl or jar,
To raiſe an evil Spirit?

For ſhe that fooliſhly controuls
A Man of ſtubborn Humour,
Blows up but thoſe deſtructive Coals,
That may, perhaps, conſume her.

Therefore the Wife that is perplex'd
With Spouſe of ill Condition,
Ought always, when the Tyrant's vex'd,
To ſhew the moſt Submiſſion.

DIALOGUE II.

Between an extravagant Husband, and a prudent Wife.

WIFE.

WHY, my dear *Damon*, will you waſte your Wealth,
Beggar your Children, and impair your Health,
By daily treating ev'ry idle Gueſt
With riotous Exceſſes of the beſt?
Why will you cringe to ſuch a worthleſs Crew
Of flatt'ring Fools, where no Reſpect is due,
And with expenſive Wines your Cellars fill,
That gorging Sots may from your Table reel,
Who with ſtretch'd Bellies quit your nauſeous Room,
To ſpew your Bounty up 'twixt that and Home?

HUSBAND.

Teaſe me not thus, my Dear, perhaps I think
There is no other Pleaſure, but to drink:
Why then, to pleaſe a Wife, ſhould I reſign
Theſe two Delights, good Company and Wine?

What,

What, tho' I've Children, muſt their Father be
A Slave to add to their Proſperity,
And be a Niggard to myſelf and Friend,
That you and they may have the more to ſpend?
No, Madam, tho' I love both them and you,
I ſhall regard myſelf a little too,
And not abandon that ſupreme Delight,
That crowns the Day, and gives me Reſt at Night;
Nor frown upon my Friends, to pleaſe a Wife
That would abridge me of the Joys of Life.

WIFE.

But you miſtake, my Dear, and fanſy thoſe
To be your Friends, that are your greateſt Foes.
Can flatt'ring Spungers, who your Tables fill,
At your Expence to gormandize and ſwill,
Who for your Banquets haunt you ev'ry Hour,
And praiſe thoſe Dainties which themſelves devour;
Commend your Wines, which from your Cellars flow,
And compliment the Vanity you ſhow;
Applaud your Bounty to a high Degree,
Call your Profuſeneſs Generoſity;
New ſubtle Ways amidſt their Cups invent,
To make you ſtill the more extravagant?
But what Returns have your Companions ſhew'd?
What Services perform'd? What Gratitude
Have you receiv'd from your expenſive Treats
Of rich *Galicia* Wines, and coſtly Meats?
Can any one of thoſe you call your Friends,
Who only flatter for their own Bye-Ends,

Beneath their ſlender Circumſtance, repay
The Obligations of one drunken Day?
Are they not careleſs Sots, and Spend-thrifts all,
Whoſe Merits are but low, and Fortunes ſmall,
Unworthy of thoſe Favours you beſtow,
And all th' expenſive Friendſhips which you ſhow?
Fie, fie, my Dear, it grieves my Breaſt to ſee,
Such worthleſs Fellows ſhould your Ruin be;
Nor is it more than what becomes a Wife,
To beg a Husband to reform his Life;
For nothing leſs than Mis'ry can attend
Such vain Extremes, in the unhappy End.

HUSBAND.

I cannot but allow, my charming Soul,
A Woman may adviſe, but not controul.
I own, that in ſome Meaſure I'm to blame,
And thou ſhalt find I'll labour to reclaim;
But ſtill there muſt a happy Union be
Betwixt the Bottle, and my Friend, and me.
I love a chearful Glaſs; all other Joys
Which many boaſt of, are to me but Toys,
'Twixt Wine and Friendſhip I am only bleſt,
Give me but theſe, the World may take the reſt.

WIFE.

Think not, my Dear, that I preſume ſo far
As in the leaſt t'ingage you to debar
Yourſelf of thoſe Delights you value moſt,
Altho' attended with the greateſt Coſt:

All

All I intreat, is, that you'd grow more ſhy
Of that bad Company you treat ſo high,
And not be ruin'd by a thankleſs Crew
Of worthleſs Sycophants, you know not who;
Such who are needy, ſcandalous, and baſe,
Who only fawn and flatter to your Face;
But in your Abſence make you but their Sport,
And blame your Bounty, tho' it's their Support,
Nay, ridicule your Forwardneſs to do
Thoſe very Things that they induce you to;
Therefore, my Dear, ſuch Company forbear,
And you'll be much more happy than you are:
Give o'er your Treats, invite 'em not to dine,
Or, if you do, be ſparing of your Wine,
And I'll engage you'll find your Belly-Friends
Will ſoon forſake you, when they loſe their Ends.
'Tis not your Perſon or your Parts they prize,
But that which makes you but appear leſs wiſe;
'Tis your Profuſeneſs they alone admire,
With-hold but that, your Friends will ſoon retire;
Therefore, my Dear, for once let me adviſe,
If you'd be rid of thoſe you ſhould deſpiſe,
Keep but the Bottle back, and drunken Friendſhip dies.

HUSBAND.

I muſt confeſs, my Dear, that I have been
Too kind and generous, but now begin
To ſee my Folly, ere it's grown too late,
And ſhall have more Regard to my Eſtate,

Than

Than to be beggar'd; for I own I find
My Debts increaſing, and my Wealth declin'd.
I know 'tis Time I ſhould with-hold my Hand,
Or I muſt ſoon raiſe Money on my Land;
Therefore I thank thee for thy kind Advice,
I'll be leſs gen'rous, and become more wiſe.

WIFE.

Look on your ſpritely Son; behold the Boy,
Whoſe lovely Features fill us both with Joy.
Is it not hard that ſuch a Babe ſhould come
To want that Wealth which thankleſs Sots conſume,
And, thro' your vain Extravagance, be glad
To be ſome Lady's Page, or Vintner's Lad?
Look on your Daughter, view her charming Face,
Where Beauty ſhines with Innocence and Grace:
Is it not Pity that ſo ſweet a Child
Should be by Sots and Sycophants beguil'd,
And when her Breaſts to nuptial Ripeneſs ſwell,
Should want a Fortune that might match her well?
Would it not rend your troubled Soul, to ſee
So fair an Offspring doom'd to Drudgery;
Or when ſhe's fit for a kind Husband's Arms,
Be forc'd, thro' Want, to proſtitute her Charms?
Conſider, Deareſt, this muſt be their Fate,
Unleſs you're frugal ere it proves too late;
Therefore, my Dear, 'tis not my ſelf I heed,
But for your Children that I intercede;
Give not your darling Infants cauſe to curſe
Your Flatt'rers, nay, their Father, which is worſe,

When

When they in Tears dejectedly behold
Your Lands and Houſes to ſome Miſer ſold:
Look with Compaſſion on their tender Years,
And put a Stop to all theſe growing Fears.
Then will yourſelf and Family be bleſt,
And Joys, as yet unknown, enrich your Breaſt:
The Gods themſelves, who on your Revels frown,
Will with a pleaſing Aſpect then look down,
And with their Smiles your Reformation crown.

HUSBAND.

Theſe Thoughts, my Deareſt, make my Heart re-
You've ſtruck ſo Home, I cannot but repent; (lent;
Nor can I blame you for the Truths you ſpeak,
But am concern'd to think myſelf ſo weak.
I own I love thee, and thy charming Brood,
And grieve to think I ſhould neglect their Good;
Thy kind Advice has ſuch an Impreſs made,
As if thy Words were Laws to be obey'd;
So juſt thy Counſels, and thy Charge ſo true,
That by their Pow'r I'm chang'd to ſomething new;
Am conſcious of thoſe Faults which you reprove
With ſo much Prudence, Decency, and Love:
Nor ſhall thy bleſs'd Endeavours loſe their Aim,
For thou ſhalt find that I'll at once reclaim,
And from this happy Hour, reform my Houſe
From flatt'ring Sots, who at my Charge carouſe;
And for my deareſt Childrens Sake, and thine,
No longer be a Slave to vicious Wine;

But live reſerv'd, and drink a mod'rate Glaſs
With Friends that ſcorn to be obſcene, or baſe;
No vain Delights, with ſo much Coſt, purſue,
But ſtill be thoughtful of my Babes and you,
And be no more a Bubble to a thirſty Crew.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

SOME Husbands, who, thro' want of Wit,
Spur on their own Declenſion,
Think it a Scandal to ſubmit
To Female Reprehenſion:

But he that leads a ſhameful Life,
And ſtill purſues his Error,
If happy in a prudent Wife,
With Patience ought to hear her:

For tho' 'tis Woman's Sphere to mind
Their Children, and their Houſes,
Yet ſpend-thrift Sots ſhould think it kind,
When counſell'd by their Spouſes;

Not that if Man ſhould run aſtray,
A Woman muſt be railing;
For Scolding is an odious Way,
That ſeldom is prevailing.

Ill Words provoke, and not reclaim;
'Tis good Advice in Season,
That wins the Spend-thrift to his Dame,
And brings him to his Reason.

Men have their Failings, tho' they're wise,
It is, alas! too common;
No Husband therefore should despise
Good Counsel from a Woman.

DIALOGUE III.

Between a dying Wife, and a profligate Husband.

WIFE.

NOW, dear *Philander*, we ſhall quickly part,
My Eyes grow dim, and Death has ſeiz'd my (Heart:
I hope ere long to be for ever bleſs'd,
Where happy Souls by Angels are careſs'd,
And dwell in Peace above the ſpangled Skies,
Where no Diſputes or nuptial Jars ariſe;
But where the virtuous Wife ſhall be ſecur'd
From all thoſe Hardſhips ſhe on Earth endur'd.
My dear *Philander*, now too late you know
'Tis to your Wrongs that I my Sickneſs owe;
Thoſe fatal Slights, which you ſo oft have ſhow'd,
Have cruſh'd me down beneath their pond'rous Load.
Had you been kind, I might have long ſurviv'd
Th' approaching Hour, and twice my Age have liv'd;
But you, alas! have ſhook the fatal Glaſs,
And now the fleeting Sands pour down apace.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

Forgive me, Dear, I own I've been unkind,
But let not what is paſs'd diſturb thy Mind:
Chear up thy Spirits, comfort up thy Heart;
Thou'rt yet but young, it is too ſoon to part.
I'm ſure you will not die this Bout; for Wives,
Like Cats, the Wiſe report, have many Lives;
Therefore a Woman's Sickneſs who would heed?
They threaten long before they go indeed.

WIFE.

I know my Pangs cannot affect your Breaſt,
But 'tis a dreadful Seaſon for a Jeſt:
Have Patience, in a little Time you'll ſee
Death will diſſolve the Tye, and ſet you free;
My laſt unhappy Day is fled and gone,
No more ſhall I behold the riſing Sun,
Or from this cold uncomfortable Bed
Of Sorrow, move or raiſe my dying Head.
Feel my ſlow Pulſe, thou ſtony hearted Man;
Behold my icy Cheeks ſo pale and wan:
Can you believe I have the impious Art
To thus diſſemble Death in ev'ry Part?
O! cruel Wretch, that can forbear to ſhed
One Tear of Sorrow from a ſhaking Head,
Nor warm my frozen Cheeks amidſt my Pains
With one poor Kiſs, whilſt fading Life remains.
Tho' you have long been faithleſs and unkind,
Yet ſure my Mis'ries might affect your Mind.

And

And melt you, now the Pangs of Death appear,
To dropat Parting one relenting Tear.

HUSBAND.

Were you as ſick as you pretend to be,
And I the ghaſtly Signs of Death could ſee;
If Tears would make the pallid Tyrant fly,
I then perhaps might play the Fool, and cry;
But Women have ſuch Ways, that few can tell
When they're in Jeſt or Earneſt, ſick or well,
Becauſe they're ſubject to diſſemble Pain,
And oft, for little Cauſe, or none, complain.

WIFE.

O! faithleſs Man, O! unbelieving Wretch,
Do you not hear my weak and falt'ring Speech?
Can my numb'd Arms, my cold and clammy Sweats,
And trembling Agonies, be Counterfeits?
Can my dead Feet, more cold than Ice or Stone,
Be owing to Diſſimulation?
Do my Lips ſhiver, and my Eye-balls ſtart,
By th' Pow'r of vile Hypocriſy and Art?
O! gaze with Pity on your injur'd Wife;
Repent thoſe Ills that have abridg'd her Life;
Forſake thoſe gaudy Serpents which you prize,
Thoſe Baſilisks who pois'n ye with their Eyes;
Theſe treach'rous Snakes, thoſe Wantons of the Town,
Who've been my Ruin, and will prove your own;
Exclude their Charms from your unwary Breaſt,
Or you'll be curs'd on Earth, when I am bleſt.

O!

O! my dear Babe, what will of her become,
When I am fled to my eternal Home?
How ill muſt that poor harmleſs Infant fare,
When left expos'd to ſuch a Father's Care,
Whoſe wicked Life, by Heav'n's juſt Decree,
Muſt be aveng'd upon his Progeny,
Unleſs Heav'n's Mercy timely ſteps between,
And kindly cuts off the Intail of Sin?
O! Heav'n, look down with Pity, and diſpenſe
Thy Bleſſings on her tender Innocence;
Be thou, Omnipotence, her Virtue's Guard,
And keep her honeſt, tho' her Fate be hard;
Direct her Footſteps with thy Heav'nly Grace,
That no ill Action may her Charms debaſe;
And turn her Father's Heart, that he may be
Kinder to her, than he has prov'd to me.

HUSBAND.

Thou ſtill keep'ſt ſteady to thy old Extremes;
Scolding and Praying were thy uſual Themes:
A Wife's Devotion is not worth a Pin,
Except the Husband be reprov'd therein;
Each Fault of his be ſure muſt fetch a Groan,
Although perhaps ſhe quite forgets her own.
Go on, my Dear, 'tis Pleaſure to my Ears
To hear you mix Reflections with your Pray'rs:
It looks as if you had not long to live,
Becauſe you do not heartily forgive.

WIFE.

WIFE.

I'm not diſturb'd at your Unkindneſs paſt,
But grieve to ſee you ſlight me thus at laſt,
When a few Hours will all my Pains remove,
And put a Period to my nuptial Love.
Have I not always been a faithful Wife,
Regardful of the Comforts of your Life;
Careful and kind, obliging ev'ry Way,
Forward to pleaſe, and willing to obey?
And do I not deſerve one Sigh or Groan
At the laſt dying Gaſp, for what I've done?
O! wretched Woman, and ungrateful Man,
Whoſe Wrongs have rent my Heart at half my Span;
But I forgive thee with a Chriſtian Mind,
And beg, when gone, you'll to my Child be kind.
O! now I'm ſliding to my laſt Repoſe,
An icy Circle does my Heart incloſe.
Alas! where am I? Clouds of gloomy Night
Darken my Eye-balls, and eclipſe the Light.
O! kneel, and pray for my expiring Soul;
Methinks I do o'er toſſing Billows roll;
The raging Seas around my Body flow,
And watry Mountains daſh me to and fro.
Where's my *Philander?* O! aſſiſt me, Dear!
O! ſave me, God! — I ſink — I know not where.

HUSBAND.

Alas! ſhe's gone indeed. O! wretched Man,
Well might ſuch Virtue of her Wrongs complain:

None

None her hard Suff'rings, but herſelf could tell;
Ill have I us'd her, who deſerv'd ſo well:
Curſe on the wanton Fair, that made me prove
So baſe and treach'rous to ſuch faithful Love.
What an ungrateful Monſter is a lewd
And vicious Husband to a Wife ſo good!
How proudly does the Traytor tyrannize
O'er Virtue, which he knows not how to prize,
Pleas'd that his lordly Station gives him Pow'r
To plague and puniſh what he ought t' adore!
O! that my Tongue could utter what I feel;
'Till now, I never knew I lov'd ſo well.
But oh! ſhe's gone, and all her Charms are fled,
Which once adorn'd and bleſs'd my Marriage-Bed:
Unworthy of thoſe Favours I miſus'd,
I've now for ever loſt what I abus'd.
How oft have I, (when ſhe has ſtrove to pleaſe)
Like an imperious Wretch, diſturb'd her Eaſe;
Study'd a thouſand Ways to teaſe her Life,
With baſe unmanly Jealouſies and Strife;
O! hateful Husband to ſo juſt a Wife!

What Penance could I bear, now to retrieve
Such ſpotleſs Virtue from the ſilent Grave?
Kingdoms and Crowns I could with Joy reſign,
Nay, the whole World to ſave her, were it mine:
But 'tis, alas! O fooliſh Man! too late
Now to redeem her from inſulting Fate.
Farewel, thou beſt of Women, ſince thy Charms
Are early fled from my unworthy Arms,

Thy

Thy dying Words ſhall melt my ſtony Breaſt,
And pierce my weeping Soul, whilſt thou art bleſt;
Never from my repenting Thoughts depart,
But ſtand, like Braſs, imprinted in my Heart.
Come, my dear Babe, thou ſhalt my Miſtreſs be;
Tho' to thy Mother falſe, I'll ſuccour thee,
And, on thy charming Innocence, beſtow
The high Regard I to her Goodneſs owe.
Thou, my dear Girl, ſhalt be my only Wife,
Joy of my Soul, and Comfort of my Life;
And with thoſe Charms, thy Infant Years may boaſt,
Supply the matchleſs Bleſſings I have loſt.
No more ſhall wanton Beauty, with her Eyes,
Poyſon my Breaſt, and make my Heart her Prize;
Or tempt me with her Charms, ſo oft defil'd,
To be a careleſs Father to my Child.
No, my dear Angel, tho' I've been, 'tis true,
Unkind to thy dear Mother, and to you,
Yet now my Heart relents, and thou ſhalt ſee,
The Love I owe to her, I'll pay to thee.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

ILL Husbands oft good Wives deſpiſe,
And tieze their humble Spirits,
When worthy Men would gladly prize
Their Virtues, and their Merits.

The Profligate has no true Senſe
Of Woman's vertuous Graces,
But values wanton Impudence
Above a Wife's Embraces:

Eſteems no Bleſſing of his own,
Is ſo with Luſt infected,
That, for baſe Wantons of the Town,
He leaves his Spouſe neglected.

Yet Women, to the World's Surprize,
Are ſo bewitch'd in matching,
That they reject the Chaſte and Wiſe,
For Fools not worth their catching:

As if they ſtrove to chuſe the worſt,
In Hopes to make 'em better;
For the beſt Women oft are curſt
With Men of moſt Ill-nature.

Yet he that's happy in a Wife
Of Beauty, Love, and Honour,
Deſerves a miſerable Life,
That ſhall neglect or wrong her.

DIALOGUE IV.

Between a pert Lady, and an old fumbling Libertine.

WIFE.

'TIS to your Credit much, my Dear, to praiſe
The manly Actions of your younger Days;
You think you pleaſe me highly, to declare
Your youthful Frolicks with the wanton Fair:
Sure you expect I ſhould commend the Feats
You've done long ſince between adult'rous Sheets,
And, that I ought to love you, for the Strokes
You've given, by the Bye, to other Folks.
For Shame, you fumbling Brute, now Age prevails
Above your Strength, forbear your bawdy Tales;
And tell not me of Sluts you have enjoy'd,
What Children you have got, what Fools decoy'd.
Have you no Actions of your Life to boaſt,
But the paſt Revels of your former Luſt?
No innocent Adventures you have had?
Not one good Deed, to balance all the bad?

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

Prithee, my Honey, where can be the Harm,
If we with youthful Pranks our Fancies warm?
It's always held a Pleaſure, when we're old,
To have our paſt unbearded Follies told.
I'll ſwear, my Ears delight to hear my Tongue
Revive the Frolicks that I had, when young.
In my Opinion, to repeat the Fact,
Is always far more pleaſant than the Act.
Like an old batter'd Soldier, I am glad
To talk of the paſt Skirmiſhes I've had,
And tell the Hardſhips, ſhew my Wounds and Scars,
And boaſt of Rapes committed in the Wars.
Who'd value Honours, which ſuch Hazards coſt,
Should the Remembrance of our Deeds be loſt?
What ſignifies all Hiſt'ry, but to ſhow
What Fools our Fathers were long, long ago?
Why therefore may not I delight my Ears
With my own Faults, as well as talk of theirs?

WIFE.

Fie, you old fumbling Fool, d'ye take a Pride
To publiſh thoſe Intrigues your Age ſhould hide?
Are the paſt Pleaſures of your vicious Life
Fit Entertainments for a youthful Wife?
Muſt I be teas'd with your laſcivious Tales
Of am'rous Favours now your Vigour fails;
Hear all your luſcious Freaks, when in your Prime,
And how you came thus grey before your Time?

Sure you deſign to ſpur me, if you can,
To ſlight your Age, and try ſome other Man,
That your declining Years might honour'd be
With ſome adult'rous Baſtard-Progeny;
Elſe would you find ſome more obliging Way,
Leſt your vain Talk ſhould tempt my Youth aſtray;
Teach me to wean my Heart from Vertue's Rules,
And to deſpiſe grey Hairs and Spectacles.

HUSBAND.

If a Wife's Virtue cannot ſtand the Teſt
Of a looſe Tale, or Husband's merry Jeſt,
But luſtful Thoughts muſt preſently inflame
Her Breaſt, and make her wiſh to act the ſame,
She nothing wants but an obſcene Attack
From one ſhe likes, to fling her on her Back.
The Dame that's truly vertuous, will be free,
And, when amidſt her Goſſips, merry be;
Ne'er turn her Back upon a ſmutty Flirt,
Or, with her ſqueamiſh Fie Fies, ſpoil their Sport;
Ne'er ſtruggle hard againſt a harmleſs Kiſs,
Or redden, when a Word is dropt amiſs.
Starch'd Modeſty looks fooliſh in a Maid,
But ten times worſe in Woman that is wed;
Makes her appear but like a cunning Jilt,
Whoſe Bluſhes ſhew her conſcious of her Guilt.
By a wiſe Proverb, we have long been taught,
The Sow that's ſilent, drinks up all the Draught;
And that the Harlot, tho' in private free,
Can, at a Chriſt'ning, mute and modeſt be.

WIFE.

WIFE.

But ſtill this will not in the leaſt excuſe
A Man in talking looſely to his Spouſe,
And digging up the Rubbiſh of thoſe Sins,
Whoſe ill Effects ſo oft excite your Grins.
Methinks, now old, you ſhould be glad to hide
Your youthful Crimes, and make them not your Pride,
But let unſtirr'd the nauſeous Muck-hill rot,
'Till firſt repented of, and next forgot.
Man's the domeſtick Lord, and ought to be
The great Example of his Family;
At Home ſhould nothing ſay or do, but what
Is fit for a good Wife to imitate,
And by his decent Talk, and pious Life,
Ought to encourage Vertue in his Wife.
That her chaſte Prudence may deſpiſe what's vain,
And mind her Duty both to God and Man:
But I, alas! inſtead of this muſt hear
What Baſtards you begot in ſuch a Year;
How many Wives and Virgins you defil'd,
How well you manag'd when they prov'd with Child;
Who made you ſmart for your deluding Tongue,
Who was moſt beautiful, and who moſt young;
As if your paſs'd Performance would at one
For your Home-fumbling now your Dancing's done;
And that I now ſhould value you the more
For all your boaſted Favours heretofore,
So laviſhly beſtow'd ere I was born,
On Jilts and Trulls a vertuous Man would ſcorn.

Shame on your Age, ſo proud to let me ſee
How far your Luſt ſurvives Capacity!
As if you thought the Lewdneſs of your Youth,
Now paſt your Strength, became your rev'rend Mouth;
And that I ought to honour your Decay,
Becauſe you're ſtill laſcivious, tho' you're grey;
And too infirm, inſtead of good or wiſe,
To act that Lewdneſs which your Age denies.

HUSBAND.

How now, you youthful, giddy, prating Fool,
Am I turn'd Child, and come again to School?
It's a fine Age, when Girls begin to preach,
And younger Wives their older Husbands teach.
You're wond'rous modeſt of a ſudden grown,
That not a Word of Smut will now go down,
As if you fancy'd you were ſtill a Maid,
And ought to bluſh at merry Tales 'till wed,
Leſt you ſhould ſhow, by an attentive Ear,
How well you love what now you cannot hear.

WIFE.

I was a Maid, when to your Bed I came,
And may, for ought I know, be ſtill the ſame;
You had need boaſt of all your mighty Feats
Perform'd long ſince between unlawful Sheets,
When you ſo long in vain have try'd to get
A lawful Heir t'enjoy your large Eſtate,
But have not ſhew'd ſufficient Manhood yet!

You're

You're wiſe to brag of your romantick Joys,
Your lovely Girls, and your parochial Boys,
Begot ſo briskly, could the Truth be known,
Not here, but on ſome Empreſs of the Moon.
Go, you old fumbling Letcher, bluſh for Shame
To be ſo lewd, when gouty, old, and lame;
Tell not your Wife of your debauch'd Extremes,
My Vertue ſcorns to hear ſuch bawdy Dreams,
Invented to delight ſome beaſtly Crew,
And told ſo oft, 'till you believe 'em true.
Timely conſider, Penitence and Pray'rs
Will better far become your griſly Hairs;
Learn to extinguiſh all your vain Deſires,
Thoſe uſeleſs Aſhes of your luſtful Fires,
Which now are burnt ſo low, that they're become
No more than a mere *Caput Mortuum.*

HUSBAND.

I find the Fool is finely brought to Bed,
That in his Age a youthful Wife has wed:
His Talk is nauſeous, his Embraces cold,
And his kind Deeds thought fumbling, 'cauſe he's old;
When weak Efforts, from a Gallant leſs ſtrong,
Would be much more eſteem'd, becauſe he's young.
Well, Wife, ſince my own Houſe muſt be my School,
Where Woman, Pedant-like, muſt bear the Rule,
I ſhall play Truant 'till the Hour of Nine,
And con my fine new Leſſon o'er my Wine,
Whilſt in my Abſence ſome devouter Rake
May act, perhaps, what I muſt fear to ſpeak.

WIFE.

Go, jealous Impotence, it's Time to walk,
And rince your Mouth, grown foul with bawdy Talk;
For the brisk Bottle is a fitter Match,
Than a young Wife for ſuch a fumbling Wretch,
Who, now he's old, is proud to be bely'd,
And brags of Favours which he ne'er enjoy'd.
So Bullies, that they may'nt be Cowards thought,
Boaſt of thoſe Duels which they never fought,
As Fools report ſtrange Conqueſts o'er the Fair,
Purely to ſeem more wicked than they are.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

HE that has led a vicious Life,
And ſcatter'd his Affections,
Is but a Fool to tell his Wife
Of all his youthful Actions:

For Luſt once rais'd in female Veins,
Takes Fire as quick as Tinder,
And idle Talk breaks Vertue's Reins,
Which good Diſcourſe would hinder.

Who then, that knows his own Decay,
Would be ſo lewd a Letcher,
To teach his youthful Bride the Way
To crack her nuptial Pitcher?

Women,

Women, when plagu'd with fumbling Age,
Need nothing to excite 'em,
But are too ready to engage,
When younger Arms invite 'em.

Who then, that has a Dram of Brains,
Would prove ſo vain a Noddy,
T'inflame his Wife's more youthful Veins,
With Stories that are bawdy?

Yet Luſt in Age ſo oft prevails,
That Men turn Goats and Satyrs,
And, by their luſcious idle Tales,
Debauch their Wives and Daughters.

DIALOGUE V.

Between a wealthy Niggard, and his generous Termagant.

WIFE.

WHAT do you mean, my Dear, d'ye think I'll wear
A Grogram Stuff, as coarſe as Camels Hair,
Such that I'm ſure my very Maid would ſcorn,
Fit only by ſome Ale-wife to be worn?
Not I, indeed! pray take your home-ſpun Drug,
And give your Preſent to ſome Country Jug:
Let me have Money from your Hoard, that I
May go and chuſe what beſt will pleaſe my Eye.
D'ye think, old Niggard, you ſhall buy my Cloaths,
Or bring me to the Wear of ſuch as thoſe?
No, you ſhall ſooner find, that I'll, by Stealth,
Force thro' your Locks to your impriſon'd Wealth,
Make your Trunks fly, unſeal your mouldy Bags,
Ere I'll be us'd to homely Stuffs or Rags.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

Pr'ythee, be patient, Love, you can't but know
Taxes are very high, and Rents but low;
The Times are hard; Wives ſhould not be ſo proud,
Money grows ſcarce; come, come, the Stuff is good.
Don't be ſo ſtubborn, prodigal, and high,
You may be glad of worſe before you die:
I've known good Women, nay, of Quality,
With larger Fortunes than you brought to me,
Think it no Scandal to appear in View
With a worſe Gown, than what I've bought for you;
Pray therefore don't deſpiſe it at this Rate,
The Stuff's a pretty Stuff, I tell you that;
And ſuch that no good Houſewife ſhould diſdain;
For Garments ſeem moſt modeſt, that are plain.

WIFE.

Have my kind Parents bred me up ſo well,
And paid down ſuch a Fortune on the Nail;
For me to go now dreſs'd like Rural *Joan*,
With an old Grannum's naſty Grogram on?
Truly, I'll not diſguiſe my Youth, to pleaſe
A ſtingy Muckworm with ſuch Stuffs as theſe,
Fit only for a Swain, or Shepherd's Trull,
Who ſpins her Garments of her own black Wool.
Let me have Silks; for I'll reſpected be
According to my Birth and Quality;
Nor ſhall my tender Skin, to Hollands us'd,
Be, by coarſe ſtubborn Dowlas Shifts, abus'd;

No Face of mine ſhall, by my Friends, be view'd
In Quaker's Pinner, and a Querpo Hood.
Or ſhall my Shoulders wear, to my Diſgrace,
A Scarf with neither Furbelow or Lace;
I'll not be kept at ſuch a ſlaviſh Rate,
But dreſs according to your large Eſtate;
And if you'll not maintain me as you ought,
According to the Fortune that I brought,
I'm not ſo old or ugly, but can find
Another, who, perhaps, will prove more kind.

HUSBAND.

Why ſure, you haughty *Jezabel*, you'd ſcorn
To ſhame your lawful Husband with a Horn,
And damn your Soul, as well as wrong your Spouſe,
For a high Head, and a few tawdry Cloaths.
I find but what I fear'd, this 'tis to wed
A proud *Virago* ſo profuſely bred,
Humour'd at Home, and taught at Dancing School
To ſcorn, for foreign Silks, your native Wool;
To turn your Toes, to bridle up your Head,
And move, like formal Clock-work, as you tread;
To tune your Voice, to thrum on your Guittar,
And waſh and paint, to make your Looks more fair.
You ſhould have wed ſome Prodigal at Court,
A ſpend-thrift Coxcomb of the higher Sort;
Some little Monkey-Heir, decreed by Fate
Not to improve, but laviſh an Eſtate.

WIFE.

Uſe me not thus, you Money-loving Fool,
I am too good for ſuch a narrow Soul,
Who values nothing but your hoarded Bags,
And cares not if your Wife went dreſs'd in Rags:
Had I your ſtingy Avarice but known
Before the Prieſt had curs'd me as your own,
Death, with a Halter, ſhould as ſoon, I vow,
Have noos'd me, as ſo poor a Wretch as thou,
Who ſlights Eaſe, Honour, Honeſty, and Health,
And doats on nothing, but your ill-got Wealth:
But ſince my tender Parents, for the Sake
Of Riches, led me into this Miſtake,
Believing no penurious Churl could prove
Reſerv'd to her, who ſo deſerves your Love;
And ſince, repugnant to their Hopes and mine,
You leſs reſpect me, than your Idol Coin,
And o'er your Mammon keep ſo ſtrict a Hand,
That I muſt beg what Woman ſhould command,
Where-e'er I come, I'll trumpet your Diſgrace,
And make you 'ppear as odious as you're baſe;
Spit, like a Cat, my Venom and my Spite
All Day, and tantalize your Luſt at Night;
Borrow of all that will be free to lend,
That you may pay what I profuſely ſpend;
Take up rich Gowns and Petticoats on Tick,
Break thro' all Vertue, and at nothing ſtick;
Turn an eternal Scold, grow vile and lewd,
And curſe your Houſe with an adult'rous Brood;

Reſpect

Reſpect you leſs than now I do your Man,
Cheat and torment you ev'ry way I can;
Nay, cuff your Miſer's Noddle, claw and tear,
That your thin Jaws my ſpiteful Marks ſhall wear.
Thus ev'ry way that Woman can contrive,
Revenge the barb'rous Uſage that you give,
'Leſs you a more obliging Husband prove,
And, by your gen'rous Kindneſs, ſhew your Love.

HUSBAND.

What, Huſſy, will you turn a Thief, a Whore,
And make yourſelf a Beaſt, a common Shore?
Afflict your Parents, and torment your Spouſe,
Seek your own Miſery, to ſhame my Brows?
Ruin yourſelf, to be reveng'd on me,
And ſcandalize your own good Family?
Be the World's May-game, ev'ry Raſcal's Sport,
Defile your Body, do your Soul ſuch hurt,
And all becauſe your odious Female Pride
Is not with Silks and Sattens gratify'd;
Rare modeſt Reſolutions, by my Life,
A well-bred Lady, a moſt vertuous Wife!

WIFE.

Too honeſt, had my Vertue firſt been loſt,
To be by ſuch a Niggard's Arms ingroſt,
Who places on your Gold your whole Eſteem,
And thinks all other Pleaſures but a Dream.
You can no Charms in female Beauty find,
'Leſs 'twas on Gold, like *Cæſar's* Image, coin'd;

Nor

Nor can you fancy Love affords Delight,
Except well paid for what you do at Night.
Go, mercenary Wretch, and hug thy Self,
Live like an Anch'rite ſtarving by thyſelf;
Roll in thy Wealth, live hated and forlorn,
And burrow in thy Bags, like Rats in Corn;
Tho' they, poor Vermin, do enjoy their Store,
Whilſt you in Plenty ſtarve, and wiſh for more;
They feaſt and revel whilſt their Hoards do laſt,
But ſtill you pine, and have no Pow'r to taſte,
And labour, tho' in vain, to bring your Wife
To ſhare the Curſe of ſuch a Beggar's Life.
But know, penurious Muckworm, that I ſcorn
My fleſhy Sides, by Faſting, ſhould be worn
To a poor ſtarv'd Anatomy, like thine,
Debarr'd, by Av'rice, both of Food and Wine,
That when thou'rt dead, ſome Spend-thrift may confound
Thoſe Heaps of Gold in Chains and Fetters bound:
But, Miſer, thou ſhalt find, ere I'll comply
With thy coarſe Fare, I'll make your Mammon fly,
Force you to ſpread your Table, like a Lord,
With the beſt Dainties that the Shops afford;
Allow me Silks and Laces, that agree
With your known Riches, and my Quality:
Elſe ſhall you feel the ſharp Effects that wait
Upon an angry Woman's Scorn and Hate;
For I'll exert my Envy, and my Pride,
And prove the very Devil of a Bride.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

Did Husband ever hear ſo vile a Wretch?
Sure thou'rt ſome Spirit, Succubus, or Witch;
I took thee for a Saint, but find, alas!
Thy Heart is Iron, and thy Face is Braſs;
Your Words fierce Thunder-bolts, that when you gape
Confound my Ears at ev'ry dreadful Clap;
Your Temper too unruly, and your Pride
Too dev'liſh to be humour'd or deny'd;
For ſhould I ſtrive to pleaſure your Deſires,
By granting what ſo proud a Shrew requires,
I muſt too laviſhly ſupply your Wants,
And beggar'd be by your Extravagance;
If I refuſe what you command or pray,
I then muſt be undone ſome other Way:
Thus, if I'm careful to *Charybdis* ſhun,
I muſt upon the Rocks of *Scylla* run.
Direct me, Heaven, how to ſteer my Courſe,
'Twixt female Pride, and Anger, which is worſe.

WIFE.

I'll tell you, Muckworm, if you'd happy be,
Transfer that Love you have for Gold, to me;
Value no Coſt that can oblige your Wife,
And that's the Way to lead an eaſy Life:
But if your odious Stinginеſs be ſuch,
To think I wear too good, or ſpend too much,
Then bitter Words your Miſer's Ears ſhall warm,
And welcome Fools about my Beauty ſwarm;

Bully

Bully and cuckold ye in ſpite of Fate,
And make you curſe your Av'rice, when too late;
Teaſe, rob, and cheat yon, baſtardize your Race,
And all the World condemn you for an Aſs;
Whilſt I with Pleaſure ſhall increaſe your Plagues,
And make your Life a Hell amidſt your Bags;
Whoſe baſe impriſon'd Droſs ſhall ne'er procure
The Reſpite of one kind or happy Hour,
'Till thou ſhalt find, that Wealth is but a Dream,
And that a Wife, provok'd to an Extreme,
Can, when ſhe pleaſes, in an angry Mood,
Do thee more Harm, than Gold can do thee good.

HUSBAND.

Pr'ythee, my Dear, be patient, I'll be glad
To make thee eaſy, for I fear thou'rt mad;
Pride has bewitch'd thee, fill'd thy Breaſt with Evil,
And chang'd thee from a Woman to a Devil.
Thou art ſome Offspring of the Serpent's Seed,
Or Fury of the *Amazonian* Breed;
A mere *Bellona*, fit to bear a Shield,
And ſhew your head-ſtrong Valour in the Field;
Deſtin'd to ſtand the Brunt of claſhing Swords,
Or to fright Mankind with your daring Words.
Here, fiery Beldam, prithee take my Keys,
Do what you will, and laviſh what you pleaſe;
Dreſs like a Ducheſs, gratify your Pride;
Who dare deny ſo Termagant a Bride?
But rather purchaſe Eaſe, than to be ſtung
With the ſharp Venom of ſo curs'd a Tongue.

WIFE.

WIFE.

Take back your ruſty Keys, you tim'rous Wretch,
Open your Heart, and your cloſe Purſe-ſtrings ſtretch;
Give me but Money for the Things I need,
And what is uſeful, I ſhall ne'er exceed;
For tho' I ſcorn coarſe Stuffs, or worthleſs Rags,
I aim not to be Miſtreſs of your Bags;
My Pride ſhall ne'er above my Station tow'r,
Or covet to uſurp a Husband's Pow'r;
I'd only have you generous and free,
According to your known Ability;
Then will that Wealth, which is but now your Care,
Make us, when rightly us'd, a happy Pair;
For Riches, padlock'd in a Miſer's Hoard,
Who pines for what he may, yet won't afford,
Are but like Mines of Treaſure under Ground,
Bury'd i'th' Dark, that lie as yet unfound.
What are you better for your tarniſh'd Sums,
Chain'd up in Trunks, and barricado'd Rooms,
Where ſporting Rats the uſeleſs Pile deſpiſe,
And, in Contempt, dance round it as it lies;
Nay, gnaw the Bags, that you may learn from thence
To purchaſe Plenty at your Coin's Expence;
And as the Vermin on the Canvas prey,
By their Example, you are taught the way
To uſe your Wealth, and not, amidſt your Store,
To puniſh Nature, like a Wretch that's poor;
Therefore be gen'rous, and you ſtill ſhall find
I'll be indulgent, dutiful, and kind;

Profuſe

Profuſe in nothing, ſaving as you pleaſe,
Allow but what is needful for our Eaſe,
With ſuch Attendants, uſeful to maintain
A decent Port, above the World's Diſdain;
For hoarded Riches will not keep us free
From human Cenſure, Scorn, and Calumny;
For publick Bounty is the beſt Defence
Againſt the World's ill-natur'd Inſolence.
Spare but theſe Things from your abundant Store,
I ſhall be eaſy, and ſhall ask no more;
But if your Heart be wedded to your Gold,
And, to our Scandal, you your Droſs with-hold,
Prefer a wretched and penurious Life,
Above your Eaſe, your Honour, or your Wife,
I'll teaſe you, horn you, publiſh your Diſpraiſe,
And plague your ſordid Heart ten thouſand ways.

HUSBAND.

Silence that dreadful Inſtrument, thy Tongue,
And I'll be glad to own I'm in the Wrong;
Give thee my All, with any Thing comply,
Ceaſe but that hideous Thunder, which may vie
With thoſe loud Claps that echo thro' the Sky.
Let my poor Ears but be for ever freed
From that ſhrill piercing Clangor which they dread,
And I'll ſubmit to all Things you can ask,
Perform with Gladneſs my *Herculean* Task;
Be laviſh of the Gold I lov'd to ſave,
And give more largely than yourſelf can crave;

Indulge

Indulge your Pride in each expenſive Whim,
Turn gen'rous Coxcomb to the laſt Extreme;
Keep Crouds of lazy Slaves to fill your Hall,
And wait your Female Pleaſure, when you call;
Provide you two nice Slatterns, to obey,
And dreſs you like a Puppet ev'ry Day,
Who know their Duty, when your luſtful Charms
Lie ruffled in ſome brawny Blockhead's Arms:
You ſhall have all the Grandeur you deſire,
As much as Quality themſelves require;
Your Coach, your Spark, your Pimp, nay, Chaplain too,
To add a pious Grace to th' Ills you do;
Let me but live unbaited by your Tongue,
With dreadful Sound, and pointed Venom hung;
Plagues that no patient Husband would endure,
Could all he's worth the curſed Torment cure;
Therefore take all, maintain what Port you pleaſe;
Rather than ſuffer ſuch eternal Teaze,
Thou ſhalt command my Wealth, let me enjoy my Eaſe.

WIFE.

You are miſtaken, Sir; had I the Uſe
Of all your Gold, I'd ſcorn to be profuſe:
My Fortune largely has increas'd your Store,
And to your wealthy Coffers added more;
Therefore, ſince Heav'n has been ſo kind, to grant
Such Riches, why ſhould we delight in Want?
And, by a baſe penurious Life, deſtroy
That Eaſe and Comfort we may both enjoy?

Nay,

Nay, draw upon ourſelves Contempt and Hate,
When we may claim Reſpect, and live in State;
Merit the World's Eſteem, yet ſpend no more
Than half the Int'reſt of our wealthy Store;
Maintain that Bounty which the World commends,
And keep a well-ſpread Table for our Friends;
Be generous to all, relieve the Poor,
With what is needful, daily at your Door,
That their united Pray'rs to Heav'n may be
As efficacious as our Charity;
Deny yourſelf no coſtly Food or Wine,
And Care of Bus'neſs to your Slaves reſign;
Dreſs to your Quality, wear what is good,
And never ſave by ſwerving from the Mode;
Want no Attendants needful, keep your Coach,
Purſue your Pleaſures, but without Debauch;
And not ſtarve on at this penurious Rate,
To be a Miſer curs'd with an Eſtate?

HUSBAND.

O! bleſs me, what a Race would Woman run!
I ſhall be beggar'd, baited, or undone;
Should I preſume to live at this high Rate,
I ought to have, at leaſt, a Lord's Eſtate.
O! you proud noiſy Termagant, muſt I
Be plagu'd, or with my Ruin thus comply?
O Heav'ns, how I'm involv'd 'twixt Curſe and Curſe,
And know not which is like to prove the worſe?

However,

However, ſince my Riches cannot ſoon
Be waſted, I'll the preſent Torment ſhun,
And, rather than be teas'd, ſubmit to be undone.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

THE Husband often blames his Wife
For her imperious Clamour,
When 'tis his own provoking Life
That does at firſt inflame her.

The Spend-thrift laviſhes Abroad
What by his Wife is wanted,
And makes her petulant and loud,
When vex'd and diſcontented.

The rich, but parſimonious Spouſe,
Half-ſtarves his nuptial Crony,
'Till ſhe, at length, adorns his Brows
For Cloaths and Pocket-Money.

Makes her revengeful and moroſe,
Looſe, negligent, and wrathful;
When, if he'd leſs eſteem'd his Droſs,
She would have prov'd moſt faithful.

Women, when juvenile and fair,
Will have their coſtly Dreſſes,
And Husbands, who have Wealth to ſpare,
Muſt humour their Exceſſes:

Or,

Or, if ſhe's homely, then her Tongue
Will worry and perplex him;
But if ſhe's handſome, briſk, and young,
Her Tail will much more vex him.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VI.

Between a pert Lady and her Spouſe, concerning Superiority in Wedlock.

WIFE.

SOmetimes you tell me I am pert and proud,
And that I talk perverſly, and too loud;
Contend when 'tis my Duty to ſubmit,
And ridicule your Follies with my Wit.

HUSBAND.

'Tis true, *Roſinda*, you at publick Feaſts
Uſe my Infirmities as common Jeſts;
Expoſe thoſe Failings ſhould be kept unknown,
And make my Faults the Subjects of your own.

WIFE.

Wives, with their Husbands, ſurely may be free;
A bluſhing Bride may take that Liberty,
And paſs a harmleſs Jeſt, before ſhe knows
What 'tis to bear a Darling to her Spouſe.
'Tis true, a Virgin ſhould in Silence ſit;
For 'tis a Crime in Maids to ſhew their Wit:

But

But Marriage, tho' a Woman's ne'er ſo young,
Always gives Licence to a female Tongue.
We covet Wedlock with the ſame Intent
As you contend to ſerve in Parliament;
Not thro' the Hopes of being made more rich,
But to enjoy the Privilege of Speech.
Like Patriots, Wives ſhould dare to ſpeak their Mind;
What Fool would wed, to have her Tongue confin'd?

HUSBAND.

A Woman's Wit, her Self-conceit exalts,
And ſerves her chiefly to defend her Faults;
Gives her, on all Accounts, a fair Pretence
To Contradiction, Argument, and Senſe;
Curs'd Talents in that head-ſtrong Thing, a Wife,
The baneful Seeds of Matrimonial Strife.
For how ſhould Man his ſov'reign Pow'r maintain,
If thoſe who ſhould obey, diſpute his Reign?

WIFE.

Wives, by Experience, know their Husbands would
Be Monarchs, nay, be Tyrants, if they could;
But Women that are wiſe, their Frowns withſtand,
And ſcorn to truckle to each proud Command.
Some Fools indeed, by patient Mothers taught,
Are to a ſlaviſh Senſe of Duty brought:
Such Novices, when marry'd, may adore
Imperious Man, and tremble at his Pow'r;
As if the Lordly Churl had Right to claim
A Subject's Homage of his tender Dame;

When all the Rule that he pretends to have
Over weak Woman, whom he deems his Slave,
Is but uſurp'd by Conqueſt, and by Fraud,
O'er our kind Sex, by cruel Uſage aw'd;
Who ſtill, at Night, defeat your Force of Arms,
And make you buckle to our pow'rful Charms.
Therefore, at moſt, you govern but by Day,
At Night we make our mighty Lords obey:
The Monarch then by Woman is betray'd
To wave his Scepter, and is gladly made
An humble Slave to Beauty's Throne, the Bed.

HUSBAND.

Husbands, like Princes, tho' they bear Command,
Scorn to chaſtiſe with too ſevere a Hand:
Yet, if a King does too indulgent prove,
And makes his Subjects happy in his Love,
Th' ingrateful People will be apt, like you,
To deem his Royal Clemencies their Due;
And that his Acts of Bounty are no more
Than fawning Signs of his defective Pow'r.
So that his Favours leſſen their Eſteem,
And make his proud rebellious Subjects dream,
That he derives his Diadem from them.
So, fair *Roſinda*, when you Ladies find,
Your Husbands gen'rous, lenitive, and kind,
You then deſpiſe the Domination giv'n
To Man, ſuperior by the Laws of Heav'n;
Turn Rebels, our Supremacy deride,
And think us ſervile to your Luſt and Pride.

Thus

Thus Over-kindneſs makes you run aſtray,
The more we love, the more you diſobey.
So head-ſtrong Subjects, who no Duty know,
If once indulg'd, the greater Rebels grow.

WIFE.

But Man has no Dominion o'er his Bride,
More than what's founded on his churliſh Pride.
The Wife's his Partner, and has Right to ſhare
His greateſt Fortunes, well as meaneſt Fare.
Equal in Pow'r the Woman ought to be;
Both are by Marriage plac'd in one Degree:
Both the ſame Fleſh, when made each other's Mate;
And both united in the ſelf-ſame State.
Man has no Title to the upper Hand;
Either may ask, but neither ſhould command;
Nor can a Wife, by Diſobedience, prove
A Rebel, tho' ſhe falſifies her Love:
For ſince our Husbands have no Right to ſway,
It is no Crime in Wives to diſobey.

HUSBAND.

What Hopes has he of a contented Life,
That hears ſuch precious Doctrine from a Wife?
'Tis hard, ſince Woman does her Wit abuſe,
She ſhould be curs'd with more than ſhe can uſe.
Sure the vile Serpent's Poiſon ſtill takes place,
And from old *Eve*, deſcends to all her Race;
For the ſame Subtilty that firſt prevail'd,
Is to this Day upon her Sex intail'd.

But, Madam, you miſtake; Man has a Right
To rule, and 'tis your Duty to ſubmit.
Adam was made ſuperior to his Bride,
Lord o'er his *Eve*, and all the World beſide.
Woman's Deſire ſhall to her Husband be,
And he ſhall bear Dominion over thee,
Was the firſt great Decree that Heaven made,
After the happy Pair had diſobey'd;
Therefore you're doom'd into a ſubject State,
By the Almighty Oracle of Fate;
Which ev'ry Woman, in the ſacred Vow
Of Wedlock, muſt acknowledge and allow,
Ere the fair Bride can lawfully be wed,
T'enjoy the Pleaſures of the nuptial Bed.
Did not yourſelf, in ſolemn Manner, ſay,
And promiſe to *love, honour, and obey?*
Therefore no mortal Pow'r can ſet you free
From that Obedience due to Heav'n and me.
Thus God's Decrees, and human Laws accord,
To make you ſubject, and myſelf your Lord.

WIFE.

If Man has ſuch a lawful Right to rule,
Suppoſe the Wife be wiſe, her Spouſe a Fool;
Who then muſt manage, and ſupport the Weight
Of thoſe Affairs that teaſe a marry'd State?
Or who the matrimonial Crown ſuſtain,
The prudent Woman, or imprudent Man?

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

If the fair Dame proves wiſer of the two,
Bleſs'd with more Gifts than are a Woman's Due;
And that her Husband ſtoops beneath the Fate
Of being careleſs and effeminate;
She then may take the Freedom to adviſe
Within her Sphere, but not to tyrannize:
For if ſhe turns her Counſel to Command,
Sh' unjuſtly then uſurps the upper Hand;
Gives Cauſe ſufficient for inteſtine Jars,
And raiſes, by her Pride, Domeſtick Wars:
For tho' a Woman may abound in Wit,
Man ſhould not be ſo fooliſh to ſubmit;
But in a marry'd State ſhould ſtill defend
That Pow'r, for which our Wives ſo oft contend.
What if a Wife has Senſe enough to ſteer
Without a Guide? ſhe muſt not domineer,
But let her Spouſe the Reputation ſhare,
That's due to ev'ry well-contriv'd Affair:
As Stateſmen, who adviſe at Council-Board,
Still give the Honour to their ſov'reign Lord;
Who, if imprudent, yet they ne'er exclaim,
But hide his Faults, and magnify his Fame.
So may a Woman, if her Mate's leſs wiſe,
Direct behind the Curtain, and adviſe;
But ſtill the Honour, tho' the Man's a Fool,
Should be aſcrib'd to him, wh' as Right to rule.

WIFE.

If Woman does the Weight of Bus'neſs bear,
'Tis hard the Husband ſhould the Honour wear!
Or if the Wife ſuperior Wit can boaſt,
It ſeems unjuſt ſhe ſhould not rule the Roaſt;
But ſtill, perhaps, be hector'd like a Slave
By a dull Coxcomb, or imperious Knave.

HUSBAND.

Slav'ry's a modern, canting Term, in Vogue
With ſtubborn Wives, and each rebellious Rogue,
Who, hating to ſubmit, would bear the Sway
O'er thoſe juſt Pow'rs they ſhould by Law obey.
Th' Apprentice bound for ſeven Years to ſerve,
That the dull Fool may neither hang or ſtarve;
The Woman ty'd in Marriage Bonds for Life,
To be a faithful and obedient Wife;
The Subject fetter'd to his Prince's Cauſe
By ſacred Oaths, Religion and the Laws;
All hate the Yoke, deſiring to be free,
And ſtile their lawful Duty, Slavery;
Forgetting ſtill the Safety and the Good
Th' enjoy in ſuch an eaſy Servitude.
Therefore, what moſt call Slav'ry, 's but a State
Which Libertines and Rebels only hate,
Thro' wild Deſires ariſing from no more
Than ſtubborn Ignorance, or Luſt of Pow'r,
That their ſtiff Necks, to gratify their Pride,
May o'er their wiſer Governors preſide;

And

And ſo reverſe both God and Nature's Rules,
That the mad World, in ſpite of Laws and Schools,
May bow their Heads to Women, and to Fools.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

THE Shrew, who has not Senſe to know
Obedience is her Duty,
Makes but a curſed Wife, altho'
Sh' abounds in Wealth and Beauty.

For her fair Features, and her Bags,
That made her Spouſe aſſume her,
Will be o'er-balanc'd with the Plagues
Of her contentious Humour.

Therefore, whoever is unbleſt
With a rebellious Woman,
Should have Job's *Patience, or, at leaſt,*
The Courage of a Roman.

For he her Taunts muſt bear, when wed;
Like poor ſubmiſſive Creature,
Or elſe ſubdue the head-ſtrong Jade:
I know not which is better.

One way, a Fool will make him ſeem,
The other's Porter's Labour;
Chuſe either Plague, 'twill render him
But odious to his Neighbour.

If happy in a Wife you'd be
Inſpect her, ere you wooe her;
For none can tame a Shrew, but he
That is not wedded to her.

DIA-

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J. Pine inven. & sculp. 1772.

DIALOGUE VII.

Between an Officer at his Departure, and his affectionate Wife.

WIFE.

HOW can you leave me full of Fears and Cares,
To ſtruggle with the Toils of diſtant Wars,
Where Fate, without Diſtinction, meets the Brave,
And lays him level with the worthleſs Slave?
Let not your active Courage thus diſdain
Your peaceful Manſion for the duſty Plain,
Where Thouſands are by Deſtiny decreed,
In ſpite of human Fortitude, to bleed.
Why, Deareſt, will you quit your downy Bed,
In a cold Tent to reſt your drowſy Head;
Where killing Damps your Canvas Hut ſurround,
And do moſt Miſchief, when you ſleep moſt ſound?
Let me entreat you to reſign your Poſt,
Let younger Brothers fill the warlike Hoſt,
You have Eſtate enough to live at Eaſe,
A virtuous Wife that ſtudies how to pleaſe;
Fine Children to adorn your rural Seat,
Nay, all that can a happy Life complete.

How then can you forſake ſuch Joys as theſe,
And change, for foreign Wars, domeſtick Peace?

HUSBAND.

I own, my *Julia*, it concerns me near,
That I muſt part with what I love ſo dear;
But by Command ſuperior I am bound
To change, for diſtant Fields, my native Ground.
Princes, like Gods, o'er human Race bear Sway,
And we they rule, are deſtin'd to obey;
To guard their Honour, we no Fate muſt fear,
Tho' Dangers ne'er ſo dreadful do appear;
But when their Safety does our Aid require,
Plow raging Seas, or face deſtructive Fire,
On frozen Earth refreſh our weary Bones,
And wade thro' reeking Blood, to guard their Thrones.
Theſe are the Paths that do to Honour lead,
Which Subjects, for the Sport of Kings, muſt tread;
When they command, our Duty bids us fight,
And hazard all, to do our Sov'reign Right:
No Wife or Children muſt retard our Speed;
We muſt be free to venture, tho' we bleed;
And he that's forward to defy his Fate,
If his heroick Deeds prove fortunate,
Fame ſhall with Honour crown his conqu'ring Sword,
And verdant Laurels be his juſt Reward.
Who then can dread the Terror or Surprize
Of Death, that hopes for ſuch a glorious Prize?

WIFE.

WIFE.

Pr'ythee, my Dear, conſider what is Fame,
A Poet's Fiction, a romantick Name;
A publick Rumour, that does oft ariſe
From ſlender Truths, improv'd by Falſities;
An Art by which poor Flatt'rers win the Great,
A noiſy Vapour, uſeful in the State;
A Glaſs, by which our famous Gazetteer
Makes little Actions very large appear;
A Laſt, that humours the fantaſtick Pride
Of mighty Men, in ſtretching Deeds more wide;
A lying Huſſy, that deceives the Croud,
By trumpeting fictitious News aloud,
Of wond'rous Feats, by Heroes never done;
Of vanquiſh'd Foes, in Battels never won;
Of ſlaughter'd Numbers, who are yet unſlain;
Of Ships deſtroy'd, ſtill ſwimming on the Main.
In ſhort, this Fame, which you ſo much admire,
Is but a noiſy Cheat, a common Lyar,
Courted by Fools, but ſlighted by the Wiſe,
Who ſcorn her Flatt'ries, and her Tales deſpiſe;
For whoſoe'er purſues the winged Dame,
And makes vain Popularity his Aim,
Shews that his Praiſes have their Muſhroom-growth,
Not from his Virtues, but the publick Mouth,
Whoſe bleating Gullet, and extenſive Tongue,
Are ſeldom ſtretch'd, but baſely in the Wrong.
Why therefore, with ſuch Hazard, will you court
A Jilt, who, Fortune-like, ſhould be your Sport?

Beſides, what's Honour? but an empty Sound;
A Toy with which a thouſand Fools are crown'd;
A Blaſt of Royal Breath, ſo oft beſtow'd
On worthleſs Minions, and a ſpurious Brood;
Begot by ſtealth in an adult'rous Bed;
Born without Brains, and to no Virtue bred;
A miſty Veil, by which the ſubtle State
Obſcure the Want of Goodneſs in the Great;
A ſaving Way to recompence the Proud,
Whoſe ſlender Merits muſt be ſung aloud,
That ev'ry trifling Service may ſurprize
The Nation's liſt'ning Ears, and cheated Eyes,
When all the Feats theſe mighty Men have done,
If rightly ſcann'd, are ſcarce worth ſpeaking on?
If modern Honour be your Aim, my Dear,
Theſe are the Heroes who the Gugaw wear.
Why then ſhould you, whoſe Valour has been try'd,
Seek that which is ſo oft by Fools enjoy'd?
What are the Laurel-Wreaths of which you talk?
Where do they grow? Who ſees 'em when you walk?
Mere airy Nothings, when with Hazard won,
Imaginary Glories in the Moon:
Like the old Man with thorny Buſh, which we
In lucid Nights, by Strength of Fancy, ſee.
Pr'ythee, my Dear, regard your native Home,
Let giddy Rakes dance after Fife and Drum,
And be deluded by their warlike Sound,
To change a fertile Soil, for barren Ground:
Let the poor ſtarving Croud, by Nature hard,
Manure the Field, turn Butchers for Reward;

Whilſt

Whilſt fav'rite Heroes, honour'd with Command,
Gazing from diſtant Hills, in Safety ſtand,
To ſee their mangled Slaves in Numbers fall,
Whilſt thoſe in Pow'r, who hazard leaſt, win all.
Stay thou at Home, my only Dear, I beg,
Fame will not cure a crippled Arm or Leg,
Nor thoſe you fight for, if by Chance you're laid
Amongſt the bleeding Rout in Honour's Bed,
Comfort your mourning Widow, when you're dead.

Therefore, my Dear, ſince you in Wealth abound,
Let younger Brothers toil on foreign Ground;
No more your nuptial Happineſs forſake,
Let a kind Wife your Reſolutions break;
Court not, thro' Danger, popular Eſteem,
But live at Eaſe; for Honour's but a Dream.

HUSBAND.

Your long Harangue with Patience have I heard;
But tho' I love you, cannot quit my Sword,
Leſt, to oblige a Wife, I ſhould incur
The Name of Coward, in the Time of War.
Soldiers, by Honour, and by Arms, are bound,
When Danger moſt appears, to ſtand their Ground;
Or how ſhould Monarchs, when alarm'd Abroad
By Foes, upon their Thrones in Safety nod?
Were Men to humour Wives, no Land could be
From ſlaviſh Bondage and Invaſion free.
Our haughty Neighbours ſoon would croſs the Main,
And reap with Pleaſure, what we ſow with Pain;

Plunder.

Plunder our Houſes, and by Force ſubdue,
To their vile Luſts, our Wives and Daughters too;
Lead us in Fetters to our wiſh'd-for Graves,
And breed our Sons to be their humble Slaves.
Theſe, and a thouſand Mis'ries ſhould we feel,
Did we not arm, to conquer and to kill;
And by a bold Defence in Time of Need,
Baffle their Hopes, and their Deſigns impede.
Who then, that boaſts the Spirit of a Man,
Would fear to ſhorten Life's uncertain Span
In ſuch a Caſe, when common Safety cries
Aloud thro' ev'ry Town for freſh Supplies?
Have I not eat in Peace my Country's Bread,
And been for little Service largely paid?
Was I not proud in publick to appear
In Cloth of Honour, when no Foe was near?
And would you tempt me to forſake my Arms,
Now the ſhrill warlike Trumpet ſounds Alarms;
And, to my Scandal, thro' your weak Advice,
To the whole World proclaim my Cowardice;
Reſign my Poſt, deny my Prince my Aid,
For the ſoft Pleaſures of a nuptial Bed?
No, *Julia*, tho' I love you as my Life,
I cannot loſe my Honour for a Wife:
Tho' *Antony* was kind, as well as brave,
I ſcorn, like him, to be a Woman's Slave.

WIFE.

Curſe on that foppiſh Name, that empty Sound,
In whoſe dark Maze Mens Intellects are drown'd;

That

That courtly Bauble, thin as airy Thought,
Moſt boaſted on by thoſe who have it not;
That Maggot that infects the giddy Brains
Of Cowards, Fools, rich Knaves, and Curtizans.
Upon my Honour, ſays the upſtart Beau,
That cloaths his Back by kiſſing G—d knows who,
Tho' born, perhaps, in ſome poor rural Cell,
And dropt, but t'other day, from Coach's Tail.
Touch not my Honour, cries the buxom Fair,
Call'd down from Garret, to the Theatre,
From thence advanc'd, for her enticing Charms,
To ſome old gouty Courtier's luſtful Arms.
I'm bound in Honour, cries the Man of State,
Who cheats whole Kingdoms to be rich and great;
Flatters his Prince, whom he for Gold betrays,
And owes his Thouſands, which he never pays.
My Honour calls, crys Bully-huff in Red,
Obſcurely born, perhaps to nothing bred;
But lik'd by ſome Court-Jilt, for Beauty prais'd,
Is, by her Int'reſt, to Commiſſion rais'd.
The Gameſter too pretends his Honour niee,
Who lives by ſlipping Cards, and loaded Dice,
Yet upon Honour he can ſwear h'as loſt,
And ſink his Money, when h'as won the moſt.
Theſe are the Gentlemen of modern Date,
That do ſo laviſhly of Honour prate,
Who lead moſt vicious Lives, whore, drink, and game,
Void of all Senſe of Vertue, and of Shame;
Therefore, my Dear, b'entreated by a Wife
To prize your Eaſe, your Children, nay, your Life;

And

And not make all unhappy, to become
Honour's ſtarv'd Slave Abroad; but ſtay at Home,
Where Peace and Plenty will be better far,
Than a maim'd Limb, or honourable Scar,
Thoſe painful Fruits that Heroes reap in War.

HUSBAND.

Forbear, my Love, your Satire is too keen,
Honour's the ſtanding Rule of worthy Men;
The Touch-ſtone of their Actions, and their Words,
The Pow'r by which they draw or ſheath their Swords.
Honour, if rightly fram'd, like Conſcience, ſhou'd
Comprize Love, Duty, Juſtice, all that's good;
And ought to be the Pole, or *Northern* Star,
By which we ſteer our Courſe in Peace or War:
'Tis the true Balance of our Lives Content,
From which no Man ſhould vary or diſſent:
In Honour's Scale, with ſteady Mind, we weigh
That Loyalty which binds us to obey.
'Tis Vertue ſeated in a gen'rous Breaſt,
Guarded by Valour, and with Wiſdom bleſt,
Which thus united, gives a ſplendid Light,
That clears our Doubts, and guides the Soul aright.
What tho' unworthy Cowards, Knaves, and Fools,
Strangers to Vertue, and to Honour's Rules,
Reduce the Word to a fantaſtick Cant,
Becauſe ill Men, or that they Prudence want?
Muſt the Brave therefore diſeſteem the Gem,
Becauſe ſuch Dung-hill Cocks deſpiſe the ſame?

No,

No, *Julia*, Honour ſhall be ſtill my Rule,
I ſcorn the Names of Coward, Knave, or Fool:
I love my Children, and adore my Wife,
Value my Riches, and regard my Life;
But ſince I do my King's Commiſſion hold,
Have wore his Liv'ry, and receiv'd his Gold,
Now he commands me, I ſhall hazard all
To ſerve my Prince, tho' I a Victim fall.
What tho' I've Wealth enough, and have no need
To run thro' the Fatigues of War, for Bread?
Yet Men of Figure, when our neighb'ring Foes
Threaten the Kingdom with approaching Woes,
Should, by their great Example, bravely ſhew
What fearful Slaves at ſuch a Time ſhould do;
For the baſe Rabble to their Cow'rdice yield,
And hate the Drudg'ry of the Sword and Shield,
Unleſs they're boldly led, to face their Fate,
By Men of Worth, more generous and great;
Therefore how baſe and mean ſhould I appear,
To bear Command in Peace, and flinch in War;
To ſtrut two Summers Length in Martial Red,
And now change Colour, when my Prince has need?
For Shame! dear *Julia*, ask me not to ſtay,
But ſhew your tender Love ſome other Way;
All your fond Arguments are urg'd in vain,
I muſt forſake you for a long Campaign,
And dare the ſturdy Foe, tho' I myſelf am ſlain.

WIFE.

WIFE:

O! cruel Man, will you forſake your Wife,
And theſe dear Babes, to ſacrifice your Life?
Have we not all been dutiful and good,
And will you leave us now to wade in Blood?
Since all my feeble Arguments muſt fail,
Let a Wife's Tears, and Childrens Cries, prevail.
Why do you ſhake us off? How can you part
With all theſe Bleſſings that ſurround your Heart?
Cling round thy Father's Neck, my lovely Boy,
Kiſs him and hug him cloſe, my only Joy;
Hang by his Arm, my deareſt Girl, and pray
That he'll be kind, and with your Mother ſtay.
Look on your pretty Babes, my only Dear;
Behold your Picture there, your Darling here;
Let tender Innocence your Pity move,
And melt your Breaſt into paternal Love.
Why will you fill us full of Cares and Fears,
And leave your mournful Family in Tears?
To hazard that dear Life, which, if it's loſt,
Will all our Comfort in one Moment coſt.
One ſingle Perſon is of ſmall Regard;
Your weak Aſſiſtance ſurely may be ſpar'd
From thoſe united Legions, ſent to try,
By Dint of Arms, the dreadful Lottery;
Therefore, my Dear, once more I humbly crave,
That you this fatal Expedition wave,
And not expoſe your Life on bloody Plains,
For thoſe who ſcarce will thank you for your Pains.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

Should I my loyal Reſolutions break
For Woman, when my Honour lies at Stake,
I ſhould a Coward or a Fool, appear,
By ſhewing too much Love, or too much Fear.
I am too juſt, my Dear, to quit my Arms,
Tho' I admire my Children, and your Charms;
But common Safety muſt prevail above
The Bonds of nuptial or paternal Love;
For, in a juſt Regard of that, we ſhew
Our Duty to our Wives and Children too;
For the brave Soul that will undaunted fight,
To do his Prince and native Country Right,
At the ſame Juncture ſuccours and defends,
By noble Means, his Relatives and Friends;
Therefore, my Dear, no more entreat my Stay,
For I'm reſolv'd, and muſt with ſpeed away.

WIFE.

Since neither Tears nor Pray'rs will move your Breaſt
To eaſe my Grief, by granting my Requeſt,
With aching Heart, and flowing Eyes, each day,
I'll in your Abſence for your Safety pray;
Implore the Gods to arm you againſt Fate,
That Vict'ry on your Sword may always wait:
But O! that Honour, which the Brave maintain,
Should rob a Woman of ſo dear a Man!

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

Be patient, Love, content thyſelf a while,
Swift Time will quickly end our Summer's Toil;
Then in full Gladneſs we again ſhall meet,
And our paſt Abſence make our Joys more ſweet.
Till then, my Dear, I bid you all adieu,
And with this parting Kiſs, my Love renew.
Keep Home, with decent Conduct rule your Houſe,
And pray be thoughtful of your diſtant Spouſe;
Encourage no looſe forward Viſiters,
The treach'rous World is full of Wiles and Snares;
But remain chearful, eaſy in your Mind,
Of yourſelf careful, to your Children kind.
Farewel, my Darlings, free of all Offence,
May Heav'n protect your charming Innocence,
Till I return, enrich'd with foreign Spoils,
That you may be the happier for my Toils.
Adieu, once more, ye Comforts of my Life,
My lovely Babes, and you, my deareſt Wife;
Dry up your Sorrows, ſigh no more in vain,
For Time will make us happy once again.

WIFE.

And are you gone? O! Heav'n, my Fears abate,
May Guardian Angels round his Perſon wait.
O! grant, that he may conquer in the Field,
And foreign Victims to his Mercy yield,
That he may win upon the duſty Plain
The laſting Glory which he hopes to gain;

And

And return Home, to eaſe my doubtful Cares,
Free from thoſe Marks of Honour, Maims and Scars.
'Tis hard that Men of Worth ſhould be the Sport
Of Fortune, to oblige a flatt'ring Court,
And quit the Bleſſings of their native Land,
To try their Valour with each common Hand;
Or, by Command, be hurry'd from their Wives,
To loſe their own, in guarding others Lives.
O! curs'd Ambition of the Proud and Great,
That Pow'r muſt be ſuſtain'd by others Fate;
That Cow'rds muſt be protected by the Brave,
And one Man's Pride be made another's Grave.
But ſo, alas! it is. Knaves find the Way
To make the Wiſe, as well as Fools obey;'
And gallant Man, who boaſts a gen'rous Soul,
Muſt do the fatal Drudg'ry of the whole.
'Tis hard the valiant Mind ſhould plough the Seas,
And the gay Coxcomb ſit at Home in Eaſe;
Or that the Vertuous ſhould be doom'd to fight,
Whilſt the rich Blockhead revels in Delight:
But who can alter the Decrees of Fate?
The Brave muſt be the Slaves that guard the Great.
Come, my dear Babies, you and I muſt mourn
Your Father's Abſence, till his ſafe Return;
Then ſhall we all be happy to our Mind,
You in a tender Parent fondly kind,
I in the joyful Smiles and ſoft Embrace
Of a dear Spouſe, the beſt of human Race.

Moral

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

A Soldier ſhould not be too ſoft,
But valiant as a Roman,
And never mind the weeping Craft
Or Cowardice of Woman.

Should Wives and Miſtreſſes prevail
With Tears and Tittle-Tattle,
Few Men, to ſerve the Publick Weal,
Would fight the Nation's Battle.

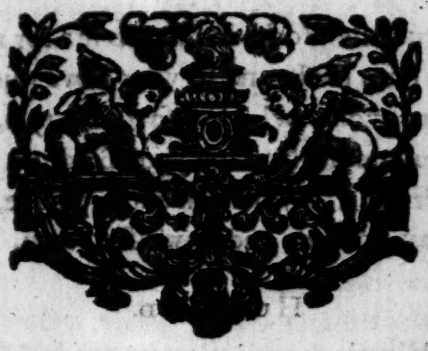
No Woman cares to want or loſe
The Sweets of nuptial Duty,
But ſtrives to chain her loving Spouſe
To her bewitching Beauty.

Therefore a Soldier ſhould not prove
Too lenitive and tender,
But prefer Honour ſtill above
The fair, but fickle Gender.

The Hero ſhould be bold and wiſe,
His Valour ſteer by Reaſon,
And ne'er regard a Woman's Cries
Or Sighings out of Seaſon.

Man

Man to his Wife ſhould bear Reſpect,
And loving be, to eaſe her;
But 'tis Imprudence to neglect
The common Good, to pleaſe her.



DIA-

DIALOGUE VIII.

Between a kind and wealthy Wife, and her facetious Husband of inferior Fortune.

WIFE.

'TIS true, the World condemns me for my Choice,
But I am bleſt, and in your Love rejoice:
Were the Knot void, which I ſo gladly ty'd,
I'd ſtill endeavour to become your Bride;
In ſpite of Friends, my own Deſires purſue,
And give my Fortune and myſelf to you.

HUSBAND.

By th' Obligations you've upon me laid,
I hope, my Dear, we both are happy made;
For tho' you're rich and beauteous, you ſhall find
I'll balance all, in being juſt and kind;
Be always careful to preſerve your Eaſe,
Eſteem your Love, and ſtudy how to pleaſe;
By ſoft indearing Means indulge your Life,
Preſerve each happy Moment free from Strife,
And prove as good a Husband, as yourſelf a Wife.

WIFE.

WIFE.

Had I not, in your gentle Looks and Mien,
The peaceful Sweetneſs of your Temper ſeen,
And in your Carriage, and your Words, deſcry'd
Your want of Wealth by Vertue was ſupply'd,
Tho' I had lov'd, I ſhould have fear'd to join
A Heart, whoſe Truth I'd doubted of, with mine:
But I, my Dear, am ſo ſecure in you,
That I enjoy more Love than I can ſhew;
And in the manly Graces of your Mind,
A more than equal Satisfaction find;
Am richer far, in the Reſpect you ſhow,
Than you in all the Wealth I can beſtow;
Nor does my Fortune equal your Deſerts,
Or Charms reward your Vertues and your Parts.

HUSBAND.

Had you, my Dear, no fertile Lands to boaſt
Or Wealth t'adorn your Beauty with ſuch Coſt,
Your Charms alone, as they by Nature ſhine,
Without your Bags, had ſurely made you mine.
Thoſe ſweet Angelick Looks, ſo ſoft and fair,
Your eaſy Temper, and engaging Air,
Had needed no Addition, to prevail,
I ſhould have long'd ſo much, and lov'd ſo well,
And thought your Graces, tho' of mean degree,
Had been a Fortune large enough for me.

WIFE.

I am oblig'd, O! gen'rous Man, to hear,
That you my Perſon to my Wealth prefer;
Am pleas'd that I a double Bleſſing prove,
Not only in my Riches, but my Love;
For where there's either wanting, 'twill abate
The mutual Pleaſures of a nuptial State.

HUSBAND.

Riches are Bleſſings which we ought to prize;
But ſtill in Beauty's Charms more Comfort lies,
Whoſe Heav'nly Brightneſs does by far out-ſhine
The Golden Luſtre of the *Indian* Mine.
The gen'rous Breaſt does needleſs Wealth deſpiſe,
But honours Love, and doats on Beauty's Eyes;
Thinks it beneath all Vertue, to prefer
The Miſer's Idol to the charming Fair.
Money can only Nature's Wants ſupply,
But Beauty yields a much ſublimer Joy;
Gives us on Earth a Taſte of Heav'nly Bliſs,
Wounds with each Look, and cures with ev'ry Kiſs.
Riches, 'tis true, from Want will keep us free,
But Love gives Comfort in Adverſity;
Makes the kind Pair more happy, tho' they're poor,
Than the croſs Couple are amidſt their Store;
For when Love's wanting in a marry'd State,
Curs'd are both Spouſes, tho' their Wealth be great.

WIFE.

WIFE.

I know, my Dear, what you aſſert is right,
For in your Love I centre my Delight;
Without that Bleſſing, I ſhould only be
A penſive Wretch in rich Adverſity;
Nay, for my Life, be deſtin'd to endure
Thoſe Pains the wealthy *Indies* could not cure;
For gen'rous Love in vertuous Woman's Breaſt,
Without a juſt Return, admits no Reſt;
Nor can her Fortune, tho' it's ne'er ſo large,
Her wiſhing Mind of am'rous Grief diſcharge.
What Woman then would bear that inward Smart
Which ſtill improves, when kindled in her Heart,
And not, with Gladneſs, hazard all her Store
With him ſhe loves, tho' ne'er ſo mean and poor?
Were I of all my Riches diſpoſſeſt,
In you alone I ſhould be truly bleſt;
For in one kind Embrace have I enjoy'd
More Comfort, than in all the World beſide.

HUSBAND.

If in my Arms you can ſo happy be,
How great muſt I think my Felicity,
Who am beyond my Merits bleſt by you,
Not only with ſuch Wealth, but Beauty too;
Crown'd with the Graces of a gen'rous Mind,
Enrich'd by Heaven, and by Nature kind?
O! that I could but boaſt that equal Worth
Which ev'ry beauteous Charm of yours ſets forth!

Or that, inſtead of being humbly bred,
I'd brought high Honours to your nuptial Bed;
Improv'd your Fortune by a large Eſtate,
And made you much more happy and more great!
I then might have deſerv'd the Love you ſhow,
Which is but now your Bounty to beſtow.

WIFE.

Were you of all the *Spaniſh* Mines poſſeſt,
And with the Sound of ſwelling Titles bleſt,
'Tis true, I might enjoy a larger Fame,
But could not be more happy than I am.
I want, my Dear, no Riches to complete
The needful Comforts of a nuptial State;
And what's beyond, I never ſhall purſue,
But place alone my Happineſs in you.
I envy not her Station, who has ſoar'd
To be the Lady of ſome gouty Lord,
Vainly puff'd up, fantaſtically ty'd
To all the Rules of Honour and of Pride,
Loaded with glitt'ring Jewels, to ſurprize,
In publick Cavalcades, the Vulgar's Eyes;
When all her vain external Pomp, that ſhines
Amidſt the Riches of the *Eaſtern* Mines,
So much admir'd, cannot, perhaps, procure
Her diſcontented Breaſt one happy Hour.
I always ſcorn'd to ſacrifice my Charms
For Honour's Sake, to rich and noble Arms,
Who, in a Week, had ſlighted my Embrace,
To make new Courtſhip to ſome newer Face.

I hate

I hate the fickle Coxcomb giv'n to range,
And tho' a Woman, am too fix'd to change;
Or, for a Monarch's Flatt'ries, to remove
My ſteady Heart from th' Object of my Love.
I'm not ambitious, by my Charms, to gain
More Pomp than I can honeſtly maintain:
I'm to no vain external Pride inclin'd;
My Joys are center'd in a peaceful Mind:
I'm not for inward Grief, and outward State,
Or being wretched, to appear more Great.
Let me be happy in myſelf, altho'
In others Eyes I ſeem not to be ſo;
For thoſe who, by their Grandeur, ſtrive to pleaſe
The giddy World, muſt ſeldom live at Eaſe.
I love the Man that does his Honour bear,
Not in his Patent, but his Character;
Whoſe Actions, not his Titles, ſpeak his Fame,
And are alone a Glory to his Name.
You are that happy Man, in whom I find
All that is grateful, generous, and kind:
I've Wealth enough, in you I've all the reſt,
And nothing need to be entirely bleſt.
Be but as good as I am ſure you'll prove,
And that eternal Pow'r that rules above,
Will make us happy in each other's Love.

HUSBAND.

Beneath what proſp'rous Planet was I born,
To meet ſuch Love, who but deſerv'd your Scorn!

What Altars have I rais'd? what Actions done,
To merit from the Gods ſo kind a Boon?
Sure ſuch a gen'rous Mind, and lovely Face,
Till now, ne'er ſhone among the female Race;
Or Man of ſuch low Fortune and Degree,
Tho' ne'er ſo juſt, was ever bleſt like me.
What ſweet Angelick Goodneſs do I hear
Flow from your Tongue to my aſtoniſh'd Ear?
In what melodious Words do you expreſs
How much you love, what Vertues you poſſeſs,
That by your kind Endearments ev'ry Hour,
My growing Happineſs proves more and more?
O! could the Joys of Life, when thus complete,
Be but as laſting as they're truly great,
What Man ſo bleſt, could with a Wife be cloy'd,
Or envy what's beyond his Reach enjoy'd?
Who like the Croud of Fools that have no Taſte
Of Fema'e Bleſſings, but beneath the Waiſt,
Would wiſh himſelf from ſuch a Bondage free,
That ev'ry Moment yields Felicity?
What vicious Mortal could be glad to part,
For new Delights, with ſuch a faithful Heart,
And not give all his Worldly Store, to ſave,
Such charming Goodneſs from the ſilent Grave?
Believe me, Dear, I have a juſt Regard
For all the Favours you have thus conferr'd
On him, who had at firſt but ſmall Pretence
To ſo much Goodneſs, Beauty, Wealth, and Senſe.
However, ſince by Heaven I'm decreed
To be the nuptial Partner of your Bed,

And thro' your Bounty, am allow'd to ſhare
All Bleſſings that in your Poſſeſſion are,
The Love I bear to ev'ry charming Grace,
That ſo adorns your Mind, as well as Face,
And thoſe Returns of Gratitude I owe
For all the matchleſs Kindneſſes you ſhow,
Oblige me, if 'tis poſſible, to vie
Goodneſs with thoſe that dwell beyond the Sky;
Nor can a Man reward ſuch faithful Love,
Without ſome kind Aſſiſtance from above;
Therefore, my Dear, ſince Vertue ſo divine,
Join'd with your Beauty, do united ſhine,
And all the Graces ſeated in your Breaſt,
Have thus conſpir'd to make a Husband bleſt,
So, by my kind Deportment, ſhall you ſee,
I'll prove as good as human Soul can be,
That you ſhall ne'er repent the Choice you've made,
But bleſs the Hour you took me to your Bed.

WIFE.

Thank you, my Deareſt, that you vow to prove
A Pattern of true Gratitude and Love;
By Vertue's Rules we'll ſteer our happy Lives,
And ſhame ill Husbands and contending Wives,
Who, wanting Love and Prudence, ſpend their Days
In jarring Diſcords, which their Follies raiſe,
Blaming a nuptial State, when by their own
Provoking Means, they are, alas! undone;
A common Curſe, by angry Heaven laid
On *Smithfield* Bargains, by their Parents made,

When only Fortunes or Eſtates are join'd,
And Children match'd againſt each other's Mind.
I therefore ſcorn'd that Av'rice ſhould controul
My Love, or thwart the Dictates of my Soul;
But was reſolv'd to hazard all my Worth,
Without Regard to Fortune, or to Birth,
And chuſe the Object of my fond Deſire,
Whoſe Perſon I could love, and Parts admire:
And you, my Deareſt, are the only he
On whom I build my whole Felicity;
Nor do I doubt, but I ſhall always find
Your Temper gen'rous, and your Actions kind.
That wealthy rigid Parents, who refuſe
Their Sons and Daughters Liberty to chuſe,
May ſee, by us, that where there's mutual Love,
Unequal Matches may ſucceſsful prove.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

THO' Money is the beſt ſure Card,
As wiſe Experience teaches,
Yet thoſe that wed, ſhould have Regard
To Love, as well as Riches.

If the Dame has ſufficient Store
To bleſs herſelf and Lover;
What's Matter, if the Man be poor,
Since they admire each other?

Therefore

Therefore ſhe's happy in her Choice,
Without her Friends Direction,
Who has but Wealth to crown her Joys,
And buoy up her Affection.

What Mortal would not think it hard,
To ſee a lovely Creature
Comply to wed ſome crooked Lord
Of Monkey Phiz and Stature?

But who can blame the wealthy Laſs,
Altho' of lofty Station,
That weds a Man not worth a Croſs,
To pleaſe her Inclination?

Wealth cannot thoſe Delights complete,
Which Lovers ſeek in private;
That only finds us Cloaths and Meat,
But Joy's the Thing we drive at.

DIALOGUE IX.

Between an old drolling Gentleman with a Carbuncle-Noſe, and his merry Tallow-fac'd Lady.

HUSBAND.

HOW do'ſt, my Dear? thy Brother *Dick* and I
Have taken a delicious Glaſs hard by:
We drank your Health, my Love, amongſt the reſt;
Faith he's a merry Fellow at a Jeſt.

WIFE.

Alas! you need not tell me where you've been;
That, by your fiery Gills, is eas'ly ſeen:
The blazing Comet that adorns your Face,
Too plainly ſhews you've hugg'd the juicy Glaſs;
For drink whate'er you pleaſe, the Liquor flows
Into your old repoſitory Noſe,
Which when ſo full it can no more retain,
Will, at one Squeeze, ſupply the Glaſs again:
Therefore 'tis needleſs you ſo oft ſhould go
To th' Tavern, ſince you cannot chuſe but know,
That what you drink one Day, may be of Uſe
The next; but preſs your Rubies for their Juice;

Nay,

Nay, twice concocted, it may quench your Thirſt
The ſecond Time much better than the firſt.
Pr'ythee, my Dear, come hither, you ſhall ſee
I'll make your Grapes yield Claret preſently.

HUSBAND.

How now, you Flirt! would you with Icy Hands
Prophane that Noſe which in ſuch Splendor ſtands;
That rev'rend Ornament which ſhines ſo bright,
And warms its Neighbours in a Froſty Night?
Stand off, thou pale *Diana*, come not near;
When the Sun ſhines, the Moon ſhou'd diſappear.
Thy frozen Face extinguiſhes my Light,
And with its ghaſtly Looks, offends my Sight:
My glowing Noſe, like burniſh'd Gold, diſplays
A thouſand dazzling and delightful Rays;
Flames like an Altar ſet on Fire, to move
The angry Gods to ſhew their wonted Love;
Whilſt thy pale Snout diſhonours human Race,
And proves a Scandal to a Chriſtian Face.

WIFE.

I'll ſwear you'd need applaud your fiery Beak,
That ſcorches, as it ſtands, each neighb'ring Cheek.
As if your burning Mountain meant to prey,
Like *Ætna*, upon all Things in its Way.
Indeed, my Precious, if you thus carouſe,
I'll have a Water-Engine in the Houſe;
For if your chymick Noſe has got the Skill
To extract Fire from Liquors that you ſwill,

Who knows, i' th' Night but your Grenado Head
May ſneeze forth Lightning, and inflame my Bed?
Therefore, my Dear, I think it's Time to ſhew
Our Care againſt ſuch Dangers; what ſay you?

HUSBAND.

My harmleſs Face will no ſuch Aid require;
For thou'rt all Ice, as ſure as I am Fire.
Lie thou but cloſe to me, you need not doubt
To ſtop the Miſchief ere the Flames break out;
The Water-Engine which you long have worn,
Will do the Feat, and quench me when I burn.
So Salamanders, 'leſs Report's a Ly'r,
With their cold Touch, ſubdue the fierceſt Fire.
Thy frigid Nature does like Death appear,
And frozen Looks ſhew Winter all the Year;
Whilſt I, like ſultry Summer, glow with Heat,
And with my flaming Noſe, make others ſweat.

WIFE.

You'd need to boaſt of ſuch a ſcarlet Snout,
So rough, ſo fiery, and ſo large about,
Whoſe bluſhing Glories ought to be your Shame,
Becauſe t' Exceſs it owes its coſtly Fame.
What are your Rubies, but an odious Sign
That you're a Drunkard, and a Slave to Wine;
A Sot that hugs the Tavern Flask ſo cloſe,
That Grapes in Bunches ripen round your Noſe?
From whence do all thoſe crimſon Welks ariſe,
But from Intemp'rance and Debaucheries?

What

What makes your red Pimgennets ſhine ſo bright,
But gorging Bumpers in the Mid of Night,
Swilling, like Swine, at Revels that you keep,
Whilſt wiſer Mortals do enjoy their Sleep?
It's a great Honour, and a mighty Grace,
For Man to bear his Vices in his Face;
That as the *Indian* Snake his Age declares
By th' ſundry Rattles in his Tail he wears;
So all that view your mangy Noſe, may read,
In Scores of Rubies, what a Life you lead,
And, by their freſh and fiery Aſpect, tell
What vicious Wine it is you love ſo well.
In my pale Countenance, the World may ſee
My female Temperance and Modeſty,
And that I keep no private Cloſet Drams,
To drink unſeen behind devouter Shams;
Or that I goſſip with a tatling Crew
Of female Tiplers, till as drunk as you;
And when my Brains with Punch or Brandy flame,
Pretend the Vapours, to conceal my Shame.
My languid Looks ſufficiently declare,
That I'm abſtemious, as becomes the Fair,
Giv'n to no Vice that does my Face diſguiſe,
Or ſhew its ill Effects in Noſe or Eyes;
Whilſt your Carbuncle Phiz in Triumph glows,
And bears your drunken Trophies round your Noſe,
As if you'd conquer'd Thouſands o'er the Glaſs,
Like *Sampſon*, with the Jaw-bone of an Aſs:

Therefore,

Therefore, ſince flaming Snout your Conqueſts ſhow,
And your victorious Gills ſo famous grow,
Pr'ythee, dear Turky-Cock, let's hear you crow.

HUSBAND.

You Death-like Flirt, how dare you thus diſgrace
So rich a Noſe, on ſuch a glorious Face?
You Cake of Snow, cemented by the Froſt,
Were you once thaw'd, the Woman would be loſt;
Begot in Eighty-Four on Icy *Thames*,
When freezing *Boreas* had congeal'd its Streams.
Dare ſuch a Winter's Brat prophane a Phiz
That warms the Air, and makes the Waters hiſs;
A Face where Rocks of wealthy Rubies grow,
And Fountains of ſalubrious Claret flow?
I ſay, Be ſilent, let my Noſe alone,
The Theme's too great for you to preach upon;
So rich a copious Text is only fit
For jolly Prieſts and Poets fam'd for Wit:
I'd have thee therefore let the Subject drop,
So learn'd a Theſis is of wond'rous Scope,
And let's, like loving Friends, to Bed retire,
That we may kiſs and hiſs like Ice and Fire.

Moral

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

WIT, rightly us'd, will oft divert
The frowning Wife from Paſſion,
And pacify the Husband's Heart,
When ſwell'd with Indignation.

Drolling Reproofs are better far
Than angry Reprehenſion,
Which oft foments an ugly War,
And aggravates Contention.

Witty Retorts 'twixt Boſom Friends,
To ſhew each other's Failings,
Much better anſwer both their Ends,
Than ſtormy Huffs and Railings.

Paſſion 'twixt Lovers, quickly takes,
And runs like lighted Powder;
The more it's pent, when once it breaks,
It bounces but the louder.

The prudent Pair ſmall Failings hide,
And their Reſentments ſmother;
For if one Side begins to chide,
It ſoon provokes the other:

But if ſuch Errors do appear,
That merit Condemnation,
Witty Reproofs, that pleaſe the Ear,
Beſt work a Reformation.

DIALOGUE X.

Between a generous Husband, and his parſimonious Wife.

HUSBAND.

WHAT ſtingy Avarice invades thy Mind?
Why muſt I be to one coarſe Diſh confin'd?
Pr'ythee forbear thy parſimonious Ways,
Let me with Comfort ſpend my latter Days:
My Stomach's weak, I'm not content to eat
Lean powder'd Beef, but muſt have finer Meat:
I cannot fare like thoſe unletter'd Brutes,
Born to hard Labour and unbutter'd Roots.
Let me enjoy what my Eſtate affords;
I'll not be ſtarv'd to pile up uſeleſs Hoards
For my proud Daughters, and my thankleſs Son,
To laviſh when my fleeting Sands are run.
Let me have well-ſpread Tables when I dine;
Grudge me no dainty Food, or coſtly Wine,
Since I have Wealth enough to bear the Charge
Of living more at Eaſe, and more at large.

WIFE.

WIFE.

Pr'ythee, my Dear, conſider Times are hard,
Trade much reduc'd, and greater Evils fear'd;
Taxes run high, and daily muſt increaſe,
Whilſt War excludes the kind Effects of Peace.
This is no happy Juncture to become
Abroad a Spendthrift, or profuſe at Home;
No Seaſon to be liberal or great,
When War devours one Third of your Eſtate,
Whilſt the Remainder at the Mercy lies
Of giving Pow'rs too generouſly wiſe;
Therefore who would not ſave whate'er he cou'd,
'Leſs in an Age ſo hazardous he ſhou'd
Be beggar'd by that Cheat the Publick Good?

HUSBAND.

Thy Av'rice fills thy Soul with ſad Deſpair,
And makes thee dream of Dangers God knows where.
Let not ſuch fooliſh Fears afflict thy Breaſt;
We're happy, if we know when we are bleſt.
Let our wiſe Senate give whate'er they pleaſe,
We ſtill ſhall find enough to live at Eaſe.
What tho' the crafty Courtiers wealthy grow,
By Ways and Means which they themſelves beſt know;
E'en let them ſhare the Nation's Golden Fleece,
Foxes are us'd to prey upon the Geeſe;
Yet tho' the Laws compel us to reſign
One Third of what we hold in Land or Coin,

Let's

Let's be ccontent, not think ourſelves oppreſt,
But with an eaſy Mind enjoy the reſt;
For the rich Fool that ſtarves before he needs,
Chuſes unforc'd that very Curſe he dreads:
As fearful Mariners too often run
Into thoſe Dangers they deſire to ſhun,
And wanting Conduct, are, alas! deſtroy'd
Upon thoſe Shelves which wiſer Heads avoid;
Therefore, my Dear, let us not be ſo dull,
To want Life's Comforts whilſt our Bags are full,
But ſpend in Plenty what we ſtarve to ſave,
And merit by our Bounty what we have.

WIFE.

Since Nature covets but a ſmall Supply,
The mod'rate Liver does the moſt enjoy;
For more than human Life or Health require,
Is vain Exceſs, which only Fools admire:
Gluttons and Drunkards, who confound their Store
In half their Days, to live when aged poor.
Man's Happineſs on Earth conſiſts, we ſee,
In healthful Temp'rance and Frugality.
Thoſe who poſſeſs theſe Vertues, always find
The Sweetneſs of a calm contented Mind;
Improve their Fortunes, and preſerve their Eaſe,
Which Spendthrifts laviſh in their Luxuries,
Who ſwell to Monſters ere they ſee their Prime,
By drinking hard, or eating to a Crime;
Waſting their Wealth, by painful Parents rais'd,
Glory'ng the moſt, when they are moſt debas'd;

As if, to conquer others by full Quarts,
Advanc'd their Fame, and ſhew'd their great Deſerts.
Would you be one of theſe fantaſtick Apes,
To drown your Subſtance in the Blood of Grapes;
Or waſte your ſolid Treaſure, to delight
The vicious Longings of your Appetite?
Would you turn Sot, God's Bleſſings thus miſuſe,
And at your Coſt yourſelf and Friends abuſe?
If ſuch a Life you'd lead, pray where's the Senſe
Of growing wicked at your own Expence?
Or would you feaſt a Croud of Fools each Day,
That they may laugh, while you the Charge defray;
And your Eſtate impair, that you may paſs,
With Sots and Flatt'rers, for a gen'rous Aſs,
Who, at your Table, will your Treats commend,
But when you need 'em, ceaſe to be your Friend?
If theſe you want, make Haſte to be undone,
And order twenty Diſhes for your one.

HUSBAND.

Your Brains, my Dear, are full of frantick Dreams;
Is there no Medium 'twixt the two Extremes?
Muſt I all needful Comforts be deny'd,
Or to profuſe Extravagance be ty'd?
Cannot I give myſelf a grateful Meal,
But I muſt feaſt the World with Ortland Teal?
Or grace my Table ev'ry Day I dine,
With a digeſtive Glaſs of noble Wine,
But I muſt turn a thoughtleſs Sot, a Beaſt,
And ruin my Eſtate to treat my Gueſt?

Sure

Sure there are Ways of living free from Want,
Between the Miſer and Extravagant!
Sure Men of Wealth may find a happy State,
And neither ſeem too little, or too great.
I ne'er took Pleaſure in a vain Exceſs,
Nor do I love a Miſer's Stingineſs:
But ſince by Heav'n I'm bleſt with an Eſtate,
I'll not be us'd at this penurious Rate:
Give me the beſt of Meats to pleaſe my Taſte;
Let me have Plenty, I deſire no Waſte:
A well-ſpread Table I delight to ſee,
According to my Wealth and Quality,
That Friend or Neighbour, when they come to dine,
May find no Want of wholſome Food or Wine.

WIFE.

But you have ſev'ral Daughters ſtill to wed,
Ripe for the Pleaſures of the nuptial Bed:
Conſider, Dear, their Fortunes muſt be large;
To match 'em well, will prove no little Charge;
They'll ſink your Bags, and weaken your Eſtate.
Why therefore will you think of living great,
Till you've diſpos'd your Daughters to your Mind,
And ſhewn how far you're willing to be kind?
For Parents are in Duty bound to place
Their Children in a State of Happineſs,
That we, to whom they owe their Birth, may be
Bleſt, when we're old, in their Proſperity.
Is it not better we ſhould ſparing live,
That to our Offspring we the more may give,

Than

Than to be laviſh of our wealthy Store,
And, to feaſt others, leave our Children poor?

HUSBAND.

Duty, I own, commands us to extend
Our Love to thoſe who on our Care depend,
And that a Father is by Nature ty'd,
For his dear Childrens Welfare to provide;
But ſtill no Parent is oblig'd to make
His Life unhappy, for his Offspring's Sake;
And tho' he's rich, live ſparingly and poor,
That when he's gone, they may enjoy the more:
A due Proviſion ought to be his Care;
But he's a Fool that ſtarves, to bleſs his Heir.
Muſt wealthy Fathers like Curmudgeons live,
That to their Children they the more may give?
Muſt I repine beneath a Miſer's Fate,
To make my Sons and Daughters rich and great?
No, no, my Dear, from this Time you ſhall ſee
Such female Doctrine ſhall not take with me;
I'll not with Legs and Shins of Beef be fed,
That they may feaſt on Dainties when I'm dead;
Nor in coarſe Kerſies wrap my wither'd Hide,
That my fair Daughters may in Coaches ride.
Pray let my Table, ev'ry Day I eat,
Be furniſh'd with the beſt of Butchers Meat,
With Fiſh and Fowl, when I have Friends to dine,
And a full Ciſtern of ſalubrious Wine;
Let my fine Linen on the Board be ſpread,
And not for Daughters kept till I am dead;

I'll

I'll have no Houſewife's dirty Flaxen brought,
But ev'ry Day clean Damask, as I ought,
That Friends or Strangers, when they're here, may ſee
I live to my Eſtate and Quality.
Yourſelf may be as ſaving as you pleaſe,
But I'll conſult my Credit and my Eaſe;
No more conform to a penurious Life,
To pleaſe a whining parſimonious Wife,
Who, were you ne'er ſo wealthy, ſtill would be
A ſtingy Muckworm to yourſelf and me;
Drudge on, pile up, live mean, without a Friend,
And curſe each uſeful Penny that you ſpend.
So ſlaving Miſers, when too rich they're grown,
Hide what they earn, and ſtill for more toil on;
Conceal their Worth, by wearing homely Rags,
And pine their empty Guts, to fill their Bags.

WIFE.

You talk, my Dear, as if you meant to waſte,
In your old Age, what you have long poſſeſt.
Conſider, Love, if you reſolve to run
This fatal Race, we ſhall be all undone:
You're frantick ſure. Can you, alas! afford
To treat ſo high, and revel like a Lord?
You got your Wealth by your induſtrious Wits,
Improv'd the ſame in Trade by lucky Hits;
But pray conſider thoſe good Days are paſt;
And would you ſpend it idly now at laſt?
Shame on the Follies of your aged Head!
From whence was this devouring Maggot bred?

What

What ſtrange bewitching Fate hangs o'er your Gold,
And makes you now turn Spendthrift when you're old?
What ill-got Sums lie mingled with your Hoard,
Curs'd by ſome Orphan till again reſtor'd?
Pr'ythee, my Dear, return the Canker Home,
Let no baſe Pounds the honeſt Part conſume;
For ſure ſome ſinful Bags, by Fraud obtain'd,
Giv'n as a Bribe, or by Oppreſſion gain'd,
Corrupt your Caſh, and poyſon your Eſtate;
Or, in your latter Years, your addled Pate
Would ne'er contrive to laviſh your Eſtate.

HUSBAND.

Since bounteous Fortune has ſo kindly bleſt
My careful Toils for forty Years at leaſt,
That, to my Joy, I now abound, when old,
With fruitful Acres, and with Sums of Gold,
Honour'd long ſince with Knighthood for my Wealth,
Now free from Buſ'neſs, happy in my Health;
I tell thee, Wife, or Lady, if you pleaſe,
No want of Plenty ſhall obſtruct my Eaſe;
But in my Age I'll generouſly live,
Yet ſpend with Prudence, and with Caution give;
Revive my cruſty Nerves with Wine that's good,
And add new Springs to my declining Blood;
Make much of Friends, be hoſpitably free,
And, whilſt I live, beſtow my Charity.
This in Contempt of Avarice I'll do,
T' oblige myſelf, my Dear, in ſpite of you;

And if you frown at Dinner on my Friends,
Or your keen Tongue beyond its Bounds extends,
Then to ſome diſtant Tavern will I roam,
And drown in Sack the Plagues I have at Home;
Turn a mere vicious Spendthrift, tho' I'm old,
And prove as great a Rake, as you a Scold:
But if I find that you will eaſy be,
Reſpectful to my Friends, and kind to me,
Then ſhall you ſee, that I will ſpend to ſpare,
And tho' I'm gen'rous, it ſhall be with Care,
That when I've made my *Exit*, you ſhall find,
Tho' I liv'd well, I've left enough behind.
Therefore, my Dear, let me, without Debate,
Enjoy the happy Fruits of my Eſtate;
For who would labour, in his Youth, for Gold,
To pine beneath a Miſer's Fate, when old?

WIFE.

A Wife's good Counſels are in vain, I know;
For Men, when old, like Trees, more ſtubborn grow;
As one's too knotty and too ſtiff to bend,
So t'other proves too reſolute to mend;
But ſince a Woman muſt be thought too weak
And fooliſh to controul, adviſe, or ſpeak,
And Man's too proud to bend, take Care you do not break.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

HE that has Wealth to bleſs his Life
With Comforts that are needful,
Ought not to humour ſuch a Wife,
That's over cloſe and heedful.

Women grow covetous, when old,
And we muſt watch their Waters,
Or they'll deprive us of our Gold,
To hoard it for their Daughters.

They care not how their Husbands live,
How ſeldom 'tis they feaſt well,
If they can but large Fortunes give,
To have their Daughters kiſs'd well.

But he's a Fool that fills his Bags
By his ſucceſsful Labours,
And then lives poor, wrapt up in Rags,
Deſpis'd among his Neighbours:

And all, to leave his Wealth behind
To Children diſobedient;
Or to a Wife, who has a Mind
To try a new Expedient.

Therefore

Therefore the Niggard is to blame,
Of future Woes deſerving,
Who leaves his Offspring, or his Dame,
The richer for his ſtarving.

DIALOGUE XI.

Between a Termagant Court-Lady, and her Spouſe, about ſettling in the Country.

WIFE.

SInce you, my Dear, a Country Life admire;
You, if you pleaſe, may to your Seat retire;
In Fogs and Dews ſurvey your fertile Grounds,
And ſtrain your Hunters, to purſue your Hounds.
But be aſſur'd, that I abhor to dwell
A penſive Pris'ner in a rural Cell;
Where, by the break of Day, your bleating Sheep
And lowing Oxen muſt diſturb my Sleep:
Where croaking Ravens ſtretch their boding Throats,
To fright ſick Gammers with their hideous Notes;
And with their Jargons of unwelcome Noiſe,
Call early Milk-maids, and their Clowns to riſe.
Go thither you, but I reſolve to ſtay
In Town, where all Things look ſo ſpruce and gay,
And freſh Delights ſpring up with ev'ry new-born Day.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

Tho' I am kind, and ſtudy your Delight,
Love you all Day, and hug you cloſe at Night,
I find you will be ſtubborn, *Chloe*, ſtill,
Whoſe chiefeſt Pleaſure is to thwart my Will.
Why, Madam, do you thus torment my Life,
And ſtrive to prove the Devil of a Wife?
What have I done to make you ſo perverſe?
Bad you were always, but you now grow worſe.
As if the Serpent, that debauch'd Mankind,
Had ſooth'd thy Luſt, and left his Sting behind.

WIFE.

You take me, ſure, to be a monſtrous Brute!
What, do you think me *Satan*'s Proſtitute?
Thank you, my Husband, you're extremely civil;
I fear, my Love, you're jealous of the Devil.

HUSBAND.

My Dear, conſid'ring what a Shrew you're grown,
I've almoſt cauſe to think you two are one;
And that both *Satan* and yourſelf agree
To gratify your Pride in plaguing me.
Whatever Meaſures for my Eaſe I take,
You contradict, and labour ſtill to break;
And prove, in ſpite of all that Man can do,
The worſt tormenting Devil of the two.

WIFE.

What Crimes have I committed, to incur
Such Uſage, and ſo vile a Character?
Were e'er your Secrets by my Tongue betray'd?
Or have I once defil'd your Marriage Bed?
Have I at Baſſet, Ombre, or Picquet,
Laviſh'd your Gold, and leſſen'd your Eſtate?
Do I go mobb'd to Play-houſe, or to Park,
To ſteal ſome luſcious Moments with my Spark?
Or plague you monthly with a Mercer's Bill,
From *Covent-Garden*, or from *Ludgate-Hill*?
Do I drink Ratifia, like Lady Punk,
And cry, the Vapours, when I'm maudlin drunk?
Or waſte your Treaſure in Phyſicians Fees,
To humour each new fanciful Diſeaſe?
Were I indeed like ſome that you admire,
Falſe, wanton, proud, profuſe in my Attire,
You then might uſe me thus; but I defy
Your ſervile Spies to prove I've trod awry.

HUSBAND.

You ſay you're honeſt; I believe ſo too;
But Faith, my Dear, you're a confounded Shrew.
What ſignifies your Virtue, when your Tongue
Is with a thouſand Plagues and Torments hung?
So full of taunting Clamour and Abuſe,
None ſure would bear it, but ſo tame a Gooſe,
That's numb'd with Patience by continual Uſe.

WIFE.

WIFE.

Bleſs me! Sir *Humphry*, you had need complain
Of Womens Tongues, for being looſe and vain,
When thoſe provoking Freedoms that you take,
Would urge a Stone, if poſſible, to ſpeak.
How can you think, that I ſhould patient be,
And hear you thus affront my Quality?
Have you not call'd me Shrew? O piercing Sting!
And can a Lady be ſo vile a Thing?
Foh! you provoking Man! the very Name
Ferments my Blood, and puts me in a Flame.
Had I the Daughter of an Hoſteſs been,
Nurs'd up with Ale in ſome *White-Chapel* Inn;
Or had I been ſome home-ſpun Country Blowze,
Bred up to ſerve the Hogs, and fodder Cows,
Such Words might then have ſuited my Degree;
But Shrew, I'd have you think, 's no Name for me!
Such Terms are only fit for coarſer Mold;
Ladies may talk, but Ladies cannot ſcold.

HUSBAND.

If bitter Words provokingly expreſt,
With all the Malice of an angry Breaſt;
If Paſſion, Fury, and a clam'rous Tongue,
With noiſy, ſpiteful Contradictions hung;
If a curs'd Temper, haughty and perverſe,
As Serpent ſubtle, as a Tyger fierce;
Unruly as the Jade that ſcorns the Bit,
Not back'd in Time, too fiery to ſubmit;

Who, if he's ſpurr'd, will run away too faſt,
Or ſtand ſtock-ſtill, when he ſhould make moſt Haſte;
If diſregarded Heav'n, and Nature's Laws,
And loud Complaints without a real Cauſe;
If ſtubborn Pride, Repugnancy of Will,
And treach'rous Tears, like thoſe of Crocodile;
If thwarting Prattle, everlaſting Teaſe,
And Reſolutions ne'er to be at Eaſe;
Publick Contention, and untimely Jars,
Noiſy Cat Favours, and nocturnal Wars;
If theſe good Qualities make Women Saints,
Inſtead of reſtleſs Shrews and Termagants,
Then, Madam, I'll agree with you, and own,
Drabs may be Scolds, but Ladies can be none.

WIFE.

I know you're mad, that I refuſe to go
Where dusky Woods abound, and Rivers flow;
Where Birds in Groves their doleful Ditties ſing,
And Fairies dance by Moon-ſhine in a Ring;
Where melancholy Owls, who ſhun the Light,
Hoot to their moon-ey'd Mates their Love by Night;
Where rural Swains their noiſy Revels make,
And o'er their *Joans*, their Leathern Breeches ſhake;
Where Sun-burnt Slaves on Holy-days repair,
With their tann'd Trulls, to ev'ry Wake and Fair;
Dance round their May-poles, till their clumſy Feet
Poiſon their Noſtrils with their ſtinking Sweat;
Till ſick of their dull Sports, the Gluttons fly
To th' Ale-houſe Orchard, hungry, hot, and dry;

There

There with *March*-Beer, coarſe Apple-pye, and Cheeſe,
Cram their wide Gullets, and their Palates pleaſe;
Till drunk and mad, then to conclude their Feaſt,
With ſturdy Blows decide who danc'd the beſt.
Are theſe Delights for *Chloe's* Youth deſign'd?
Thanks to your Love; I'll ſwear you're wondrous kind.
You know, my Dear, ſuch Paſtimes muſt agree
Moſt nicely with my Birth and Quality!
Can you believe, that I, who long have known
The various Pleaſures of this charming Town,
The Grandeur of a Court, where all Things ſhine,
As if the Place was Heav'n, and Man divine,
Can quit ſuch Bleſſings, for a rural Life,
Adapted to a Plough-man and his Wife,
Or poor deſpairing Souls, who chuſe to dwell
In Solitude, to wait their Paſſing-Bell?
No, no; I thank my Stars, I'm in my Wits:
Troubled with no ſuch melancholy Fits.
I'm not grown lunatick with cloudy Dreams
Of flow'ry Meads, dark Groves, and purling Streams.
I'm not in Love; I want no roſy Bow'r
To meditate on Shadows by the Hour.
Nor am I bred to Pickles or Preſerves,
Or to make Balſams for your feeble Nerves.
I cannot teach your Maids to bake or brew,
Or diſtil Cordials for your Grooms and you,
I am no Doctreſs, that pretends to cure
The Coughs and Phthiſicks of your neighb'ring Poor;
Nor have I Skill or Charity to ſpread
A Plaiſter for a bruis'd or broken Head;

Nor can I boaſt ſo much Humility,
To ſalve the Cut-Thumbs of your Family;
And, upon all Occaſions, undertake
The nauſeous Drudg'ry of a rural Quack.
Therefore if you expect that I ſhould prove
So great a Slave, to manifeſt my Love,
You're much deceiv'd; I'd ſooner chuſe the Life
Of a Town-Miſs, than ſuch a Country-Wife.

HUSBAND.

Nobly reſolv'd, moſt condeſcending Spouſe!
Who'd think the Lady ſhould out-do the Blowze?
And that a Wife of your illuſtrious Birth,
Poſſeſs'd of ſo much Vertue, Wit, and Worth,
Should rather chuſe to proſtitute your Charms,
Than quit the Town where Vice profuſely ſwarms?
Break thro' the Fences of your Marriage-Truſt,
And become ſervile to another's Luſt,
Before you'd wave your Humour, to fulfil
The juſt Engagements of your Husband's Will?
If Lady-Wives have Right to diſobey
Their wedded Lords, who ought to bear the Sway;
If Ladies have a Privilege to rule,
To rave, contend, teaſe, bicker, and controul,
As if their Fortune, Beauty, and their Blood,
Made them, if bad, appear divinely good;
Would I had firſt preferr'd ſome rural Maid,
From Cowl and Hog-tub, to my nuptial Bed,
Or choſen ſome poor, harmleſs, tatter'd Wench,
From Herb-ſtall, or from off ſome Alley-bench,

Ere

Ere I had curs'd my Sheets with ſuch a She,
That boaſts ſo much of Birth and Quality,
Yet can out-ſcold a Trull, a *Wapping* Quean,
But do't, forſooth, with a more graceful Mien;
Teaſe and torment at an imperious Rate,
But ſtill take Care to domineer in State.
Since theſe your Ladyſhip's Perfections are,
Which I am doom'd by Wedlock thus to bear;
As Gilders cover Braſs and Droſs with Gold,
And Gard'ners over Dung ſift fineſt Mold;
So you may boaſt a Lady's outward Skin,
But, by my Soul, you're Drab and Dev'l within.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

THE buxom Lady, bred in Town,
Where Crowds of Beaus admire her,
And chaſe her Beauty up and down,
To ſhew how they deſire her,

Is ſo bewitch'd to London *Streets,*
Where Villains ſhine in Splendor,
And ev'ry wealthy Fool ſhe meets
Maintains his Miſs in Grandeur,

That ſhe diſdains a Country-Life,
And all its vertuous Pleaſures,
Becauſe in Town, each Lady-Wife
May take her own looſe Meaſures.

The Husbands revel, whore, and drink;
Wives keep their Beaus and Niſies:
Thus all grow wicked, ſo they wink
At one another's Vices;

That he who does to London *come,*
To wed a Town-bred Woman,
Had better range the Woods at Home,
With Joler, *and with* Bowman.

For Sodom's *Daughters can't conform*
To Pleaſures that are rural:
But like to live where Blockheads ſwarm,
And loving Siſters whore all.

DIALOGUE XII.

Between a depending Courtier, who would have ſacrific'd the Chaſtity of his Wife to a certain Great Man, in hopes of Preferment, and his vertuous Lady, who was averſe to a Compliance.

WIFE.

MY Dear, what makes my Lord his Viſits pay
So oft? For he was here again to Day,
Teaſing my Ears with ſuch reſpectful Praiſe,
I know not what he means by what he ſays:
Sometimes he treats me with a Love Intrigue,
Then gazing on my Face, he flirts his Wig;
Walks to and fro the Room, then down he ſits,
Pauſes and ſighs, as if beſide his Wits:
Sometimes he ſmiles, and compliments me high,
And oft does into frantick Raptures fly;
Then, riſing from his Seat, he ſprings in Haſte,
Forces a Kiſs, and hugs me round the Waſte,
Then down he ſets me, rubs againſt my Knees,
Preſſes my Breaſt, and gives my Hand a Squeeze,
Tells me how much my Beauty he admires,
Talks of Love Paſſions, and of am'rous Fires;

Wiſhing

Wiſhing his own young Lady could but bleſs
His Bed with half the Charms that I poſſeſs.
With ſuch like Flatt'ries does he ſtuff my Ears,
As if he meant t'affront me with his Jeers;
Nor can I rude or diſreſpectful be,
Becauſe I'm ſo beneath his Quality;
Next, 'cauſe I know that you ſo much depend
Upon his Honour, as your only Friend;
Therefore what Meaſures I ſhall uſe, pray tell,
For I am apt to fear he means not well.

HUSBAND.

I know he loves you; I have heard him ſwear,
Of all your Sex, you're moſt divinely fair;
And that he thinks me happy in a Wife,
Whoſe Charms are fit to bleſs a Monarch's Life:
Whene'er he asks me kindly how you do,
His tender Manner does his Paſſion ſhew;
And when he walks, and talks to me aſide,
He ne'er forgets his Wiſhes to my Bride:
Makes you the Object of his fond Deſires,
And ſeems to whiſper what his Love requires;
For I have often heard him ſigh, and cry,
He'd give the World to be as bleſt as I;
Then vowing much Reſpect for you and me,
Would ſwear I ſhould ere long his Friendſhip ſee.
In ſhort, he does for you ſuch Love expreſs,
That what he means, you cannot chuſe but gueſs.

WIFE.

WIFE.

With how much Patience you conceive his Flame,
And to my glowing Ears convey the ſame,
As if you thought it, like a ſhameful Cow'rd,
An Honour to be rivall'd by a Lord!
How could you hear his odious Love expreſt,
And keep your Sword from his adult'rous Breaſt;
Or tamely liſten to a treach'rous Friend,
Who does the Beauty of your Wife commend
In ſuch an odious Manner, as to ſhew
His Luſt for her, and his Contempt of you?
You talk as calmly of his looſe Deſires,
As if you'd have me grant what he requires;
And that, for Reaſons to yourſelf beſt known,
You'd pimp for her the Laws have made your own.
Pr'ythee, my Dear, the Myſtery diſcloſe,
And let me know what he or you propoſe:
If to your Lordly Friend you prove ſo kind,
You ought to firſt acquaint me with your Mind;
For when a Woman's Honour lies at Stake,
'Tis fit you ſhould to her the Secret break.

HUSBAND.

You know, my Dear, that he's a pow'rful Man,
Great in Eſtate, and high in the Divan;
Behind the Curtain turns the grand Machine,
Puts others out, and who he pleaſes in:
Who therefore would not make one Step awry,
To win the Smiles of ſuch a Friend thereby,

Who,

Who, by thoſe Favours he would gladly ſpare,
Can make us much more happy than we are?
Beſides, my Dear, you may reſign your Charms
With ſo much Conduct to his longing Arms,
That no diſcerning Eye can trace your Love,
Or watch the happy Minute you improve;
And whilſt our Vices are conceal'd from Fame,
W'enjoy the Pleaſure, but eſcape the Shame.
Who then would ſuch a lucky Hour deny,
And loſe the Proſpect of ſuch wealthy Joy;
When, by a trifling Sin, to th' World unknown,
With Care repeated, unſuſpected done,
We may, perhaps, advance our meaner State,
And riſe from narrow Fortunes, to be great?

WIFE.

Well ſaid, my patient Spouſe, I'm glad to find
You'll grant your Wife ſuch Licence to be kind:
Since you conſent, I ſhould adorn your Brows,
And for your Int'reſt, break my nuptial Vows,
I hope you'll give me Leave to pleaſe my Mind
With thoſe I like, when I am ſo inclin'd:
If I for Profit may unfold my Arms,
Sure, for my Pleaſure, I may uſe my Charms;
For ſhe that's wicked to ſupport her Pride,
When Love appears, muſt yield to be enjoy'd.
But ſure, my Dear, you only talk to try
How far vain Hopes would bring me to comply;
And whether I'd be forward to defile
My nuptial Honour, for a Courtier's Smile.

Such

Such awkward Counſels ſurely muſt ariſe,
From ſome conceal'd Diſtruſts or Jealouſies:
I fancy that you only importune
Your Wife to what you think's already done;
Therefore I beg you to be free and plain,
That I may truly know what 'tis you mean.

HUSBAND.

By all that's ſacred, I have no Deſign,
But what's for both your Benefit and mine:
I know my Lord's devoted to your Charms,
And ſighs and pines to hug you in his Arms.
Would you but once with his Deſires agree,
His Heart would be enſlav'd 'twixt you and me;
Your Beauty might command whate'er you pleas'd,
Was but his Love, by your Indearments, eas'd:
Would you ſurrender what he wants to take,
I ſhou'd fare well for my *Dorinda*'s ſake,
To high Preferments I ſhould quickly riſe,
And Jems would ſparkle round your beauteous Eyes;
Yet with due Care you might your Honour keep,
And in his Arms with Reputation ſleep,
For I myſelf can cover the Diſgrace,
And give your ſecret Joys an honeſt Face;
Guard you from prying Servants, till he's cloy'd,
That what you do may common Fame avoid.
Many by ſuch Compliance riſe at Court;
'Tis a ſure way to win the nobler ſort:
Beauty's Man's only Advocate among
The greater Rank, that rule the humble Throng.

The

The other Day, a Captain in the Hoſt,
By the ſame Means, obtain'd a higher Poſt:
Why therefore will you keep me at a ſtand, (mand?
When your kind Charms may Wealth and Pow'r com-

WIFE.

You're ſerious then, I find you're well agreed
My Lord ſhould ſhare the Pleaſures of your Bed;
That your chaſte Wife ſhould proſtitute her Charms,
And with Adult'ry ſtain her vertuous Arms;
Fawn on your Friend, and alienate from you
A Heart that has been always kind and true;
Adorn your Forehead with an odious Creſt,
And make you ev'ry Beau and Blockhead's Jeſt;
Deſpiſe you, flout you, baſtardize your Race,
Whilſt he that horns you, whiſpers your Diſgrace,
Till thro' the Brothel Court, and next the Town,
My Whoredom, and your Complaiſance are known.
Nobly reſolv'd, and courteouſly adviſ'd!
Am I oblig'd, or do you think ſurpriz'd,
To hear ſuch Counſel from a Husband's Mouth,
Whoſe Happineſs ſhould centre in my Truth?
Bleſs me! was ever ſuch a gen'rous Spouſe,
Who, to indear his Friend, not onl' allows,
But courts his Wife to hornify his Brows!

HUSBAND.

Fear not the Pleaſures you may thus beſtow,
Since none beſides ourſelves the Secret know.

My

My Lord's a Man of Honour, and diſdains
To boaſt the happy Favours he obtains;
Nor dare I broach the Liberties you take,
Leſt my own Tongue myſelf ſhould odious make:
So that you muſt be ſafe in his Embrace,
Leſt your Folly blabs your own Diſgrace.
Who therefore would not value the Eſteem
Of him who loves to ſuch a fond Extreme,
Since you have my Conſent to freely grant
The utmoſt Joys his eager Soul can want?
And when your Husband's Welfare does depend
Upon your Kindneſs to his only Friend,
And you have my Command to yield a Part
Of your Delights, to eaſe another's Heart;
It then becomes your Duty to reſign,
And, if a Sin, it is not yours, but mine.
Woman in all Things ſhould her Lord obey;
And if, by my Advice, you go aſtray,
It is not you that err, but I that lead the Way.

WIFE.

The Wife's a Subject to her Spouſe, 'tis true,
And I allow that I am ſo to you;
But if a Husband ſhall preſume ſo far,
As to command his lawful Wife to err,
And ſhe's convinc'd, that what her Spouſe enjoins,
Is juſtly rank'd among the worſt of Sins;
If ſhe complies with your obſcene Command,
Guilty with you ſhe equally muſt ſtand;

For

For human Pow'rs all lawful Bounds exceed,
When they require what Heaven's Laws forbid.
Beſides, had you the leaſt Remains of Love,
How could you baſely condeſcend to move
Your vertuous Wife to break her nuptial Truſt,
And become ſervile to another's Luſt?

HUSBAND.

Pr'ythee, dear Fool, be not ſo nicely coy,
When both our Int'reſts tempt you to the Joy.
The Thoughts of Wealth ſhould ſtem your Female Fears;
All Things ſhould bow, when ſov'reign Gold appears:
The very Prieſts, who painfully inſtil
Thoſe pious Rules, that triumph o'er your Will,
When Int'reſt beckons, will the Text prophane,
And change their Doctrine many ways for Gain:
Princes themſelves, whoſe Royal Faces ſhine
Thro' their whole Kingdom on their glitt'ring Coin,
Shew, by imprinting of their Image there,
What Reverence to mighty Gold they bear;
And, to repleat their Treaſures, will comply
With wondrous Things, unknown to you and I,
Such that would make us ſtartle, could we peep
Within thoſe Royal Curtains where they ſleep.
In ſhort all Vertue, tho' it's ne'er ſo nice,
Stoops to the pleaſing Joys of wealthy Vice,
Only the Great put on a better Face,
And gild their Lewdneſs with a nobler Grace.
Why then ſhould ſtubborn Vertue diſagree
With ſuch a proſp'rous Opportunity,

And

And loſe the Bleſſings you might now improve
By ſecret Dalliance, and diſſembled Love?

WIFE.

Shame on your baſe and treacherous Advice!
I ſcorn your Dictates, and your Lord deſpiſe:
Nor ſhall ſo tame a Wretch, that would ſeduce
Your Wife, for Int'reſt, to another's Uſe,
And court me thus to proſtitute my Charms
To ſuch a faithleſs Friend's adult'rous Arms,
E'er bed me more; for I abhor the Thought
Of loving ſuch a Brute, or proving naught,
To gratify the baſe ignoble End
Of ſuch an odious Spouſe, or hateful Friend.
Bluſh at your Crime, and curſe your wretched Life,
For aiming to betray ſo juſt a Wife,
Whoſe Blood untainted chills in ev'ry Vein,
That Nature ſhould produce ſo vile a Man.
Who could, with Patience, hear his Friend impart
Such Wiſhes, and not ſtab him to the Heart?
The gen'rous Bull his luſtful Rival gores,
Aſſaults him boldly with his utmoſt Force,
Defends his Herd, that they may conſtant prove,
And ſcorns his Fellow-Beaſt ſhould ſhare their Love.
The noble Horſe will, for his Female, fight
His grazing Neighbour, that invades his Right;
Diſdains his Miſtreſs ſhould to others yield,
Whilſt his ſtrong Hoofs can guard her in the Field.
The meaneſt Brute that moves upon the Ground,
The Cat, the Rat, the very Hare, or Hound,

All

All ſtruggle hard, and ſhew their zealous Care,
That none ſhall in their Mate's Conceſſions ſhare,
The Dung-hill Cock will make his Rival feel
The pointed Fury of his armed Heel,
And, tho' a Coward, yet he'll dare his Fate,
T' ingroſs the Favours of his feather'd Mate.
But thou, vile Wretch, more brutiſh far than they,
Would'ſt thy own Wife to others Arms betray,
Induce her to be odiouſly unjuſt,
And make thyſelf a Pandar to her Luſt.
Shame on thy treach'rous and ignoble Mind,
And the foul Heart of thy laſcivious Friend.
Go, tell the vicious Rake, the garter'd Fool,
My Vertue ſcorns to be a Lord's Cloſe-ſtool.
Bid him go ſearch the Brothels, and the Stage,
Where mercenary Sluts for Gold engage;
Or, in the Ev'ning, range the airy Parks,
Where jilting Ladies meet their brawny Sparks:
There let him breathe forth his obſcene Deſires
To thoſe that like to quench ſuch luſtful Fires;
Adult'rous Dames of Quality, who burn
For ſuch as he to ſerve their odious Turn.
Tell him, from me, that I deſpiſe and hate
His Pomp, his Pow'r, his Perſon, and Eſtate,
And ſooner would conſent to ſpend my Life
In a mean Hut, ſome honeſt Shepherd's Wife,
Than ſacrifice my Vertue and my Charms
To his, or to a King's adult'rous Arms;
For the chaſte Woman, in the meaneſt State,
Enjoys more Comfort than the vicious Great.

As

As for your Part, I'll fly from your Embrace;
I hate a Wretch ſo infamouſly baſe:
I'll to my rural Friends with ſpeed retire,
Tell them the kind Conceſſions you require,
That they may know how far your gen'rous Mind
Is to my Welfare and your own inclin'd.
No more, falſe Man, ſhall you enjoy a Smile
From her, in vain you've labour'd to beguile;
For what juſt Wife, that has been kind and chaſte,
Would hug a treach'rous Serpent in her Breaſt,
Whoſe Love's ſo little, and his Pride ſo great,
That he'd defile her Charms to live in State?
Farewel, I'll date your Hatred from this Time,
And leave you to repent your ſhameful Crime.

HUSBAND.

May Hell and Fury follow where ſhe goes,
Since her nice Vertue ſuch Reſentment ſhows;
And if I find, that ſhe in ſpite declares
The Secret I've imparted to her Ears,
(For Wives can ſeldom from their Sex conceal
What their own Pride excites them to reveal)
Then, in Revenge, I'll ſay, I only try'd
Her Vertue, and aver, that ſhe comply'd,
And that I turn'd her off, becauſe I found
My jealous Conflicts had ſufficient Ground;
Vow that I lov'd, whilſt ſhe was kind and good,
And, tho' I think her chaſte, I'll ſwear ſhe's lewd.
What I aſſert's moſt likely to prevail,
Whilſt few will credit her prepoſt'rous Tale;

For

For who can think a Husband ſuch a Brute,
To court his Wife to grant ſo ſtrange a Suit,
As to become another's Proſtitute?

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

THO' good Men ſcarce believe there's ſuch
A wicked Brute in Nature,
That would endeavour to debauch
His lawful Wife or Daughter;

Yet ſure it is, that many riſe
To profitable Places,
'Cauſe their Wives yield, by their Advice,
To greater Mens Embraces.

He who a handſome Wife can boaſt,
That's free of her Indearments,
If he'll be horn'd, to gain a Poſt,
Need never fear Preferments.

The Great, who gratify each Guſt,
Are prompt by their Exceſſes,
To humour their inſatiate Luſt
With new inviting Faces.

The Coward oft has Captain's Pay,
And makes the State his Bubble,
Becauſe his Wife has found a Way
To pleaſe ſome gouty Noble.

In ſhort, could Men of Vertue ſee
The Evils done in private,
They'd bluſh at modern Quality,
And wonder what they drive at.

DIALOGUE XIII.

Between a ſqueamiſh cotting Mechanick, and his ſluttiſh Wife, in the Kitchen.

HUSBAND.

IS the Fiſh ready? You're a tedious while;
Take Care the Butter does not turn to Oil;
Lay on more Coals, and hang the Pot down low'r,
Or 'twill not boil with ſuch a Fire this Hour.
Is that, my Dear, the Sauce-pan you deſign
To ſtew the Shrimps, and melt the Butter in?
Nouns! within ſide as naſty it appears,
As if't had ne'er been ſcowr'd this fifty Years.
Rare Houſewives! how confounded black it looks!
God ſends us Meat, the Devil ſends us Cooks.

WIFE.

Why how now, Cot! muſt I be taught by you?
Sure I without you know what I've to do.
Pr'ythee go mind your Shop, attend your Trade,
And leave the Kitchen to your Wife and Maid.
O'erlook your 'Prentices, you Cot, and ſee
They do their Work, leave Cookery to me.

Is't

Is't fit a Man, you contradicting Sot,
Should mind the Kettle, or the Porridge-pot,
And run his Noſe in ev'ry dirty Hole,
To ſee what Platter's clean, what Diſh is foul?
Be gone, you prating Ninny, whilſt you're well,
Or, faith, I'll pin the Diſh-clout to your Tail.

HUSBAND.

I'll not be poyſon'd by a ſluttiſh Quean.
Huſſy, I ſay, go ſcow'r the Sauce-pan clean,
What, tho' your Miſtreſs is a careleſs Beaſt,
I love to have my Victuals cleanly dreſt!
Cot me no Cots, I'll not be bound to eat
Such dirty Sauce to good and wholſome Meat.
I will direct and govern, ſince I find
You're both to ſo much Naſtineſs inclin'd.
I'd have you know, I neither fear or matter
Your threaten'd Diſh-Clouts, or your ſcalding Water.

WIFE.

Stand by, you prating Fool, you vile Provoker,
Or, by my Soul, I'll burn you with the Poker.
Muſt I be thus abus'd, as if your Maid,
And cal'd a Slut before a ſaucy Jade?
Gad, ſpeak another Word, and, by my Troth,
I'll ſpoil the Fiſh, and ſcald you with the Broth.
The Kitchen fire, alas! don't burn to pleaſe ye;
The Sauce-pan is, forſooth, too foul and greaſy.
Minx, touch it not; I ſay it's clean enough,
Your ſcow'ring rubs the Tin within-ſide off:

I'll have no melted Butter taſte of Braſs,
To pleaſe the Humour of a ſqueamiſh Aſs.
If Cot-Comptroller does not like its Looks,
Let him ſpend Six-pence at his naſty Cook's,
Where rotten Mutton, Beef that's Turnip-fed,
Lean meazly Pork on *London* Muck-hills bred,
Will pleaſe the Fool much better than the beſt
Of Meat by his own Wife or Servant dreſt.
Why don't you thither go before you dine,
Where you may ſee, perhaps, a noble Loin
Of a Bull-Calf, lie ſweating at the Fire,
Beneath fat Pork, nurs'd up in T—d and Mire,
And under that a Chump of *Suffolk* Beef,
Thrice roaſted for ſome hungry Clown's Relief,
Till black as Soot, that from the Chimney falls,
And hard as *Severn*-Salmon dry'd in *Wales*,
All baſted with a Flux of mingled Fat,
Which greaſily diſtils from this and that?
Such nice tid cleanly Bits would pleaſe my Dear;
Pr'ythee go thither, do not plague us here.

HUSBAND.

Huſſy, what I direct, you ought to do,
I'm Lord and Maſter of this Houſe and you.
Do you not know that wiſe and noble Prince,
King *Haſuerus*, made a Law long ſince,
That ev'ry Husband ſhould the Ruler be
Of his own Wife, as well as Family?
How dare you then controul my lawful Sway,
When Scripture tells you Woman ſhould obey?

There-

Therefore, I ſay, I'll have my Fiſh well dreſt,
After ſuch manner as ſhall pleaſe me beſt,
Or, Huſſy, by this Ladle, if I han't,
I'll make you ſhew good Reaſon why I ſhan't.
I'll have more Coals upon the Fire, I tell ye,
And have the Sauce-pan clean'd, aye marry will I,
Or I'll acquaint your Teacher, Mr. *Blunder*,
That all the Art of Man can't keep you under.

WIFE.

Here, Huſſy, fetch ſome Coals, 'tis long of you
That we have ev'ry Day all this to do.
Pray clean the Sauce-pan, you forgetful Trull,
I muſt confeſs it looks a little dull.
You ſhall not ſay I love this jarring Life,
You ſhall have no Complaints againſt your Wife.
But pr'ythee, Husband, leave us, and be eaſy,
Ne'er doubt but I will cook your Fiſh to pleaſe ye.
When Men o'erlook us, we proceed in Fear,
And ne'er can do ſo well when they are near;
Therefore I hope, my Dear, you will not mind
A Woman's Paſſion, Words, you know, are Wind.
I would not for the World have Mr. *Blunder*
Know that we jar, the good old Man would wonder
That you and I, who've been ſo long his Hearers,
Should now want Grace, and fall into ſuch Errors.

HUSBAND.

Since you repent your Failings, I'll be gone;
But pr'ythee let the Fiſh be nicely done.

I buy the beſt, and whether roaſt or boil'd,
You know I hate to have my Victuals ſpoil'd.

WIFE.

My Dear, I'll take ſuch Care, that you ſhall find
It ſhall be rightly order'd to your Mind.
I'm glad he's gone. Pox take him for a Cot,
What Wife would humour ſuch a ſnarling Sot?
Here, *Kathar'n*, take my Keys, ſlip gently by
The Fox, and fetch a Dram for thee and I:
Lay down the Sauce-pan; poh! it's clean enough
For ſuch an old, ill-natur'd, ſtingy Cuff.
Pr'ythee ne'er value what thy Maſter ſays,
You ſhould not mind his croſs-grain'd, fooliſh ways;
But when I bid you, Huſſy, you muſt run;
Now his Back's turn'd, the Kitchen is our own.
Bleſs me! how eas'ly can a Woman blind
And cheat a Husband, if he proves unkind!
He thinks, poor Cuckold, that he bears the Rule,
When Heaven knows I do but gull the Fool.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

A Prudent Man ſhould never pry
Beneath a Husband's Station;
For if he does, he'll often ſpy
What cauſes his Vexation.

Wives

Wives in the Kitchen ought to bear
Superior Domination;
If we direct or meddle there,
'Tis conſtru'd Uſurpation.

Beſides, whoever thwarts his Wife
In culinary Matters,
Is ſure to lead a wretched Life,
And fiſh in troubled Waters.

For tho' a Wife, thro' Folly, errs,
And wants to be conducted,
Yet by a Man, in ſuch Affairs,
She hates to be inſtructed.

That makes ſo many marry'd Pair
Create their own Uneaſineſs,
Becauſe they love to interfere
In one another's Buſineſs.

A prudent Man will not invade
A Woman's proper Station;
But leave his Kitchen, and his Maid,
To female Domination.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Between a pious Clergyman, and his vertuous Lady.

WIFE.

SURE, if your ſinful Congregation thought
The Doctrine true, which you ſo long have taught,
They would forſake thoſe Evils they purſue,
And be admoniſh'd to reform by you!
But ſtill you preach, and pray for them in vain;
For ſtill their wicked Habits they retain.
What means this ſtrange Defect in human Race,
So deaf to Reaſon, and averſe to Grace,
That tho' you teach their Duty ev'ry Day,
Yet all thoſe Heav'nly Laws they diſobey,
And ſhun, without Remorſe, the righteous Way?

HUSBAND.

Men are by Nature viciouſly inclin'd,
And inward Luſts corrupt the feeble Mind:
Sinful Deſires with Life itſelf take Place,
But Vertue and Religion come by Grace;
Gifts which good Heaven does to none reveal,
But thoſe who ſeek 'em with their utmoſt Zeal.

The

The faithful Chriſtian labours to be good,
And checks the vicious Fevers in his Blood,
By Weeping, Faſting, Temperance, and Pray'rs,
And mixes holy Thoughts with worldly Cares;
Is always mindful of the God that gives
That daily Bread by which he moves and lives;
Contemplates calmly on the Things above,
And with an humble Soul ſeeks Heaven's Love;
Eſteems the Riches of a peaceful Mind,
And is a righteous Friend to all Mankind.
But moſt Men are, by worldly Hopes, miſled
To follow thoſe Delights they ought to dread;
Nurs'd up in Pride and Folly from a Child,
And by their Parents bad Examples ſpoil'd;
Taught by ill Practices, they ſhun the Good,
And prove revengeful, treacherous, and lewd;
Perfidious, ſpiteful, covetous, and baſe,
Unlearn'd in Faith, intractable to Grace,
Till againſt both they are by *Satan* arm'd,
And wicked Nature is too far confirm'd;
Then, deaf to all Inſtructions, they proceed
In their ill Lives, and no Correction heed;
Thoughtleſs of Death, and hopeleſs of Reward,
They throng the Church, without the leaſt Regard
To the bleſt Office of the ſacred Day;
But ſleep or gaze, and neither hear nor pray.
So curious Sinners will ſometimes repair
To diff'rent Worſhips they abhor to hear;
Where, wanting Zeal to practiſe what they ſee,
They neither lift an Eye, or bend a Knee,

But think the Teacher of the Tribe a Fool,
And turn his honeſt Words to Ridicule.
How therefore can you think that ſuch a Race
Of Vipers, who the ſacred Pile diſgrace,
Should, by my Pains, their wicked Lives reform,
Whilſt *Satan* hugs them cloſe, and keeps them warm?
No, no, my Dear, the moſt prevailing Guide
Will ſcarce conduct them to the righteous Side;
Unpoliſh'd Nature ſtill will bear the Sway,
And make ſuch Brutes their ſinful Luſts obey;
For thoſe who want good Counſel when they're young,
And due Correction both of Rod and Tongue,
Grow ſtubborn when they're paſt their boyiſh Fears,
And will not be reclaim'd at riper Years.

Theſe, like Irrationals, unthinking dwell,
Hope for no Heaven, as they fear no Hell;
But head-long run, like fooliſh Sheep when loſt,
And heedleſs to their own Deſtruction poſt.

WIFE.

Could they believe a God, and dread his Hate,
Or truly think there was a future State,
From *Satan*'s Bondage ſure 'twould ſet 'em free,
And wake them from their dull Stupidity;
For he that ſees beyond the Vale of Death,
And hopes hereafter for eternal Breath,
Who in his Conſcience knows he muſt ſurmount
The ſilent Grave, to give a juſt Account
Of Ills he us'd no Caution to avoid,
And each paſt Moment that he miſemploy'd,

That

That his ſad Soul, on that tremendous Day,
Muſt its laſt Doom, whate'er it is, obey,
To be for ever bleſt above the Skies,
Or curs'd to everlaſting Miſeries,
There amongſt Imps and Devils to remain,
Where all Redemption muſt be hop'd in vain;
Sure Thoughts like theſe would make a Sinner ſad,
Comfort the Juſt, and terrify the Bad;
Give the moſt harden'd Conſcience ſuch a Shock,
That the loſt Sheep would ſeek the holy Flock;
Expel the Poiſon in his luſtful Veins;
And cloſely hug thoſe Vertues he diſdains,
Thro' Hopes of Heav'nly Joys, or Fear of Helliſh Pains.

HUSBAND.

The Wiſe reclaim as ſoon as well reprov'd,
But ſtupid Folly's hard to be remov'd;
Right thinking will reform the ſinful Mind,
But ſordid Ignorance is deaf and blind.
The Obſtinate reject all good Advice,
What injures them the moſt, they're apt to prize,
And, what they ought to value, they deſpiſe.
The Fool is always backward to believe,
And hates to credit what he can't conceive;
Will pin no Faith upon his painful Guide,
But, what he does not underſtand, deride.
Futurity to ſome does only ſeem
A Poet's Fiction, or a Prophet's Dream;
And Heav'n and Hell, by Scripture made ſo plain,
Thought the wild Fancies of ſome teeming Brain.

Therefore lewd Atheiſts, and contending Fools,
Who war with all good Principles and Rules,
And would be thought too cunning to rely
Upon their holy Guide's Integrity,
Will their own wilful Errors ſtill purſue,
In ſpite of all the Church can ſay or do.
Th' unletter'd Dunce no Myſt'ry can conceive;
The learned Fool no Scripture will believe:
The doubtful Sceptic will by Reaſon try
Thoſe Truths beyond the Reach of Reaſon's Eye:
Th' inebrious Sinner's always drown'd in Drink,
And gives himſelf no leave to hear or think:
The am'rous Heathen comes to Church to view
His female Goddeſs dizen'd in her Pew;
Worſhips his Madam in her flaming Pride,
And neither minds his Duty or his Guide;
Implores no other Bleſſings but her Charms,
And thinks there is no Heav'n, but in her Arms.
The neighb'ring Clowns, from mending of a Gap,
Steal into Church to only take a Nap;
And mind no more the Doctrine of the Day,
Than when they're ſwearing on a Mow of Hay.
The Laſſes come to Church to chiefly ſhew
Whoſe Pinner ſits the beſt, whoſe Gown is new;
And think of nothing all the Time they're there,
But thoſe that kiſs'd 'em laſt at Wake or Fair.
And when his Worſhip's in the Godly Vein
To come to Church, which is but now and then,
He falls aſleep ere we have read the Leſſons,
And dreams, perhaps, of the next Quarter Seſſions;

Creeps

Creeps cloſe, unſeen, i' th' Corner of his Pew,
Ne'er minds the Prieſt, but nods the Sermon thro'.
What can we do, or how in Order keep
A drowſy Flock of ſuch unthinking Sheep?
How ſhould a Guide their Souls to Heaven ſteer?
Or how inſtruct, if they refuſe to hear?

WIFE.

Since they the Doctrine of their Guide reject,
Their Faults are owing to their own Neglect:
You're juſt and painful in your paſt'ral Care,
And cannot in their ſinful Suff'rings ſhare;
At the laſt Judgment you'll be guiltleſs found;
Tho' the Flock's ſcabby, yet the Shepherd's ſound.
Therefore, my Dear, do you incur no Blame,
And I'll ſtill take Example by the ſame,
That when the Trumpet ſhall our Aſhes raiſe,
We both in Heav'n may ſing eternal Praiſe.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

OUR holy Guides may preach and pray
In Pulpits 'till they're weary,
If we reſolve to diſobey,
And from their Precepts vary.

The pious Prieſt may eas'ly win
The Soul inclin'd to Goodneſs,

But

But ſeldom draws the Man of Sin
From his habitual Lewdneſs;

'Till, in his Age, the Wretch begins
To feel his paſt Debauches;
And then, perhaps, he'll curſe the Sins
That brought him to his Crutches.

So that it is not what he hears
From his laborious Teacher,
But Gout or Stone, at feeble Years,
That mends the crazy Lecher.

The Seeds of Grace muſt in our Youth
Be ſown by Education,
And then we grow in Faith and Truth,
And feel their Operation.

But if, when young, to luſtful Rage
We proſtitute our Reaſon,
We ſeldom then reform, 'till Age
Expels the ſinful Poiſon.

DIALOGUE XV.

Between a tender and religious Husband, and his barren melancholy Lady.

HUSBAND.

WHY ſo reſerv'd and indiſpos'd, my Dear?
What makes my Love ſo a-la-mort appear?
As if ſome hidden Grief, or anxious Thought,
A ſudden Change had in thy Temper wrought.
How kind and pleaſant did you uſe to prove,
All over Freedom, Gaiety, and Love,
Chearful in Humour, ſprightly in your Mien,
All Charms without, and peaceable within?
But now, alas! each penſive Look declares
You're ſunk beneath a Load of teazing Cares;
And that your tender Breaſt, which us'd to be
From worldly Sorrows and Afflictions free,
Has loſt, on ſome Account, its ſweet Repoſe,
And feels thoſe Pains you care not to diſcloſe.
Pr'ythee, my Dear, the hidden Cauſe impart,
That clouds your Charms, and ſo torments your Heart.
A Wife ſhould not ingroſs, but eaſe her Care,
And let her Husband bear an equal Share;

For

For both are bound, when either are oppreſt,
To be a Comfort to each other's Breaſt.

WIFE.

Pr'ythee, my Dear, be eaſy, mind not me;
Women ſometimes will out of Humour be:
Our Diſcontents in fooliſh Trifles lie;
We're vex'd or pleas'd, and know no Reaſon why:
Small Cauſes, in our weak imprudent Sex,
Will oft produce extravagant Effects:
We're troubled with the Vapours, and from thence
Our melancholy Whims ſometimes commence:
Our female Cares, like Caſtles in the Air,
Are built ſo thin, they'll no Enquiry bear:
Small Grief, in us, a high Concern appears;
What Men deſpiſe, will cauſe a Woman's Tears.
Therefore I hope you are too wiſe to mind
The unexpected Changes that you find
In wav'ring Woman, fickle as the Wind.

HUSBAND.

Why ſhould you uſe Evaſions, when you know
I can't but ſhare the Diſcontent you ſhow?
I grieve to ſee ſo fair and good a Wife,
With needleſs Cares, perplex her nuptial Life;
Draw Age upon her Charms before her Time,
And make her anxious Thoughts her only Crime.
Have I, by any Slight, diſturb'd your Mind?
Am I moroſe when up, in Bed unkind?

Have I one vicious Habit you abhor?
Or do you think I ought to love you more?
Have you not Cloaths, and all Things that agree
With your Birth, Fortune, and your Quality?
Or are you jealous that Abroad I ſhew
More Kindneſs to ſome other Fair, than you?
If any Slights of mine diſtaſteful prove,
Let me but know, and I'll the Cauſe remove.
Believe my Love is too ſincere and great
T'annoy your Eaſe, or to incur your Hate.
Therefore, my Dear, if you delight to ſhew
The ſame Regard that I profeſs for you,
Tell me the Cauſes of your Diſcontent,
That, by removing yours, I may my own prevent.

WIFE.

In you I'm bleſt, and cannot but approve
Your prudent Conduct, and your faithful Love;
Had I a Myriad of delightful Charms,
Or could I boaſt a Heaven in my Arms,
All I could do to bleſs your gen'rous Mind,
Would be too little for a Man ſo kind.
Therefore, my Dear, in you I happy am
Beyond the Merits of ſo coarſe a Dame;
And ſhould be baſe to murmur, or accuſe
So juſt a Man, who ſo much Kindneſs ſhews,
That were I wealthy as the Mines of *Spain*,
And unconfin'd, I'd chuſe you o'er again.
Yet there is ſomething does my Eaſe deſtroy,
And makes me wretched in the midſt of Joy;

Does

Does all my Comforts into Sadneſs turn,
And in the height of Pleaſure, bids me mourn.

HUSBAND.

What ſecret Cauſes can a Woman find,
If bleſt in Marriage, to afflict her Mind?
So long as ſhe approves the Choice ſhe's made,
What frightful Notions can diſturb her Head,
Or plague her Breaſt, eſpecially when free
From Sickneſs, and ſecure from Poverty?
'Tis ſtrange to me. But pr'ythee, Dear, explain
This Riddle hatch'd in thy uneaſy Brain,
That I may uſe ſuch Meaſures as are beſt
To drive theſe airy Phantoms from your Breaſt.

WIFE.

Tho' at my Sorrows you are thus amaz'd,
My Dear, I would not have you think I'm craz'd;
Since Nature has abridg'd my female Pow'r,
'Tis for your ſake that I myſelf abhor:
For Man, in Wedlock join'd, delights to ſee
His Image in a lively Progeny,
That, as they flouriſh, and himſelf grows old,
He may, in them, his Infant-State behold:
Nor can a Husband truly love a Wife,
That adds not theſe ſweet Bleſſings to his Life;
For Wedlock's but a Licence to enjoy,
'Tis Children that confirm the ſacred Tie:
And where thoſe Bleſſings are with-held, I fear
A Wife muſt loſe th' Affections of her Dear.

This

This is the only Cauſe that makes me mourn,
And look upon myſelf with Shame and Scorn.

HUSBAND.

Teaze not thyſelf with ſuch unhappy Thoughts,
The Want of Iſſue's neither of our Faults;
They are the Gift of Heaven, and beſtow'd,
Not when we pleaſe, but when the Lord thinks good.
Should I your kind Abilities diſtruſt,
I ſhould be ſinful, cruel, and unjuſt:
If Nature is to blame between us two,
I might as well condemn myſelf as you.
Should I on this Account leſs loving be,
You've equal Cauſe to look with Scorn on me;
For ſince the Means do both our Aid require,
Who knows which wants the procreative Fire?
But ſtill the Fault does not on Nature fall,
For there's a Pow'r above that governs all;
Who, by his ſecret Will, directs our Fate,
And knows what's beſt for Man in ev'ry State.
Therefore let no ſuch Thoughts diſturb your Eaſe;
For 'tis a Sin to pine at Heav'n's Decrees.

WIFE.

If Children that confirm our nuptial Love,
Are allow'd Bleſſings given from above,
Sure we have greatly ſinn'd, that we're deny'd
Thoſe Comforts by the meaneſt Slaves enjoy'd.
What have we done, that we alone ſhould want
What Heav'n to many does ſo freely grant?

If

If the Celeſtial Pow'rs have leſs Regard
For us, than others, ſtill our Fate's more hard.
The Arguments you urge, improve my Care,
And only leave me in a worſe Deſpair.

HUSBAND.

But Children do not always Bleſſings prove;
Sometimes they're ſent as Judgments from above.
Harlots, we ſee, that proſtitute their Charms,
And yield their Favours to unlawful Arms,
Againſt their Wills have Iſſue to proclaim
Their Parents Lewdneſs, to their publick Shame,
That Looks diſſembled may no longer hide
Thoſe ſinful Pleaſures they've ſo long enjoy'd;
But wanting Vertue, they at laſt may feel
Th' Effects of what th' endeavour to conceal;
For tho' the Vicious act their Joys by Night,
Th' Event oft brings their ſecret Sins to Light.
How oft are careful Mothers diſobey'd,
And by a wicked Offspring wretched made?
How frequently do Sons unhappy prove,
And Daughters yield to baſe unlawful Love;
Grow proud and ſtubborn in their tender Years,
And fill their Parents full of Cares and Fears;
Deſpiſe the Womb that brought 'em forth with Pain,
From Duty ſwerve, and all Advice diſdain;
As they advance in Years, grow worſe and worſe,
So far from Bleſſings, that they prove a Curſe;
Purſue, without Controul, their ſinful Ways,
Till their own Vices end their wretched Days!

Had

Had we a Son, what Mortal can foreſee,
In ſpite of Care, how wicked he might be;
Crooked in Body, or deform'd in Mind,
Shallow in Intellects, dumb, deaf, or blind;
Perfidious, cruel, thirſty after Blood,
Prone to all Miſchief, and averſe to Good;
Perhaps, like *Oed'pus*, deſtin'd to ſubdue
His Father, and to wed his Mother too?
Why therefore do you pine for what may prove
A thorny Bryar to our nuptial Love,
And breed that Variance we may ne'er ſurvive,
But feel the ſad Effects of, whilſt we live?
Beſides, without Experience, none can gueſs
The painful Sorrows, and the ſad Diſtreſs
With which each lab'ring Nerve and Vein is fill'd,
Before the pregnant Womb its Fruits can yield.
Many we ſee, who want ſufficient Pow'r
To ſtruggle, periſh in the fatal Hour;
Too weak, alas! by Nature to ſuſtain
The grand Fatigue, they ſink beneath the Pain.
Why therefore do you wiſh to undergo
Such Pangs, which do ſuch Numbers overthrow,
When the firſt Offspring you ſo much deſire,
May prove your laſt, and force you to expire?
Therefore your want of Iſſue ne'er bemoan.
But learn to be content that you have none,
And bleſs good Heaven that you live ſo clear
From Tortures other Wives are forc'd to bear.
As for my Part, I love you ne'er the leſs,
That we have hugg'd ſo long without Succeſs;

For

For I ſubmit to Heav'n in all Affairs,
And ne'er will wretched be for want of Heirs,
Since they're oft deſtin'd, by their Stars, to prove
Cares, and not Comforts, to their Parents Love.
Why grieve you then, that Heav'n denies to grant,
What, f'r aught we know, 's our Happineſs to want?
Pine not, my dear *Lucinda*, ſince we both
Are bleſt, leſt you provoke the Gods to Wrath;
And, when they're angry, by your Pray'rs obtain
A Child, whoſe ſtubborn Birth may prove your Bane,
Or, if you live, torment you, and diſtract your Brain.

WIFE.

Since you can love me, tho' I am not bleſt
With your dear Image at my tender Breaſt,
My future Grief I'll labour to prevent,
And ſtrive, my Dear, to be, like you, content;
For 'twas my Fear your Kindneſs ſhould decline,
Thro' want of Sons, that caus'd me to repine;
But ſince you're eaſy, tho' my Fate be hard,
Your pious Counſels, and your kind Regard
For my afflicted Mind, my Cares remove,
And make me happy in your gen'rous Love.

Moral

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

IF a young Wife ſhould want an Heir,
And pine at the Diſhonour,
Her Husband ought to have a Care
How he reflects upon her;

For if ſhe finds, that he believes,
It's only her Misfortune,
It's ten to one but ſhe deceives
Her Spouſe behind the Curtain.

For nothing grieves a Woman more,
When jolly, gay, and youthful,
Than to be thought without the Pow'r,
When wed, of being fruitful.

Therefore 'tis Prudence in a Man
To eaſe her Perturbations,
And cure her Sorrows, if he can,
By pious Exhortations.

For if a Husband once upbraids
His Wife of being barren,
Perhaps ſhe'll ſuffer other Blades
To ſport within her Warren:

And if ſhe finds the Bus'neſs done
By ſinful Copulation,
Her Spouſe muſt be content to own
A mottled Generation.

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DIALOGUE XVI.

Between a fond Gentleman, and his coaxing Lady.

HUSBAND.

THAT Look, my Dear, was very kind, I vow;
What charming Smiles are ſeated on your Brow
How fond and gay you of a ſudden prove,
All over Beauty, Pleaſantry, and Love!
Did you but know how this engaging Air
Becomes a Woman ſo divinely fair,
Sure you would never, in your Dumps, diſguiſe,
With ſullen Pouts, the Luſtre of thoſe Eyes;
But let your Spouſe be always happy in
The native Sweetneſs of your lovely Mien.

WIFE.

Women at all Times can't alike be free,
The beſt will now and then ill-humour'd be.
I hope I'm courteous and obliging now;
I'd always pleaſe you, if I knew but how.
Did I not hug you in my Arms laſt Night,
And ſummon all my Charms to your Delight?

Did I not vow I'd be for ever true,
Call you my Dear, as a good Wife ſhould do?
Be you reſpectful, you ſhall ever find
That I'll be humble, diligent, and kind:
But if you're ſlighting, peeviſh, and perverſe,
In ſhort, 'twill make me prove as bad, or worſe.

HUSBAND.

I know, *Belinda*, that your Frowns are oft
The politick Effects of Female Craft.
You can ſeem angry, tho' your Mind's ſedate,
And hide your Love with a diſſembled Hate;
Be peeviſh, ſlighting, petulant, and ſour,
On purpoſe to exert your Beauty's Pow'r;
That when your Frowns are vaniſh'd from your Brows,
Your Smiles may prove more welcome to your Spouſe.
So miſty Vapours from the Earth ariſe,
And for a Time hide *Phœbus* from our Eyes;
But when diſpers'd, the God the brighter ſeems,
And we with greater Joy behold his Beams,

WIFE.

Frowns are Advantages to female Smiles;
A Woman's Poutings are her Beauty's Foils.
A Teaze in Seaſon but ferments the Blood,
Revives the Spirits, does a Husband good.
Lovers ſhould jar, ſick Fancy to reſtore,
And hug the cloſer when the Quarrel's o'er.
Were't not for claſhing, Love would ſoon decay;
And Time with leſs Delight would ſlide away.

For

For Marriage-Feuds, that in the Day ariſe,
Are recompens'd at Night with double Joys;
Such that are hid from that inſipid Life,
Where dull Indiff'rence reigns 'twixt Man and Wife:
For Love, like Muſick, cannot perfect be,
'Leſs Diſcord's rightly mix'd with Harmony.

HUSBAND.

'Tis true, ſome Jars in Wedlock that ariſe,
Whet but our Appetites to nuptial Joys;
Yet there are ſome Diſputes, that diſunite
Our Hearts, and diſappoint us of Delight;
Such that do oft turn mutual Love to Hate,
And in revengeful Malice terminate:
For Love, that with the greateſt Ardour burns,
If ill rewarded, to Averſion turns.
As the beſt Wines, if not preſerv'd with Care,
Will ſoon become the ſharpeſt Vinegar.

WIFE.

But what muſt be the Cauſe of ſuch Diſputes,
That can change Lovers to ſuch angry Brutes,
And make them ſo revengeful and abſurd,
As ſtrive to ruin what they once ador'd?
Were all the vexing Diſcords to ariſe,
That Wedlock could produce, or Fate deviſe,
No Malice my Affections ſhould ſuppreſs,
Or make me love my Dear one jot the leſs.

HUSBAND.

I'm glad, *Belinda*, you are ſo reſolv'd;
But you in Cares have ne'er been yet involv'd;
You've no Occaſion to diſturb your Reſt;
No Provocations to inflame your Breaſt;
No jealous Conflicts to diſtract your Soul;
No ſtubborn Spouſe your Humour to controul;
No beauteous Rival kept beneath your Noſe;
No ſordid Threats, no brutiſh Kicks or Blows;
No angry, croſs-grain'd Fool, no Midnight-Rake;
No Beaſtly Sot, to ſpew upon your Back;
No Claps brought Home, no Baſtards kept at Nurſe;
No ſaucy Duns, or, that which ſtill is worſe,
The Curſe of Curſes, an inſolvent Purſe.

Would not theſe Plagues your female Patience move,
And try your boaſted Vertue, and your Love?
But you have all Things that can pleaſe your Mind,
A lib'ral Fortune, and a Husband kind;
And therefore know not what it is to fear
The Uſage other Wives are forc'd to bear.

WIFE.

Hardſhips, like theſe, I own, might prove too great
For feeble Woman to ſuſtain their Weight.
Had any Miſtreſs in your Heart a Share,
I muſt confeſs I no Revenge ſhould ſpare.
The patient'ſt Wife alive, could never, ſure,
A Rival in her nuptial Bed endure:

Such

Such humble Acquieſcence would proclaim
A Woman's Folly, to her publick Shame,
And ſhew the Wretch ridiculouſly tame:
Or ſhou'd you ſtrike me in an angry Mood,
You may be ſure I'd pois'n you, if I cou'd:
But Men, like you, of Breeding and of Birth,
Can ne'er ſo far degen'rate from your Worth.
Blows only paſs 'twixt Porters and their Trulls,
Where brutiſh Rage, inſtead of Reaſon, rules:
Thoſe of our Rank, altho' the Cauſe be great,
Should ſcorn to jar at ſuch a ſcoundrel Rate.
All but theſe grand Abuſes, as I live,
I could forget, nay, heartily forgive;
But Blows and Rivals are Affronts ſo evil,
They'd make an Angel of a Wife turn Devil.

HUSBAND.

My dear *Belinda*, I am paſt my Hour;
I ſhould have been at *Charing-Croſs* by Four:
Your pleaſant Talk has ſpurr'd on Time too faſt;
Farewel, my Dear; excuſe me, I'm in Haſte.

WIFE.

But ſtay, my Dear, I have a ſmall Requeſt;
I'm ſure you need not be in ſo much Haſte.
I promis'd, Child, at ſix o' Clock, to go
To Madam *Sharp*'s, to meet my Lady *Loo*;
My Lady *Quickdeal*, and Sir *John*'s new Bride;
My Lady *Patch*, and ſev'ral more beſide.

We've ſet this very Night apart for Play;
I ſhall have mighty Luck, I dare to ſay,
Becauſe we've been ſo loving all this Day.
Put, by this Kiſs, my Dear, you muſt ſupply me
With twenty Guineas; pr'ythee don't deny me.
A Purſe of Gold, at ſuch a Time, you know
Looks well, and makes a creditable Show.

HUSBAND.

I muſt confeſs, I was amus'd to find
Belinda ſo extremely fond and kind;
But now the Cauſe is clear: Yet there's my Keys;
Prove always ſo, and take what Gold you pleaſe.
I know, my Dear, a Wife would think it hard,
Diſſembled Goodneſs ſhould have no Reward.
Therefore the Man that would preſerve his Life
Free from the teazing Humours of his Wife,
Muſt ne'er be backward, in a marry'd State,
To purchaſe Eaſe at an expenſive Rate:
For a proud Wife kept poorly, or controul'd,
Will ſurely prove a Harlot, or a Scold.

Moral

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

AS Wives have ſundry Ways to teaſe
And put us at Defiance,
So they have many Arts to pleaſe,
And win us to Compliance.

The cunning Shrew, her Point to gain,
Will wave her native Temper,
And coax her Spouſe, tho' in the Main,
She's ſtill Eadem Semper.

Some Ladies doat on Cards and Dice;
Some Wives the Bottle drive at;
In ſhort, each Woman has her Vice,
In publick or in private.

In ſpite of all that Man can do,
They'll gratify their Natures;
And if you thwart what they purſue,
They'll prove vexatious Creatures.

You therefore, who have vicious Wives,
Whoſe Tempers are to lord it,
Pleaſe 'em, to eaſe your wretched Lives,
If able to afford it.

For all that can, alas! be ſaid,
You have but theſe two Meaſures;
That's, turn 'em off, if very bad,
Or hum'r 'em in their Pleaſures.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XVII.

Between a prudent Gentleman, and his obliging Lady, about her keeping Company with a certain Gentlewoman of a ſlender Reputation.

HUSBAND.

YOu're welcome Home, my Dear; you're come at laſt.
I thought you long; 'tis ten o' Clock, or paſt.
What made you, Child, continue out ſo late?
You ſaid, at fartheſt, you'd return by eight.
A modeſt Wife ſhould have Reſpect to Time;
To break your Word, is a provoking Crime.
Where have you been, my Dear, that you could be
So thoughtleſs of yourſelf, as well as me?

WIFE.

Pray, Dear, excuſe me: 'Tis a Fault, I own;
I did not think you'd be at Home ſo ſoon.
You know my Buſ'neſs chiefly was to pay
A formal Viſit to my Lady *Gay*;
But coming early thence, before 'twas dark,
I ſtept to Madam *Daphne*'s near the *Park*,

Where ſhe and I ſat chatting, till I vow
The Ev'ning ſlipt away I know not how;
Tho' when it prov'd ſo very late, I'll ſwear
It vex'd me, that ſo long I'd tarry'd there,
Leſt you ſhould think I'd been the Lord knows where.

HUSBAND.

Why will you keep her Company? You know
I've begg'd that you no more would thither go.
Her Air's too wanton, and her Tongue too free;
I fear ſhe breaks the Rules of Modeſty.
Her Looks betray the Looſeneſs of her Mind,
And her Mien ſhews ſhe is to Ill inclin'd.
Beſides, her Reputation is not clear;
I care not to repeat the Things I hear.
She's cenſur'd as a Woman of Intrigue,
And that ſhe's with a Captain now in League:
Nay, worſe; for ſome don't ſcruple to report
She once was pregnant by a Lord at Court;
And that his Father, to reward her Shame,
Allows her now a Stipend for the ſame.
I've hinted this before; and muſt you ſtill
Make her your Crony, 'gainſt your Husband's Will?
Indeed, my Dear, I'm much concern'd to find
You ſhould be ſo imprudent and unkind.

WIFE.

Fame oft reports what none can make appear,
And *Envy* talks what *Juſtice* hates to hear.

The

The World's ill-natur'd, and delights to ſpread
What ſhould not be too eas'ly credited.
Cenſure's an Evil very few avoid,
And *Innocence* thereby is much annoy'd.
The Good muſt ſuffer, whilſt the Bad go free;
The laſt are ſafe in their Majority;
Whilſt *Vertue* oft is ſcandaliz'd aloud,
To make her level with the guilty Crowd.
The modeſt Dame, who little ſays, is thought
The ſilent Sow, that drinks up all the Draught.
The merry Goſſip is too bold and free,
Her wanton Carriage ſhews her Levity.
The pious Maid, tho' righteous as a Saint,
Does only for a Spark the Church frequent.
The devout Wife muſt horn her Husband's Brows,
And only goes to Pray'rs to cheat her Spouſe.
In ſhort, no Woman, be ſhe ne'er ſo juſt,
Can live exempt from wicked Man's Diſtruſt;
For her that ſcorns to yield to his Delight,
The envious Lecher injures out of Spite;
Leſſens and damns thoſe Charms beyond his Reach,
As Sportſmen curſe the Hare they cannot catch.
I hope, my Dear, you have not been deny'd,
And therefore wrong what you in vain have try'd:
For I could ne'er in *Daphne*'s Looks or Mien
Diſcover what you've heard, or what you've ſeen.
Therefore, my Deareſt, tho', for aught I know,
She may be bad, I ſcarce can think her ſo.
Why therefore ſhould you judge ſo hardly by her,
Since common *Fame* is but a common Lyar?

HUSBAND.

But if ſhe's thought to be a wanton Dame,
And ſpiteful Tongues have fix'd the evil Fame,
What tho' the Fact is not believ'd by you?
If once the World affirms it, then it's true;
Or, tho' it's falſe, the Calumny ſticks faſt,
And will the niceſt Reputation blaſt.
The heav'nly Truths we muſt allow divine,
Thoſe above Falſhood will for ever ſhine;
But worldly Truths are what the World receive,
And Falſhood only what we misbelieve;
Therefore, if common *Fame* reports her lewd,
It is in vain for you to ſay ſhe's good.
If you pretend t' extenuate her Diſgrace,
Yourſelf will only be believ'd as baſe:
She, for your Friendſhip, will no better fare,
But you, in her Defence, will ſurely ſhare
The worſt Reproaches that her Name does bear.
Why then, my Dear, will you ſo fooliſh prove,
T' incur thoſe Scandals which you can't remove?
Conſider, female Reputation's nice,
The only Gem a Woman ought to prize.
It's hard to raiſe, but eaſy to exhauſt,
And ne'er can be regain'd, when once it's loſt.
No matter, whether blemiſh'd right or wrong,
By her own Actions, or a ſpiteful Tongue,
If buſy *Fame* has ſpread the ill Report,
She'll ſtill be number'd with the looſer Sort.

There-

Therefore, my Dear, I beg you to forbear
Her Converſation, leſt in Time you ſhare
Her publick Fame, and odious Character,

WIFE.

I own I am not willing to be thought
A wanton Wretch, when guiltleſs of a Fau't:
Tho' I believe ſhe's injur'd and abus'd,
And knows no Ills of which ſhe ſtands accus'd;
Yet, ſince you tell me ſuch Reports are ſpread,
And by ſo many talk'd and credited,
Without my Knowledge, there may be ſome Fire,
From whence ſuch Smother may at firſt aſpire.
Therefore, my Dear, your kind Advice I'll take,
And from this Hour her Company forſake.
I meant no Harm, nor ſhall you find I'll do
The leaſt Offence that ſhall diſpleaſure you;
For I have Senſe to know my ſacred Truſt,
And ſhall obey in all Things that are juſt;
For ſtubborn Wives, who fooliſhly purſue
Thoſe headſtrong Humours which too oft they ſhew,
Make themſelves wretched, and their Husbands too.

HUSBAND.

Your kind Compliance with my ſmall Requeſt,
Aſſures me, in a Wife I'm highly bleſt;
And, to my Satisfaction, ſerves to prove
At once your Duty, Innocence, and Love.
I muſt confeſs I was diſturb'd to ſee
My Dear ſo fond of ſuch looſe Company:

But

But this Obedience has oblig'd me more
Than your Miſconduct diſoblig'd before;
And ſince I've ſo prevail'd, that you intend
No future Viſits to ſo ill a Friend,
With your Deſires I'll evermore comply,
And nothing that a Wife can ask, deny;
For ſhe that will obey, deſerves to find
The Man ſhe loves, juſt, generous, and kind.

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

THE vertuous prudent Woman, ought
To ſhun the Converſation
Of thoſe who wantonly have got
An evil Reputation.

What if they have a Scandal gain'd,
Tho' no Man has enjoy'd 'em,
Yet, if their Vertue once be ſtain'd,
'Tis Prudence to avoid 'em.

Should but the Fox keep Company
With Creatures that are ſweeter,
They ſoon would ſtink as bad as he,
Altho' of diff'rent Nature.

So

So wanton Women will infect
The Chaſte, by Idle Carriage,
And, if wed, teach 'em to neglect
The Duties of their Marriage.

Till they at laſt have drawn 'em in,
By luſcious Prittle-prattle,
To venture at that odious Sin,
Which always proves ſo fatal.

Therefore a Wife ſhould ne'er oppoſe
Her Spouſe with Why or Wherefore,
But quit the Company of thoſe
Her Husband does not care for.

DIALOGUE XVIII.

Between a teaſing Husband, and his vexatious tipling Wife.

HUSBAND.

HOW do'ſt thou do, my Dear? You look as pale,
As if you fancy'd that you was not well.
I fear the Dram-Cup has neglected ſtood,
And want of Aniſeed has chill'd your Blood.
Pr'ythee, my Dear, revive your female Heart:
If your Stock's out, here's Money, fetch a Quart.
I know thy Veins, according to thy Uſe,
Muſt be well warm'd with ſome infernal Juice,
Or elſe ſome Belly-Pain, or windy Stitch,
Will make thee look as haggard as a Witch.

WIFE.

You'd need to flout me, now you ſee me ill;
I wiſh you did but half my Mis'ry feel,
What ſwearing we ſhould have for Mutton Broth,
Or ſome fine Nick-knack, choak you, for your Mouth?
But if I'm troubled with an aching Head,
Or my Side pains me till I'm almoſt dead,

I may

I may pine on, Pox take you, till I faint,
Ere you, you Wretch, will pity my Complaint,
Or ſay ſo much as, How do'ſt do, my Dear?
Can'ſt drink a Glaſs of Wine, or Pot of Beer?
Shall I go fetch the Doctor to thee, Love?
What ſhall I get, that may thy Grief remove?
How do you find your Stomach? Can you eat?
Shall I go buy thee ſome nice hollow Bit?
Thus a good Husband to a Wife would ſpeak,
When indiſpos'd, ill-humour'd, ſick, or weak;
And not, like you, torment her throbbing Brain
With Scoffs and Jeers, to aggravate her Pain;
And all, forſooth, becauſe, when I am ill,
I'm apt to take a Dram, perhaps a Gill.
Had not that Cordial ſav'd my Life, you know
I had, alas! been dead long time ago:
Who therefore would not, to her very End,
Eſteem the Comfort of ſo kind a Friend?

HUSBAND.

I muſt confeſs, I never knew it fail;
If ne'er ſo ill, two Pen'-worth makes thee well;
Yet, without Banter, I may juſtly ſay
Thou'rt ſick, my Dear, at leaſt nine times a day;
Therefore thy Cordial gives but ſhort Relief,
And want of it, I fear, 's thy only Grief.
Here, Maid, go fetch the Bottle to your Dame;
Pr'ythee, my Dear, adminiſter a Dram.
I dare engage, one Doſe will have the Pow'r
To cure your Malady for half an Hour;

And

And ſtill, my Love, as often as you think
Your Pain's returning, you as oft ſhould drink.
Adſheart! the Bottle's out. — I gueſs'd the Cauſe
That does your Mind ſo greatly indiſpoſe.
I think 'twas fetch'd but Yeſterday at Noon;
Nouns! who'd have thought it ſhould be gone ſo ſoon?

WIFE.

Pray don't you think I drink a Quart a Day;
I ſpilt a little, ſome I gave away:
I had a Viſiter or two, that came
Laſt Night, and them I welcom'd with a Dram;
Or elſe, I'd have you know, it had not half
Been gone in ſuch a Time, for all you laugh.
Tho' I can take a Spoonful now and then,
I would not have you think we drink like Men.
I don't frequent the Ale-houſe like a Sot,
And there ſit guzzling down Pot after Pot,
Till fuller than you're able to contain,
Then in ſome Corner out 'tis ſp—d again,
You'd need upbraid your Wife, becauſe you know
She takes a Dram of Aniſeed, or ſo;
When 'tis, God help me, only to revive
My Spirits, and to keep myſelf alive!
Were I a drunken Beaſt, like Gammer *Bluff*,
Who never knows when ſhe has drank enough;
Or did I up and down with Goſſips go
To ev'ry neighb'ring Ale-houſe in the Row,
There ſcore up Driblets in my Husband's Name;
And leave 'em long unpaid, to both our Shame;

Then

Then I ſhould own you would have Cauſe to make
Yourſelf uneaſy at the Courſe I take.
But I, alas! who take a Dram by ſtealth,
Not for the Sake o' th' Liquor, but my Health,
Muſt be worſe us'd, more ridicul'd than thoſe
Who never have the Bottle from their Noſe!
But 'tis, alas! the Fortune of our Sex,
Thoſe are moſt fondled, who the moſt can vex.

HUSBAND.

You are a ſober Piece, I needs muſt ſay,
To drink a Quart of Spirits in a Day,
And then pretend you gave 'em half away.
Stop your own Mouth, and pray forget to rail
At thoſe good Wives that are content with Ale:
You, like a female Sot, in private tipple
Your Drams behind the Backs of other People,
And in your Cloſet prove a greater Beaſt,
Than the worſt Goſſip at a publick Feaſt.
Your Mouth, by drinking at this odious Rate,
Out-ſtinks a Brandy-Shop at *Billingſgate*.
Your nauſeous Breath, which does my Noſe ſurprize,
Smells like a Fog that does from Dung-hill riſe.
The very Gown and Petticoats you wear,
The odious Fumes of *Aqua Vitæ* bear,
As if, when drunk, they'd been perfum'd and ſtain'd
With your damn'd Spirits at the ſecond Hand.
For Shame, you Poll-Cat, quit your *Stygian* Juice,
And be no more ſo ſhamefully profuſe

With

With your confounded Aniſeeds, that ſtink
Much worſe than Bog-houſe, Common-ſhore, or Sink,
Before you take the Freedom to upbraid
Others, whoſe Vices are not half ſo bad;
But 'tis, alas! each wretched Woman's Curſe,
To rail at common Faults, yet practiſe worſe.

WIFE.

Uſe me not thus, you contradicting Fool;
I'll drink the more, the more you ridicule.
'Twas your Unkindneſs that at firſt diſturb'd
My Mind, for I've been always ſhubb'd and curb'd.
Your ill Conditions made me ſeek Relief,
To raiſe my Spirits, when depreſs'd with Grief:
And can you now, that caus'd me firſt to drink,
Upbraid me? Is it gen'rous, do you think?
For Shame, you ſordid Wretch, forbear your Teaſe,
Reflect not thus, to interrupt my Eaſe.
Women, when indiſpos'd, may, now and then,
Require a Dram, I hope, as well as Men:
Why therefore ſhould it be a Crime in Wives
To drown their Cares, and comfort up their Lives
As well as you, who ev'ry Day can ſpend
Whate'er you pleaſe with this and t'other Friend;
Feaſt your ill-favour'd Guts with Wine abroad,
And ſotting ſit till you have got your Load;
Then, like a Beaſt, come ſtagg'ring to your Wife,
And with your drunken Whims perplex her Life?
Should I do ſo, you'd then have Cauſe enough
To plague my Ears with ſuch ſevere Reproof:

But

But I, forſooth, muſt be afraid to take
A Dram, altho' ſo faint I ſcarce can ſpeak;
For if I do, I muſt be deem'd a Sot,
Flouted, abus'd, and call'd I know not what;
When all Men may remember, if they pleaſe,
Women are ſubject to Infirmities.
Phyſicians tell ye we are cold by Nature,
Yet, I believe, you'd have me drink cold Water.
But, faith, I'll ſee you hang'd, ere I'll comply
To chill my Guts, I know no Reaſon why;
Since you think much of now and then a Dram,
I'll not be ſuch a Fool as now I am:
No more by either Jeers or Threats be aw'd,
But feaſt at Home, as well as you Abroad.

HUSBAND.

Well ſaid, old Girl, right Woman ev'ry Inch,
Too ſtiff to bend, will rather ſpend than pinch,
And rather juſtify a Fault or Crime,
Than own you're in the Wrong at any Time;
Tho' in damn'd Aniſeeds you drown your Life,
You'd fain be thought a never-failing Wife.
Were I to catch you ev'ry Day as drunk
As a hoarſe *Billingſgate*, or Brandy Punk,
Your Looks with vile Hypocriſy you'd paint,
And ſwear you was as ſober as a Saint.
Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, thou ſhalt not find,
That for the future I'll oppoſe thy Mind.

If

If thou'rt reſolv'd to have thy ſtubborn Will,
And die a female Martyr to the Gill,
Here, *Nan*, go fetch a Quart, e'en take thy Fill;
For ſelf-will'd Woman, like a ſluggiſh Aſs,
Will have her Way, and hates to change her Pace.
So fare thee well, I muſt be gone, my Dear;
Drink freely, Child, I would not have thee ſpare;
For ſtill the more you ſip, the more you'll ſave,
By poſting on more early to the Grave.

WIFE.

I know you want to ſee that joyful Day,
But I may ſend you firſt to clear the Way.
Come, *Nancy*, now your Maſter's gone, be free,
Ne'er mind that he and I thus diſagree.
Come, come, here take a Dram, you ſilly Jade;
L—d, how you drink, as if a baſhful Maid!
Husbands will do whate'er they pleaſe, we ſee;
In ſpite of all their prating, ſo will we.
Why ſhould our Spouſes rule the World in State,
And awe their fearful Wives to this or that,
Since Map, at beſt, is but a Woman's Brat?

Moral

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

IF Woman once has fix'd her Mind
On any Vice or Failing,
If you'd reclaim her, who can find
What Way is moſt prevailing?

Hard Words provoke, and make her worſe,
Blows raiſe her Indignation;
He's wiſe, that can preſcribe what Courſe
Will work her Reformation.

If drinking Brandy be her Crime,
E'en let her have enough on't;
For neither Words, or Length of Time,
Will ever bring her off on't.

Her Quarterns into Quarts improve;
Encourage, and not blame her;
Kill her with what ſhe moſt does love;
Death only can reclaim her.

Ne'er mind the Fault'ring of her Lips,
When ſhe by Chance is fuddled;
Nor heed her Stumbles, or her Trips,
Whene'er her Brains are muddled.

At her deſtructive Habit wink,
And ſhew no Signs of Anger;
Should you, perhaps, the leſs ſhe'll drink,
And plague you but the longer.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XIX.

Between an honeſt blunt Gentleman, and his fantaſtical Lady, who, between forty and fifty, had made her a colour'd Furbelo'd-Scarf.

HUSBAND.

WOunds, Wife, what a ſtrange Figure do you (make?
Sure thou haſt got a Rainbow on thy Back!
What Herald's Mantle do my Eyes behold?
You quite forget, my Dear, you're growing old.
Sure mortal Man, till this Time, never fix'd
His Eyes on Youth and Age ſo oddly mix'd.
I'll ſwear thy Dreſs would human Sight confound;
Thou ſhin'ſt like any Dyer's Tenter-Ground,
Where Scarlet, Purple, Red, Blue, Yellow, Green,
Are at one tranſient View confus'dly ſeen.
You're very fine, I vow, and much more gay
Than fifty ſpeckled Butterflies in *May*.
Had it not been for thy old Face and Mien,
I'd thought thee ſome young taudry Fairy Queen;
Or elſe a pert, unthinking, little Fool
In her Ball-Dreſs, broke looſe from Dancing-School.

Pr'ythee, my Dear, what airy, wanton Thought
Has made thee guilty of this fooliſh Fault?

WIFE.

What makes thee wonder at me ſo, my Dear?
'Tis the ſame Mode that other Women wear:
Look round you when at Church, and you may ſee
A thouſand Wives more taudry dreſs'd than me;
But my Apparel ne'er can pleaſe your Eye;
You're always finding Fault with what I buy.
Therefore I am but fooliſh, I confeſs,
To vex at your diſliking of my Dreſs:
I verily believe you'd have me go
In high-crown'd Hat and Coif, like Gammar *Crow*.
I'm ſure Miſs *Titup*, when ſhe hither came,
Had a new Scarf juſt furbelo'd the ſame;
Therefore you might have ſeen, as ſhe was dreſt,
What Faſhion 'tis that moſt is in requeſt.

HUSBAND.

Why, you old Fool, would you Example take
By a young, childiſh, giddy, wanton Crack,
Scarce in her Teens, whoſe Waſte is but a Span,
That ne'er knew how to quench the Rage of Man?
Such callow Girls may be allow'd to wear
Fangles, in hopes to tempt ſome fooliſh Heir;
In Peacock's Feathers they may cloath their Tails,
For Dreſs, as much as Beauty, oft prevails:
But for a Wife in party-colour'd Hairs,
Older than *Paul*'s by almoſt thirty Years;

A wither'd Matron paſt the Joys of Love,
Who may, within a Year, a Granum prove;
To wrap old Stubble in ſo lewd a Dreſs,
Makes thee look wanton, tho' thou'rt paſt Embrace;
And lets the World, by thy Apparel, ſee,
That thy Deſire ſurvives Capacity;
For a ſtale Wife, that has out-liv'd her Charms,
Is but mere Lumber in a Husband's Arms.
What then, by ſuch vain Dreſſes, can you mean,
Except to ſhew you'd fain be young again?
Or that you hop'd to tempt ſome Fool to own
You ſtill have Charms, when all Men ſee you've none?

WIFE.

All this, my Dear, is but your uſual Way
To me, I know you care not what you ſay:
But why reflect upon my Age? 'Tis true,
I'm paſt my Prime, but not ſo old as you;
And ſtill have Youth enough, whene'er you try,
To hold you tack, tho' not to pleaſe your Eye;
Therefore, my Dear, I ſtudy to improve
My Charms, by Dreſſes, to revive your Love;
For as in Beauty I decline, I find
Your Words leſs am'rous, and your Deeds leſs kind.
Why then do you condemn me for my Pride,
And angry ſeem that I my Wrinkles hide,
Since theſe Temptations, round my Neck, you ſee,
Are worn to make you young, as well as me?

HUSBAND.

Well ſaid, my Dear, your Wheedle makes me laugh,
But I'm too old a Bird to ſtoop to Chaff.
Few Wives dreſs airy to delight their Spouſe,
Rather to tempt ſome Fool to horn his Brows.
No Taylor's Charms a Husband can excite,
Stript of your Plumes he views you ev'ry Night.
He hugs you as Dame *Nature* let you paſs,
Without the Arts you ſtudy by your Glaſs;
Therefore no Silks can cheat his skilful Eyes;
He knows fine Feathers are but mere Diſguiſe;
And tho' his Owl a Peacock's Tail ſhould wear,
He would not think his Bird a Jot more fair.
No, no, rich Laces out of *Flanders* brought,
Admir'd ſo highly, and ſo dearly bought;
Your Silks and Sattins to oblige your Pride,
So finely wrought, of Rainbow-Colours dy'd;
Your Jewels, Rings, your Patches, and your Paints;
And Juts and Congees a-la-mode of *France*;
Your ſoothing Carriage, your engaging Airs;
Your killing Glances, and your am'rous Snares,
Are ſeldom us'd in order to renew
Old fading Love betwixt your Spouſe and you;
But that Abroad you may the better paſs
For a gay Dame with ſome admiring Aſs;
Who, thus deceiv'd, may wiſh you in his Arms,
And doat, Fool-like, upon your borrow'd Charms.

WIFE.

WIFE.

You're of a ſtrange odd Humour, I proteſt;
I hope, my Dear, you only talk in Jeſt.
Why ſhould you treat me with ſuch light Regard?
I bluſh to hear you cenſure me ſo hard.
You ſay I'm old; how then can you believe
I'm fond to tempt, or willing to deceive?
Or if I was, who'd think it worth their Time
To vow Reſpect to Woman paſt her Prime?
I only, for your Credit, love to ſhew
My outward Pride, as other Ladies do:
I value no kind flattering Addreſs,
Seek no Man's Praiſe, his Admiration leſs.
I thank my Stars, ſince I have ſteer'd my Youth
Within the Bounds of Vertue, and of Truth,
I ſhall not at theſe riper Years be free
To ſtain my Honour with the greateſt He:
Therefore I hope you harbour no ſuch Thought,
I dreſs but as your Wife or Lady ought;
But if you think that I too gay appear,
Or that you grudge the coſtly Robes I wear,
I'll lay them by, ſince they your Sight offend,
And be content with ſuch you'll recommend.

HUSBAND.

Wives, who for twenty Years have Mothers been,
Should ſcorn in ſuch gay Frip'ries to be ſeen.
The Woman ſhews moſt Prudence, that appears
In grave Apparel, ſuited to her Years;

For ſhe that hides her Age with artful Pains,
But forfeits that Reſpect ſhe thinks ſhe gains.
So an old Abby's venerable Walls,
Adorn'd with new Embelliſhments, like *Paul's*,
Would loſe its ancient Reverence and State,
When patch'd with Ornaments of modern Date.
Yet, ſince your Pride has tempted you to buy
Such painted Wings, more fit for Butterfly,
Pray wear them till their gaudy Luſtre fades,
Admir'd by fooliſh Beaus, and taudry Jades;
But pray, when theſe by Age are rent and torn,
And to a ſcandalous Condition worn,
Let me no more ſuch wanton Garments ſee,
But recollect your Age, and dreſs like me;
Wear good, but grave Apparel, pray hereafter,
And dreſs not to provoke my Neighbours Laughter,
But let them know the Mother from the Daughter.

WIFE.

'Tis a hard Fate on Woman to be old,
But worſe to be upbraided and controul'd.
Age ſteals too ſoon into a female Face;
But why muſt ſhe proclaim it in her Dreſs?
However, ſince I find it is your Will,
I'll change my Garb, and your Deſires fulfil;
For tho' ſuch Dictates, that abridge a Wife
Of Dreſs, are Hardſhips to a Woman's Life,
Yet nothing is ſo bad as nuptial Strife.

Moral

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

Tho' Wives by Men ought not to be
In their Attire directed,
Yet Fortune, Age, and Quality,
Should always be reſpected.

Therefore if Women, in their Cloaths,
Will ſoar above their Station,
The Husband then may interpoſe
With his Diſapprobation:

Or if a Wife, at Fifty Years,
Will be ſo proud and ſilly
To dreſs herſelf in wanton Geers,
Like Punk of Piccadilly;

The Spouſe that diſapproves it, ought
To ſpeak his Mind, no Doubt on't,
And if ſhe does not mend her Fault,
To ridicule her out on't.

The Cook puts on her Furbelo,
When eas'd from Pot and Ladle;
An Aſs as well, or grunting Sow,
Might wear a Hunting-Saddle.

Looſe Wives, young Maids, and wanton Cracks,
Will have their Silks and Lockets,
T' adorn their tempting Necks and Backs,
Tho' nothing in their Pockets.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XX.

Between a City-Termagant, and her Mechanic Spouſe.

WIFE.

WHAT ails the angry Sot? Poor jealous Fool;
Yes, I'll obey, when you have Pow'r to rule.
Marry-come-up, indeed; what's that to you,
Where I have been intriguing, or with who?
What, can't a Wife her Recreation take,
But you muſt all this noiſy Buſtle make?
Muſt I be fearful, on a Summer's Day,
To take a Walk, or ſee a harmleſs Play,
Becauſe, forſooth, I've ſuch a jealous Spouſe,
That thinks each Man I ſpeak to, horns his Brows?

HUSBAND.

Huſſy, I ſay, you are a wanton Slut,
To ſteal from home, when I myſelf am out:
'Tis to my Shame, you Minx, that you're ſo free
To gad Abroad with any Man but me.
What, tho' he be your Couſin? 'tis a Crime.
I've heard ſtrange Things of Couſins in my Time:

Not but I ſcorn to have a jealous Pate;
Yet I ſay Couſins ſhould not be ſo great:
Therefore pray keep within your own Houſe-door,
And couſin me no Couſins any more.

WIFE.

I know, you Goat, you're a miſtruſtful Creature;
The *Ethiopian* cannot help his Nature.
But tho' your Head be plagu'd with this Diſeaſe,
I ſtill ſhall take what Liberties I pleaſe.
Since you your Company Abroad refuſe;
Who better than a Kinſman can I chuſe,
To guard me from the Rudeneſs of a Crew
Of naſty luſtful Fellows, ſuch as you?

HUSBAND.

Why, how now, Huſſy, you notorious Punk!
Who is't you talk to? I believe you're drunk.
What do you make of me, you prating Blowze?
A'n't I your Lord and Maſter, and your Spouſe?
And ought not I, you ſaucy Minx, to know
Your Bus'neſs out, and whither 'tis you go?

WIFE.

High Time indeed, you ſhould be ſo obey'd!
D'ye take me for your Slave, or Servant Maid?
Had you two thouſand Pounds upon the Nail,
To be my Turnkey, and your Houſe my Gaol?
Had I ſuch Breeding on my Youth beſtow'd,
To be mew'd up, and fetter'd from Abroad?

Muſt

Muſt I, behind your Compter, ſpend my Life,
That Paſſengers may view your handſome Wife?
There, like a Fool, ſit playing with my Thumbs,
To learn the Price of Sugars, and of Plums?
Not I indeed; I'll not be ſo ſubdu'd,
But take my Pleaſure, as a Woman ſhould:
Dreſs, viſit, goſſip, gad where-e'er I pleaſe;
And if you thwart me, ſtudy how to teaze.
I never wrong'd you, I can juſtly ſay;
But if you plague me thus, perhaps I may.

HUSBAND.

'Tis well you han't already ſtept aſide;
If not, I'm ſure you're damnably bely'd:
Not that I think ſo; but my Neighbours do,
Becauſe you are ſo great with you know who.
But, for the future, you ſhall find, adſnigs,
I'll break the Neck of all your Jade's Intrigues.

WIFE.

Do if you can; but if I've e'er done ill,
In ſpite of all your Craft, I'll do ſo ſtill.
Were I a faithleſs, or a wicked Creature,
Threats, Words, or Blows, ſhould never make me better.

HUSBAND.

Not that I think you mean me any Hurt:
But ſhould I chance to catch you at the Sport,
You then ſhould find, I'd make the Dev'l to do;
I'd not be doubly pointed at for you.

WIFE.

When Woman's ſuch a Fool to let her Spouſe
Catch her in grafting Antlers on his Brows,
She then deſerves to have the foul Diſgrace
Publiſh'd in ev'ry common Market-place;
And, by her horn-mad Husband, to be made
A ſad Example for a ſilly Jade.
But pray, ſuppoſe ſhe's ſuch a cunning Quean
To do the Trick, and not be caught; what then?

HUSBAND.

F'r aught I know, Huſſy, you may be the Dame,
That has the Craft to ſin without the Shame.
I'll have no Couſin *Courtly*, as you call him,
Come hither, Baggage; if he does, I'll maul him:
Not that I'm jealous, Huſſy; but I ſcorn
My Neighbours here, where I was bred and born,
Should but ſo much as think I wear the Horn.

WIFE.

Huſſy not me; I'll no ſuch Language bear,
My Fortune, Sirrah, made you what you are:
And muſt I now love, honour, and obey
A Fool that ſtarted up but t'other Day?
Not I, except it be the backward Way.

HUSBAND.

Huſſy, you are the moſt provoking Jade,
That ſurely ever curs'd a Marriage-Bed.

With

With ev'ry Pound, you've brought a thouſand Plagues,
Would I had wedded ſome poor Wench in Rags,
Rather than one ſo confidently bold;
A Jilt, a Slut, damn'd lazy, and a Scold.

WIFE.

Too good for ſuch a croſs-grain'd, jealous Owl.
Pray who are you, you Sugar-candy Fool?
Bound 'Prentice by the Pariſh, f'r aught I know,
Tho' with my Fortune now you make a Show,
And bluſter with your Hogſheads round your Shop?
But, Sirrah, 'twas my Fortune ſet you up.

HUSBAND.

'Tis falſe, you Slut; 'tis to my Neighbours known,
Ere plagu'd with you, I'd Money of my own,
Got by my Parents juſtly, God be prais'd,
And not by Quarts unſeal'd, as yours was rais'd.
Short Meaſure, Huſſy, fill'd your Father's Purſe;
That makes your Fortune come with ſuch a Curſe.
I ne'er expect to thrive with what you brought,
Your canker'd Thouſands were ſo baſely got.
Your Breeding too, of which you boaſt and talk,
Aroſe from Vintner's Bar, and double Chalk.

WIFE.

You lye, you ſorry Knave; that's *Engliſh* plain;
'Tis known my Father was an honeſt Man.
He fed the Poor, paid ev'ry one his Due;
That's more than any Man will ſay of you.

He

He ne'er with jealous Heats my Mother teaz'd,
But let her go and come when-e'er ſhe pleas'd;
Would truſt her up all Night, and let her be
Jocund with Cuſtomers, with Drawers free;
And ſcorn'd to uſe a Wife, as you do me.

HUSBAND.

You know, you Shrew, you never in your Life
Far'd half ſo well, as ſince you've been my Wife.
Do I not ev'ry Day with Dainties feed ye?
And buy you Sattins, fitter for a Lady?
Don't I at Church above your Betters place ye?
And keep an idle Jade to comb and lace ye?
Do you not weekly coach it up and down;
And ramble with your Couſin thro' the Town?
Ride oft to *Dulwich*; ſtay a Week together;
And wander round the Country, God knows whither;
Yet tho' your Kinſman be a jolly Fellow,
Am I i'th'leaſt (as Women call it) Yellow?

Do I not bear with all your Frowns and Pouts;
And ſlave, to treat your Goſſips and your Sluts;
Harlots, for aught I know, who're always talking
Of Park and Play-houſe, Junketting and Walking?
As if a Wife had nothing elſe to do
But gad Abroad to ſee I know not who!
Yet, tho' I ſuffer this to make you eaſy,
Nothing that I can do, forſooth, will pleaſe ye.
Will the beſt Meat in *Leaden-Hall* content ye?
Do I in Quiet eat one Meal in twenty?

Do

Do you not rail before my Neighbours Faces?
And ſcold and wrangle in our Night Embraces?
As if you lov'd to ſhew your fiery Paſſion,
As noiſy Cats do theirs, in Copulation.

WIFE.

For Shame, you foul-mouth'd, bawdy Beaſt, forbear?
Is't fit your Wife ſuch ſmutty Stuff ſhould hear?
D'ye think the Secrets of our Nuptial Bed,
Should, when we're up, our common Chat be made?
Such Talk as yours, were not a Woman bent
To Modeſty, would make her impudent.

HUSBAND.

It was a Fault, indeed; I bluſh for Shame;
Excuſe me, Honey, I was much to blame.
'Twas Paſſion made me fooliſh, by my Life;
I know I ſhould not talk ſo to a Wife.
Pr'ythee forgive me; Bawdy I abhor;
What I have ſaid, I vow I'm ſorry for.
Come, let's be Friends, what ſignifies our wrangling?
Pr'ythee, my Dear, let's lay aſide our Jangling.

WIFE.

Be quiet, Fooliſh: How indecent this is?
Flatter not me with your diſſembling Kiſſes.
Pr'ythee, be modeſt: Is the Devil in ye?
I hate to humour ſuch a jealous Ninny.
You're always ſcolding, like an ill-bred Clown;
Or elſe as fond as if 'twas Honey-Moon.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

We Men, my Dear, who love to whet our Spleen,
Only fall out, in order to fall in.
As Judges oft diſſemble ſtern Behaviour,
And threaten hardeſt, when they mean moſt Favour.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

THE Fool that weds a Shrew, becauſe
Her Tongue is tipt with Silver,
Deſerves the Puniſhment he has,
Whatever be his Ill-fare.

He's brib'd by a tormenting Wife,
To truckle to her Failings;
And to inure his wretched Life
To all her noiſy Railings.

Superior Fortunes always claim
A Right of Domination;
And he that weds the wealthy Dame,
Should wink at each Tranſgreſſion.

How oft do Golden Ladies buy
Poor worthleſs Fools for Covers;
That they the better may enjoy
Variety of Lovers?

He,

He, therefore, who does only aim
At Money with a Woman,
Ought, for her Gold, to hide her Shame,
Altho' ſhe's ne'er ſo common.

For, when the beauteous Dame ſhall yoke
A Fool beneath her Fortune,
He ought to think himſelf a Cloak,
A Cypher, and a Curtain.

DIALOGUE XXI.

Between a thriving Chandler and his Wife, about the Education of their Daughter.

WIFE.

MY Dear, you'll breed this Girl a very Fool;
Why don't you put her to the *Dancing-School?*
See how ſhe holds her Head, and treads her Toes,
Like a meer Bumkin, when ſhe ſtands or goes;
Is ſo ſhame-fac'd, tho' enter'd in her Teens,
That ſhe looks downwards, like a Sow in Beans:
Pr'ythee, my Dear, conſider, and beſtow
Good Breeding on her for a Year or two.
See how her Breaſts begin to heave and ſwell,
She'll ſoon be ripe, for Reaſons I can tell;
Therefore, my Dear, 'tis time ſhe ſhould be taught
How ſhe ſhould ſit or move as Maidens ought,
That when ſhe's fit for Wedlock, ſhe may hear
A Love-Addreſs, without a trembling Fear;
Not ſteal away, and when her Lover comes,
Behind the Door ſtand biting of her Thumbs.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

My Dear, to tell the Truth, I love to ſee
Young Maidens full of baſhful Modeſty;
If that's her only Fault, i'faith, my Pence
Shall never fly to teach her Confidence:
'Tis hard to find a Girl but learns that faſter
Than it is fit ſhe ſhould, without a Maſter.
Methinks, my Dear, that you might find a Way
T'improve her in that Talent ev'ry Day,
And not tempt me to fling away my Money,
To teach her that of which yourſelf, my Honey,
Have been a Miſtreſs e'er ſince I have known ye.

WIFE.

Poh! this is nothing, I've a Back to bear
Your Jeſts, and Belly too, you know, my Dear;
What's that to th' Purpoſe? I've a longing Mind
To do what I've this Twelvemonth's Day deſign'd;
Which is, that *Nanny* ſhall to Dancing go,
Therefore, my Dear, you muſt not ſay me no;
You ſee my Neighbour *Grub*, that ſorry Fool,
Can keep his Daughter at the Boarding School;
Nay, *Smug* the Smith, gives all his Children Breeding,
And ſends them out to Writing and to Reading,
I'm ſure we live as well, and ſave as much,
Why ſhould you then ſo ſmall a Matter grudge?
Pr'ythee conſent, you'll ne'er the ſooner break;
'Tis hard we cannot ſcrape for one poor Chick;

An

An only Daughter, and a hopeful Girl,
Who, if ſhe'd Breeding, might deſerve an Earl.

HUSBAND.

Pr'ythee don't teaze my Ears, you ſilly Tony;
Dance me no Dances, I've no dancing Money;
What tho' I have a Bag or two in Store?
You'd have it leſs, I want to make it more,
And not, forſooth, to have my Neighbour's Laughter,
By making a fine Madam of my Daughter:
I got my Money by my Work, not Play,
And therefore ſhall not fiddle it away;
I ſhall not prove that gen'rous Fool that ſpends,
On others Heels, the Labour of his Hands:
'Tis true, when in the Country once I liv'd,
Before I knew the Plague of being wiv'd,
Then round a May-pole I myſelf could Jirk it,
But never paid for Caper or for Firk it;
Therefore if you've a mind your pretty Daughter
Should learn ſuch Dancing as becomes the Creature,
E'en ſend her thither, to her 'Haviours learn
Of ſome blind Fidler, where the School's a Barn:
There ev'ry Holiday the Girl may ſee
Such Dancing as will ſuit her Quality.

WIFE.

Marry-come-up, I vow and ſwear I hate
To hear you talk; how like a Fool you prate!
If you provoke much longer, I proteſt,
I ſhall in Earneſt be, when you're in Jeſt.

What

What do you make of the poor Girl? I hope
You think the Child your own, no Beggar's Drop.
You'd make her, I ſuppoſe, a Country Drudge,
With Farmer's Milk-Pale, Ankle-deep to trudge;
Or wade o'er Hills of Muck, and ſhitten Bogs,
To milk his Carrion Cows, and ſerve his Hogs:
But, Faith, if that's your ugly Drift, look to't;
She's mine as well as yours, you ſtingy Brute;
Therefore I'd have you know, you fleering Knave,
You ſhall not make my only Child a Slave.

HUSBAND.

Nor will I give it in your fooliſh Pow'r,
To breed her up to be a Jilt, a Whore,
A dancing Harlot, a deluding Strum,
To tempt young Rakehells with her jutting Bum,
A *Tol dol* Huſſy, a harmonious Devil,
A skipping, tripping Minx, train'd up in Evil.
Pr'ythee, good Madam, let her firſt be able
To read a Chapter truly in the Bible,
That ſhe mayn't miſpronounce God's People, *Pople*,
Nor read Conſt—able for *Conſtantinople*.
Make her expert and ready at her Pray'rs,
That God may keep her from the Devil's Snares;
Teach her what's uſeful, how to ſhun deluding,
To roaſt, to toaſt, to boil, and mix a Pudding,
To knit, to ſpin, to ſew, to make or mend,
To ſcrub, to rub, to earn, and not to ſpend;
Firſt teach her theſe, and then the pretty Fool
Shall jig her Crupper at the Dancing-School.

WIFE.

WIFE.

And what will all theſe Qualities avail her,
If ſhe's ill-bred, fit only for a Sailor?
Dancing's a Grace to ev'ry Limb and Feature,
And makes a home-ſpun Laſs a pretty Creature;
Cauſes young Men to love 'em, and admire 'em,
And does with paſſionate Affection fire 'em;
Lifts them above the greater Peoples Scorn,
And makes them look like Gentlewomen born.
But, croſs-grain'd Fool, did ever Mortal hear
A Lover, in his Courtſhip, ask his Dear
To read a Chapter, ſay her Pray'rs, or Creed?
That would, i'faith, be pretty Sport indeed;
No, you're a Dancer, Madam, by your treading,
I vow I love you dearly for your Breeding;
Oblige me, Angel, with a charming Song,
Pray bleſs me with the Muſick of your Tongue:
Lovers for theſe will beg, as for an Alms;
But who, when courting, asks for Pray'rs or Pſalms?
Yet my poor Girl, forſooth, muſt be deny'd
Theſe charming Gifts in either Maid or Bride,
Becauſe the ſtingy Fool, her Father, thinks
They none become but a fantaſtick Minx.

HUSBAND.

I tell thee, Wife, once more, I'll have her bred
To Book'ry, Cook'ry, Thimble, Needle, Thread,
And all ſuch Houſewifry as well becomes
A Wife, for one that deals in Mops and Brooms;

For

For as I've got my Money by the ſame,
My Child ſhall be no Madam, but a Dame;
A careful Houſewife, that when we are dead,
Ma'inherit both my Money and my Trade,
That when ſhe's wed, ſhe may not think it Scandal
To ſerve *Tom T—man* with a Farthing Candle.
Tell me of Dancing, Nouns! I'd ſooner ſend her
To be train'd up by ſome old Witch of *Endor*.

WIFE.

Go, you old Brute, you puritanick Knave,
Who in a Breath can pray, lye, ſwear, and rave.
Don't cry, my Child, thou ſhalt to Dancing go,
For all thy ſtingy Father ſays thee no;
Ne'er put thy Finger in thy pretty Eye,
I'll find a way to make the Brute comply;
I'll plague his Heart out, give his Ears the Fill,
And never leave him till I've had my Will.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

MOthers, thro' too much Pride or Love,
Ne'er fail of Inclination,
To breed their Children far above
The Level of their Station.

The Ale-Wife to the Dancing-School
Muſt ſend her fav'rite Daughter,

To

To ſpend what ſhe ſhould give the Fool,
To match her well hereafter.

So that when Miſs, by am'rous Sighs,
Declares ſhe's ripe and ready,
In Minuet *and* Boree *lies*
The Fortune of my Lady.

Thus bred, the wanton airy Laſs
A working Slave deſpiſes,
And rather chuſing to be baſe,
She falls before ſhe riſes.

When, if the Damſel had been bred
To th' Ladle, and her Needle,
She would not then have been miſled
To ogle, kiſs, and wheedle.

Therefore thoſe Parents act awry,
And in the main deceive 'em,
Who breed their Children proudly high,
Yet nothing have to leave 'em.

BRITISH
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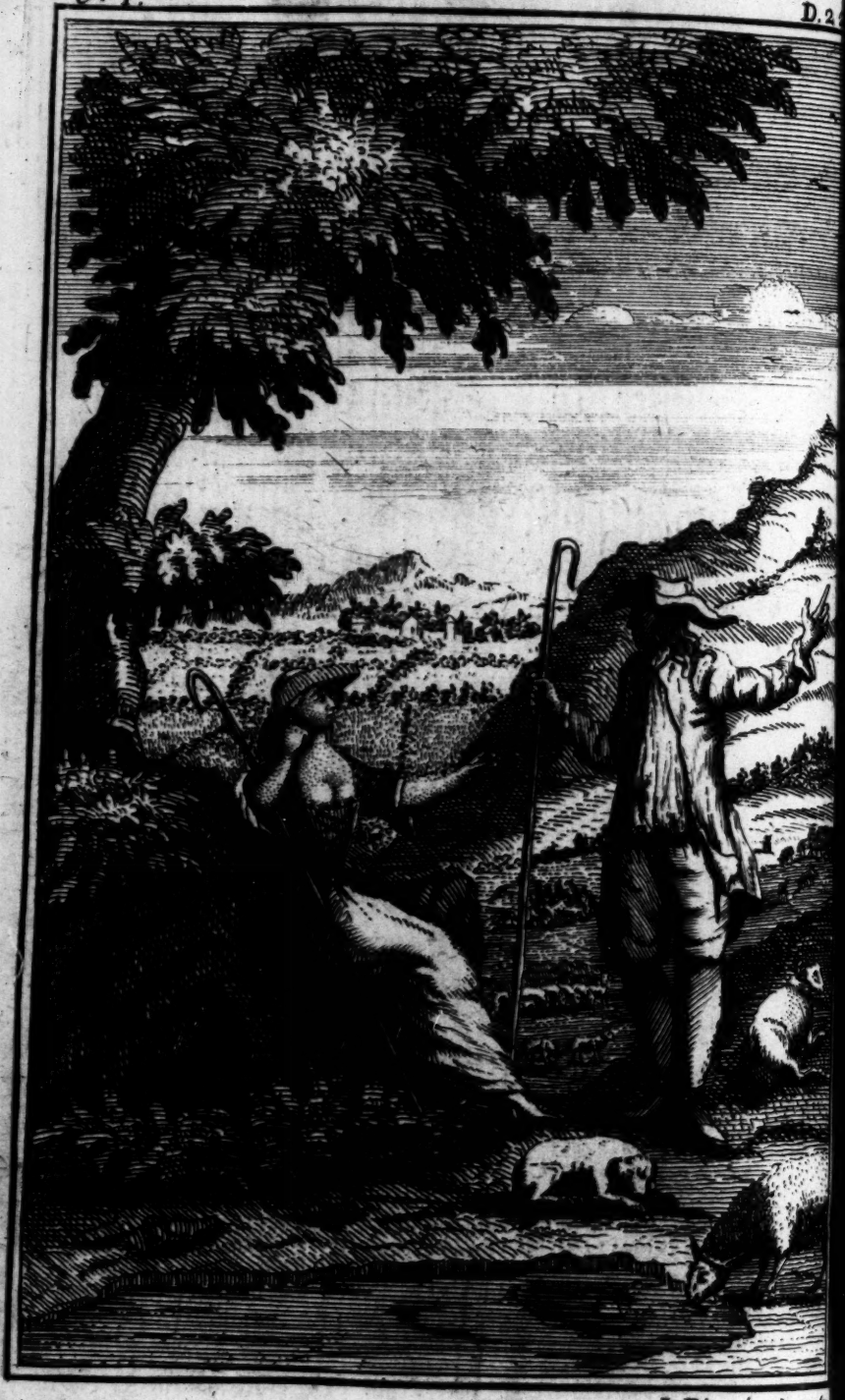
MUSEUM



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DIALOGUE XXII.

A Paſtoral Dialogue between Corydon *a Shepherd, and his Wife* Phyllis, *concerning the innocent Pleaſures of a Rural Life.*

HUSBAND.

HOW fares my Love beneath this happy Shade,
Where Fears nor Cares our peaceful Hours invade,
But where the chirping Birds and ſpreading Trees
Yield us at once both Harmony and Eaſe?

WIFE.

Who can be otherwiſe than bleſt, to find
Nature ſo generous, and you ſo kind?
The beauteous Meadows pleaſe my wand'ring Eyes,
And wean my Breaſt from worldly Vanities;
The Muſick of the Birds delights my Ears,
And teaches me to ſlight all worldly Cares;
The Glories of the Heavens, which unite
With teeming Earth, are Wonders to my Sight;
And ev'ry Hour inſtruct my peaceful Soul,
To praiſe th' Almighty Hand that fram'd the Whole.

HUSBAND.

I'm pleas'd to hear thoſe Wonders you eſpy
Enrich your Mind, as well as pleaſe your Eye;
And that you view thoſe diſtant Bleſſings giv'n
To mortal Man, with ſuch Regard to Heav'n:
For how ingrateful is the thankleſs Gueſt,
Who can ſuch vaſt celeſtial Dainties taſte,
And not adore the Hand that gave the happy Feaſt?

WIFE.

What human Creature that does Reaſon boaſt,
Can prove ſo ſtupid till his Reaſon's loſt?
What Mortal can behold yon flow'ry Meads,
Where purple Vi'lets hang their fragrant Heads,
And golden Cowſlips tow'r amidſt the Graſs,
Above the Primroſe, in an humbler Claſs?
Or who look up tow'rds yonder glorious Light,
Whoſe blazing Luſtre dazles human Sight;
Or view the azure Canopy above,
Beneath whoſe Roof ſo many Wonders move,
And not be mindful of the Pow'r beyond,
Who in eternal Glory ſits enthron'd?
None ſure can view theſe Bleſſings, and forget
Th' Almighty Pow'r that did the ſame create:
No humble Beggar does an Alms receive,
But thanks the Hand that does his Wants relieve.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

The greateſt Comforts we on Earth can find,
Dwell in the Contemplations of the Mind;
Thought is alone the happy Soul's Delight,
They're only bleſt that meditate aright;
Your inward Riches in your Words are ſeen,
For all without us you enjoy within;
And with a grateful and contented Breaſt,
Praiſe bounteous Heav'n, by whom we both are bleſt.
Whilſt others, who more worldly Wealth enjoy,
For want of pious Thoughts their Peace deſtroy.
The thankleſs Wretch, amidſt his uſeleſs Store,
Without the Riches of Content, is poor;
That heav'nly Bleſſing, which is ne'er allow'd
To thoſe who mix with the ingrateful Crowd,
Who wanting Grace to cultivate the Mind,
Still run in Search of what they ne'er can find.
The Proud and Great in Queſt of Honour ſoar,
And barter downy Peace for noiſy Pow'r;
The Rich, unthankful for the Gifts they hold,
Diſturb their Quiet to increaſe their Gold;
The Trader, thoughtleſs of the God that gives,
Breaks thro' all Morals, and by cheating thrives;
The Drunkard drowns his Happineſs in Wine,
And, to diſtract his Brains, miſ-ſpends his Coin;
The Wanton ſooth their amorous Deſires,
And interrupt their Eaſe with luſtful Fires;
The Gameſter bluſters o'er his Cards and Dice,
And, to once praiſing, curſes Fortune twice;

The Soldier leaves his Children, and his Wife,
For the looſe Pleaſures of a wretched Life.
In ſhort, the giddy World are grown ſo weak,
They fly that very Happineſs they ſeek;
And in the vain Purſuit each robs his Mind
Of that Content which all deſire to find.

WIFE.

How happy then, dear *Corydon*, are we,
Securely plac'd in ſuch a bleſt Degree,
Beneath that Sphere where the Infection ſpreads,
And frantickly confounds their giddy Heads!
What tho' we no delicious Dainties eat?
Our Stomachs are proportion'd to our Meat;
That on coarſe Beef we make a hearty Meal,
And for no Ven'ſon pine, or *Ortland* Teal;
For where the Appetite is ſound and good,
It needs no other Fare than wholſome Food.
What tho' we've no rich Garments to adorn
Our healthful Bodies, by the Wealthy worn?
Our Flocks have cloath'd us thus in rural Grey,
As warm and clean, tho' not ſo fine, as they;
Whoſe coſtly Robes are but a publick Blind,
That hides maim'd Limbs, and a diſtemper'd Mind;
An Artifice that cheats the common Eye,
Behind whoſe Front a thouſand Vices lie;
Whilſt we, within our home-ſpun Dreſs, enjoy
Delights that ever pleaſe, and never cloy;
And tho' ſecur'd from Cold at little Coſt,
More Vertue, Peace, and Honeſty can boaſt,

Than

Than can rich Pairs who in their Coaches ride,
And centre all their Happineſs in Pride;
For ſweet Content with Grandeur diſagrees,
And dwells in rural Huts and Cottages,
Expands her downy Wings o'er Woods and Fields,
And only to the Juſt her Friendſhip yields.

HUSBAND.

No Bleſſings add more Comfort to my Life,
Than Gifts ſo heav'nly in ſo fair a Wife,
Whoſe Knowledge makes your Beauty ſhine ſo bright,
That one informs, whilſt t'other gives Delight.
I'm bleſt to think that you, who have been bred
To a full Table, and a downy Bed,
To Freedom, Eaſe, and Pleaſure, far above
This mean and humble Sphere wherein you move,
Can be ſo well content beneath that Fate,
Which dooms you to this low dejected State;
Where no voluptuous Banquets crown the Day,
But our calm Hours in Silence paſs away;
No gaudy Pomp or Grandeur to ſurprize
Your Female Breaſt, or to delight your Eyes;
No Riches to be hop'd for, that can raiſe
Your Vertues on the Wings of human Praiſe;
No fawning am'rous Fools, or flatt'ring Knaves;
No Homage to be paid by humble Slaves.
In this low Sphere we nothing can command
But homely Food, with an induſtrious Hand;
No artful Sauces to our Fare improve,
Excepting ſweet Content, and mutual Love;

Nor can we theſe Felicities enjoy,
If Hopes or Fears our happy Lives annoy,
Or Thirſt of Riches does our Peace deſtroy.

WIFE.

I would not ſoar to any loftier Pitch;
I covet nothing that's beyond my Reach;
I'm bleſt in this Retirement, and in you:
In theſe I've all the Pleaſures I purſue:
The nauſeous Pomp of the ignoble Great,
Thoſe gilded Vulturs I deſpiſe and hate,
Who prey on thoſe they ſhould protect in Peace,
And do a thouſand Wrongs they ſhould redreſs;
Embroil whole Kingdoms in deſtructive Wars,
And fill our native Land with Feuds and Jars;
Dethrone their Kings to gratify their Pride;
Pull Churches down, ſo near to Heav'n ally'd;
Trample the ſacred Text beneath their Feet;
Explode Religion for a human Cheat,
And all to make themſelves profuſely Great.
My Father once a large Eſtate poſſeſt,
But being juſt, was therefore much oppreſt;
Beggar'd by Rebels who uſurp'd the Throne,
To ſave his Conſcience was himſelf undone:
In dying Words he bid me be content,
To ſhare with Patience the ſevere Event
Of all thoſe Troubles he ſo long had borne,
In hopes that Juſtice might in time return.
You're fair, ſaid he, my Child, and vertuous too;
When I am gone, be careful what you do;

Tho'

Tho' I have worn my Foes oppreſſive Yoke,
Till the ſtrong Fibres of my Heart are broke,
And muſt a Martyr to their Fury fall,
Injur'd, defam'd, and now depriv'd of all,
That I can only leave you to the Care
Of Him that made you ſo divinely Fair;
Therefore on Him you muſt alone rely,
And bounteous Heaven will your Wants ſupply:
Let no Great Man your Innocence delude,
But, tho' you're ne'er ſo poor, be chaſte and good;
Rather ſubmit to be the lawful Bride
Of ſome kind Shepherd on the Plains employ'd,
To watch his bleating Flocks, that none ſhould ſtray,
And to the neighb'ring Wolves become a Prey:
In his mean Cottage you Content may find,
The only Riches of a vertuous Mind:
But if your Pride unhappily ſhould ſoar
At diſtant Greatneſs that's beyond your Pow'r,
In vain you'll reach too far, till from the Place
On which you ſtand, you'll tumble with Diſgrace.
In God, and theſe my Counſels, put your Truſt,
If ne'er ſo low, they're happy who are juſt.

This ſaid, my aged Father clos'd his Eyes,
And left me weeping in a ſad Surprize;
His dying Words firſt brought me to the Plains,
To dwell amongſt the neighb'ring Nymphs and Swains;
Where, by Experience, ſince embrac'd by you,
I've prov'd his laſt and dying Sayings true;
And tho' reduc'd to this derided State,
I think myſelf more happy than the Great;

For when the Thoughts are free, and Mind at Reſt,
The Body's eaſy, and the Soul is bleſt:
Therefore whoever wiſely guards the Tow'r
Of Conſcience, needs no further Wealth or Pow'r.

HUSBAND.

Bleſt be the Hour it was my Lot to meet
Beauty ſo charming, with a Tongue ſo ſweet!
A Wife whoſe matchleſs Vertues ſoar above
The Reach of Praiſe, or the Rewards of Love.
O! that my kind Endeavours would compleat
Thy Joys, and make thy Happineſs more great!
Each Hour ſhould be a Scene of new Delights,
More ſweet than thoſe we taſte in Winter-Nights.
But ſince the Bleſſings of ſo rich a Prize
So far above your Husband's Merits riſe,
I'll, by your great Example, learn to be
As kind to you, as you are good to me.

WIFE.

I've all that can enrich my peaceful Mind,
I need no further Comforts than I find;
Great as a Queen upon this verdant Throne
I ſit, belov'd by you, controul'd by none;
You are my ſov'reign Conſort, and your Hook
Our Sceptre, that commands the trembling Flock;
The Plain our Kingdom, where our Subjects graze,
The Foxes and the Wolves our Enemies,
Our Word our Penal Laws, and the poor Cur
Our watchful ſpeedy Executione r;

Who,

Who, at our Feet, lies ready to obey,
And ſmartly puniſh thoſe that run aſtray,
Rends their white Garments they by Nature wear,
Hating their Wool becauſe he's cloath'd with Hair;
So the black Robe, who do the Laws attend,
With lab'ring Jaws fleece others that offend.
Why therefore ſhould not we contented be,
Wh' enjoy a mild and peaceful Sov'reignty,
And think our ſelves as happy and as great,
As they who with more Trouble rule a State,
Since Monarchs have leſs Eaſe, and more Diſputes,
Who govern Men, than thoſe who govern Brutes?

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

A Rural Life upon the Plains,
To thoſe of Contemplation,
Where Temp'rance dwells, and Vertue reigns,
Muſt be a happy Station.

The charming Woods, and flow'ry Meads,
Each gliding Brook and River,
Muſt fill our humble Hearts and Heads
With Rev'rence tow'rds the Giver.

No Party Lyes or Stateſman's Shams
In Solitude can reach us,
Where grazing Flocks, and gentle Lambs,
Sweet Innocence muſt teach us.

No Obſervators *or* Reviews
Infeſt the Plains or Meadows;
Or falſe ſeditious printed News,
That gull the Town with Shadows.

The Swains their happy Nymphs embrace,
And know no jealous Paſſion;
They're ignorant of what is baſe,
And dwell beneath Temptation.

Who then would not forſake the Town,
So full of Feuds and Clamours,
For ſweet Content, that's only known
To Gaffers and to Gammers?

DIALOGUE XXIII.

Between a rattle-head News-monger, and his prudent Wife.

HUSBAND.

BRave News, my Dear! it joys my Heart, I vow
To ſee how blue the *Jacobites* look now,
Eugene has beat the *French*, and taken *Liſle*.
There's News, my Love, would make a Woman ſmile.
No High-Church Waſp can ſay there's nothing in't,
The *Poſt-Man* has confirm'd it; 'tis in print.
Bleſs me! I've won I know not what, my Dear,
Two Quarts of Claret, and three Pots of Beer,
'Ifaith, and Six-pence too in ready Money:
There's Luck, my Girl; there's happy News, my Honey!

WIFE.

You'd better mind your Shop, than teaſe your Brains
With News of Sieges, Battles, and Campaigns,
Inflame your Paſſions, and diſtract your Wits,
In ſcanning what each partial Blockhead writes;
Ill News they dare not tell you, and if good,
They make it ten times better than they ſhou'd.

Why then from Bus'neſs will you daily run,
To hear what ſuch State-Parrots tell the Town,
Which when you know, and think yourſelf more wiſe,
You're only ſtuff'd with Gueſſes, Shams, and Lyes;
For tho', perhaps, ſome Truths they may impart,
Yet then 'tis daſh'd and brew'd with ſo much Art,
That few Men are ſo skilful to refine
What's *Sterling*, from their baſe, tho' current Coin:
Beſides, what Bus'neſs is't of yours to glean
The foreign Actions of the Great *Eugene?*
Or to be ſo importunate to know
What's done Abroad by the brave *Marlborough*?
Should you neglect your Shop, and waſte your Wealth
In drinking this Great Man or t'other's Health,
You'd find, if broke, that neither would maintain
Your Family, or ſet you up again.
Why therefore will you hourly run in Queſt
Of News, till b.ggar'd and become a Jeſt?
When, let things happen either ill or well,
The Conſequence at laſt the Truth muſt tell.
Till then, my Dear, you ſhould with Patience wait,
Becauſe, let Good or Bad come ſoon or late,
You muſt, with others, ſhare the common Fate.

HUSBAND.

Pr'ythee, my Dear, mind ſelling of my Wares,
Women but little know of State-Affairs;
Wives, in theſe Times, ſhould keep our Shops, whilſt we
Compare the Prints, and ſee how things agree.

What!

What! wouldſt thou have me be an empty Fool,
And know no more of News than *Jobbernole?*
Why, pr'ythee, ev'ry Cobler quits his Awl,
And twice a Day for Coffee leaves his Stall,
Purely to read, or if he can't, to hear
What Wonders we have done this preſent Year.
Porters, at ev'ry Corner of the Street,
Read nothing now but *Poſt-Man* and *Gazette.*
The *Tritons* of the *Thames* at ev'ry Stairs,
Who us'd to bawl and ſcold about their Fares,
Forget their Animoſities of late,
And only ſquabble now about the State.
St. *Magnus* Cármen, who would curſe when vext
At the Church-door, about whoſe Turn was next,
Have long forſaken their old heath'niſh Uſe,
And only wrangle now about the News.
If ſuch Poltroons as theſe preſume to pry
Into State-Secrets, why, my Dear, may'n't I?
If thoſe, when round an Ale-houſe Kitchen-fire,
Of Fleets and Armies may at large enquire;
Talk looſely when a well-laid Project fails,
And watch the Changes of the Wind, for Mails,
Sure 'tis no Crime in ſuch as I, to con
The News, that I may know how things go on.
Why then ſhould I, a fooliſh Wife to pleaſe,
Be kept more ign'rant than ſuch Brutes as theſe?

WIFE.

He's the moſt ign'rant who neglects his Good,
To run with other Fools the common Road;

Your

Your Buſineſs is your Family's Support,
The leſs you do, the more 'tis to your Hurt;
Trade is your Subſtance, which you ought to mind,
But News a Shadow to amuſe Mankind;
And if you ſlight the former, thro' Miſtake,
Like ſome vain Parrots for their Chatter's ſake,
The Fable Puppy was as wiſe a Creature,
And I ſhould think you one of *Æſop*'s Litter.
Beſides, if News be canvaſs'd by ſuch Vermin
As Porters, Link-boys, Watermen and Carmen,
What Man of Senſe would waſte ſix Hours a Day
To be as learn'd in Politicks as they?
Or who but Fools would value any ſort
Of Paſtime, once become the Rabble's Sport?
If their Examples you ſo well eſteem,
Why don't you ſwill Full-pots, and ſwear like them,
Prophane, blaſpheme, lye, ſquabble, roar, and fight,
And in Bear-Garden Combats take Delight,
As well as to ſo eagerly purſue
That Fox, call'd News, as ſuch looſe Scoundrels do?
If they your printed Oracles defile,
Frown at one Paſſage, at another ſmile,
'Tis time for Tradeſmen to deſpiſe the News,
And other Whims for their Diverſion chuſe.

HUSBAND.

Away, you prating Woman! you are blind
To thoſe Delights that we o'er Coffee find;
Here lies the *Poſt-Man*, and the learn'd *Review*,
There the *Poſt-Boy* and *Obſervator* too,

Here

Here the *Gazette*, *Courant*, and *Flying-Poſt*;
There Pipes and Candle, by the Fire my Hoſt;
Yonder the fam'd *Rehearſal* by himſelf;
Mugs, Diſhes, Glaſſes, rang'd on ev'ry Shelf,
Before the Fire a Neſt of boiling Pots,
All crown'd with Covers, like to high-crown'd Hats,
Some larger, like the Parents of the reſt,
But all alike in ſooty Mourning dreſt;
Large Bills, in lacquer'd Frames, the Walls adorn,
To cure the Pox, Gout, Dropſy, Stone, or Corn;
Waſhes to make your Beauty ſhine more bright,
And Powders that will bring black Teeth to white;
Amongſt the reſt, rich Cordials to recover
A dying Patient, or a fainting Lover,
At th' upper end a Bar of Wainſcot, where,
To change your Money, ſits a Lady fair;
Over her tow'ring Head in Rank and File
Stands Phyſick, ſome to cure and ſome to kill,
In order to ſupply, at little Coſt,
That want of Pow'r her fading Charms have loſt.
In Change-time then the Gueſts croud in and out,
Some drink, ſome read, ſome ſmoak, ſome ſtare about,
Whilſt others, nettled with ſome News they hear,
Squirt to and fro, look round, and diſappear;
One gravely cons o'er ſome authentick Print,
Pores till he's vex'd, then ſwears there's nothing in't.
Another, to a grave attentive Croud,
Reads the *Poſt Man* with all his Art aloud,
Pleas'd that each liſt'ning Merchant in the Room,
Should hear how well he can pronounce *Vendoſme*.

A Third ſteps in, and vents ſome ſtrange Report,
Confirms the ſame by ſome great Man at Court,
Laughs in his Sleeve to ſee us all amus'd,
And then ſteals out, and leaves the Gueſts confus'd;
Others contend about the News they hear,
One ſays 'tis doubtful, t'other ſays 'tis clear;
At length a Wager is propos'd, and then,
When once commenc'd, 'tis back'd by Eight or Ten.
Theſe are our Sports, and pray, what Man, to pleaſe
A Wife, would forfeit ſuch Delights as theſe;
'Tis not the News that we alone purſue,
We've fifty Paſtimes, yet untold to you;
The Papers are but Baits that draw us in
We meet before our Comedies begin;
For ev'ry Gueſt that enters, plays his Part,
Or elſe our Farce don't ſignify a F—t;
And as for the *Review* and *Obſervator*,
They're the meer Zanies of our New Theatre,
They make the Miſchief, and begin the Fray,
Whilſt I ſit by and laugh, to ſee fair Play,
Thruſt in a Word or ſo, to whet their Spleen,
And make their Malice and their Wits more keen:
I only read the News, that I may know,
Which way to thwart a *Jacobite* or ſo;
Or plague a High-Church Neighbour, when I find,
That Fortune ſhoots point-blank againſt his Mind.

WIFE.

Theſe ſhallow Reaſons leſſen not your Crime,
Such fooliſh Trifles are not worth your time;

You'd

You'd better mind your own Affairs, than pleaſe
Yourſelf in height'ning Animoſities;
What Profit can attend ſuch fruitleſs Ends,
But want, at leaſt, of Buſineſs and of Friends;
The moſt you by ſuch Meaſures can propoſe,
Is Loſs of Trade, and the Increaſe of Foes:
What Man but you could keep his Mind at Eaſe,
And waſte his Time in ſuch Delights as theſe?
Pr'ythee, for ſhame, reform your fiantick Life,
And take, for once, good Counſel from a Wife;
Forſake your noiſy Coffee-houſe, and your News,
Where wrangling Pens the jarring World amuſe.
Let Scriblers write, and Party Zealots read;
Stay you at home, and wiſely mind your Trade;
For News is but a Policy of State,
To make the little Fools admire the great.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

WHilſt buſy Cits neglect their Shop,
To turn State Politicians,
No human Arts on Earth can ſtop
The Growth of our Diviſions.

Each Fool manures his barren Head,
By contradicting Papers,
When all the Nonſenſe that they read,
But turns to windy Vapours.

Yet

Yet tutor'd by the Flying-Poſt,
The Gazettes, *and the* Poſt-Men,
Each fancies he can rule a Hoſt,
Or ſteer a Fleet with moſt Men.

When thus grown wiſe in their Conceit,
And skilful in State-matters,
They charge the Fault, when things don't hit,
Unjuſtly on their Betters.

Thus every ſhallow Dolt-head vents
Some groundleſs Exclamation,
And raiſes Feuds and Diſcontents,
To th' Miſchief of the Nation.

Therefore the prudent Wife ſhould uſe
All Female ſoft Perſuaſion,
To draw her Spouſe from reading News,
To mind his Occupation.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

Between the happy Pair, concerning the Comforts of mutual Fidelity, and the innocent Pleaſures of a retir'd Life.

HUSBAND.

HOW bleſs'd, dear *Chloe*, is this ſweet Receſs!
How happy does our Love make ev'ry Place!
The charming Beauty which your Looks diſplay,
Makes all Things pleaſant, innocent, and gay.
Thus ſeated, we, without Offence, may boaſt
That bliſsful State our ſinful Parents loſt.

WIFE.

Your kind Deportment, my indulgent Dear,
Your Love, Fidelity, and tender Care,
Fill me with Joy, your Manſion-houſe with Peace,
And make the World to me ſeem Paradiſe,
Where no Diſorders reach my quiet Breaſt,
Or anxious Sorrows interrupt my Reſt;
But all Things to my Happineſs conſpire,
And leave me nothing farther to deſire;
For ſince your Love is ſo divinely true,
The Gods have giv'n me all, in giving you.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

What ſavage Fury muſt poſſeſs my Mind,
To make me otherwiſe than juſt and kind,
Since all the Vertues that adorn the Fair,
Meet in your pious Breaſt, and centre there;
Whilſt your external Charms, and lovely Mien,
Proclaim thoſe heav'nly Gifts that lodge within;
And ev'ry Hour your loving Looks convey
New Bleſſings to my Soul ſome ſecret way?

WIFE.

O! that I had but Beauty to reward
Your faithful Love, and generous Regard;
Then might I merit that Eſteem, which now
Does only from your native Goodneſs flow:
But I muſt own, I have too great a Share
Of thoſe weak Failings that affect the Fair;
And have not Charms ſufficient to repay
Thoſe kind Endearments I receive each Day.
However, Deareſt, I'll obedient prove,
And ſtill abound in Duty, and in Love;
That what I want in outward Gifts, may be
Made up in Vertue and Humility.

HUSBAND.

Such kind Angelick Words, my Dear, muſt move
A grateful Breaſt to an Exceſs of Love.
Had you no Charms, but Eloquence alone,
Expreſs'd in ſuch a ſoft and gentle Tone,

'Twould

'Twould be enough to win a Heart like mine,
And make me glad to be entirely thine.
But, *Chloe*, you, beſides, are young and fair,
And good as the immortal Angels are;
Humble, obedient, generous, and kind,
Adorn'd with all the Riches of the Mind,
That any Wife can boaſt, or Husband wiſh to find.

WIFE.

O! that I could for ever but enjoy
So bleſs'd a Life, which Death will once deſtroy!
Why ſhould my Love be puniſh'd with the Fear
Of ever parting with a Spouſe ſo dear?
O! why ſhould the ſevere Decrees of Fate
Put a dark Period to our happy State?
And leave the ſad Survivor, to bemoan
A Life ſo wretched, when the other's gone,
That can admit no Comfort or Relief,
To eaſe our Groans, or moderate our Grief?

HUSBAND.

'Tis hard, my *Chloe*; but the Gods are kind,
And for the Juſt, have future Joys deſign'd;
That Lovers, when they part, may eaſe their Pain,
By pleaſing Hopes of meeting once again.
Death's but a peaceful Slumber in the Grave;
When we awake, we endleſs Life ſhall have;
And on eternal Wings, from thence ariſe
Beyond the Limits of yon dusky Skies;

There

There dwell in Friendſhip, with the Gods above,
And be for ever bleſs'd in Peace and Love.

WIFE.

'Tis a great Comfort to my Soul, that we
Can be aſſur'd we ſhall for ever be;
For what could more diſturb our happy State,
Than the diſtracting Fears, that Joys ſo great
Should in eternal Silence terminate?

HUSBAND.

Theſe Thoughts, my charming *Chloe*, ſeem too grave
For a young Bride in all her Bloom to have.
Futurity's a Myſtery too great
For Female Wit to fathom or debate.
Such Things we to our wiſer Guides ſhould leave,
Leſt our weak Reaſon ſhould ourſelves deceive.
Let us believe thoſe Wonders we are taught;
Strive to be juſt in Action, and in Thought;
Be careful to ſupport our Innocence;
Give neither to the Gods or Man Offence.
Purſue theſe Meaſures, hoping to be bleſt,
And to kind Providence reſign the reſt,
Who wiſely orders all Things for the beſt.

WIFE.

Your friendly Dictates are of greateſt Force;
What you command me, I obey in courſe;
I'm taught alone, by what you ſay and do;
And hope I need no other Guide but you;

Your

Your kind Example is a tempting Road
To Vertue, Piety, and all that's good.
Therefore, my Dear, I cannot fear to ſtray,
Whilſt you conduct me thro' ſo ſafe a way.

HUSBAND.

Since, my dear *Chloe*, you depend on me,
I ſhall the more exact and upright be:
For who would from the Paths of Vertue fly,
To lead ſuch charming Innocence awry?
What Man would, by the brighteſt Looks, be led,
From the juſt Pleaſures of his Nuptial Bed,
Who has ſo true a Friend, ſo kind a Wife,
To crown the Comforts of a vertuous Life?
What Sot would ſuch ſweet Company decline,
To ſcorch his Nerves with an Exceſs of Wine;
And ſtagger into ſuch delightful Arms,
Thoughtleſs of Love, and ſenſeleſs of your Charms?
There belching lie, of Vigour diſpoſſeſt,
Slighting thoſe Joys he has no Pow'r to taſte.
Thus the ſick Appetite diſdains the Food
As nauſeous, which the Healthful find is good.
Uſage, like this, might Female Thoughts confound,
And make the ſtricteſt Vertue quit her Ground.
But you, I hope, dear *Chloe*, are aſſur'd,
That you from all ſuch Dangers are ſecur'd:
For I have too much Senſe of your Deſert,
Too juſt a Conſcience, and too kind a Heart,
To ſuffer you, the Comfort of my Breaſt,
A Wife ſo charming, ſo divinely bleſt,

To

To feel the Torments of unmanly Strife,
Or lead an injur'd, or neglected Life:
For I have Senſe and Gratitude to know
The Nuptial Bleſſings we expect below,
Muſt from true Love, and mutual Vertue, flow.

WIFE.

You make your Goodneſs ev'ry Moment known;
I fear not yours, but rather doubt my own,
Leſt Female Weakneſs ſpoil my good Intent.
And render that amiſs, which well is meant;
So that my Love, which glows to an Extreme,
May ſhort of yours, thro' Indiſcretion, ſeem.
For the rough Di'mond cannot ſhine ſo bright,
As the Gem poliſh'd to a skilful Height;
Yet both may equal Eſtimation bear,
Tho' one with greater Luſtre does appear.

HUSBAND.

But Love, that Jewel which adorns the Heart,
Shines the moſt bright without the Help of Art;
All other Wealth in Value it exceeds;
And if it's true, it no Improvement needs;
Its own intrinſick Worth it will diſplay,
And thro' the Eyes, like Lightning, make its way.
Therefore, dear *Chloe*, I your Love can view,
In each kind Thing you either ſay or do:
Your Looks alone ſufficiently impart
The gen'rous Ardour that inflames your Heart;

So

So that 'tis I muſt ſummon all my Pow'rs,
To make my Friendſhip adequate to yours;
For in your heav'nly Nature, I diſcern
Thoſe Duties, others muſt be forc'd to learn!

WIFE.

You make me happy in your kind Conceit
That in my Breaſt ſuch Love and Vertue meet.
O! that I could but be as free from Fau'ts,
And raiſe my Merits equal to your Thoughts!
Then ſhould I hope ſo rich a Heart might prove
Deſerving your ineſtimable Love:
But I, alas! can boaſt no Charms to pleaſe,
No Arts to palliate my Infirmities;
I have no ſtudy'd Smiles t' improve my Air:
No skilful Means to make my Looks more fair;
But muſt at beſt diſcover, that I am
A rural, home-ſpun, tho' an honeſt Dame,
Who nothing but her Vertue has to boaſt,
And can but prove a loving Wife at moſt.

HUSBAND.

Your native Sweetneſs I alone admire,
And your Eſteem is all that I deſire,
Beſides the Offspring of our Nuptial Bed,
To bleſs the future World, when we are dead:
For amongſt all that Heaven has in Store,
No kind Donation could I wiſh for more,
Than that the Fruits of ſo divine a Tree,
Might ſpread and flouriſh to Eternity,

That diſtant Ages ſtill to come, might read
Thy noble Vertues in our gen'rous Seed.

WIFE.

I hope, my Dear, ſince 'tis your earneſt Choice,
That Heav'n, in Time, will crown our Nuptial Joys:
Few Moons, as yet, have paſs'd that happy Day,
On which I vow'd to honour and obey:
My tender Years may ſtill with Patience wait;
I'm unexperienc'd in a marry'd State,
And therefore know not but the Gods above,
May have already crown'd our mutual Love.

HUSBAND.

I wiſh it ſo may prove; with what Delight
Could I behold ſo promiſing a Sight?
A Wife ſo beauteous, pregnant in her Bloom;
A Female Angel with a fruitful Womb.
May Nature's Pow'rs the darling Bud encreaſe,
And the kind Gods the happy *Fœtus* bleſs,
That I may live to tremble at thy Cries,
Pity thoſe Pains that do thy Nerves ſurprize,
And pray good Heav'n to turn thy Sorrows into Joys.

WIFE.

The Pangs of Child-birth, doubtleſs muſt be great,
Tedious the Moments, and ſevere the Fate;
But yet, methinks I could with Patience bear
The ſharpeſt Suff'rings, to oblige my Dear.

What

What is't I could not do, what Hazards run,
To raiſe your Image in a ſprightly Son?
That your own Likeneſs, full of Infant Charms,
Might bleſs your Eyes, and my indulging Arms.

HUSBAND.

How happy, deareſt *Chloe*, ſhould we be,
To ſee a fair Angelick Progeny,
Sporting around us, free of all Offence,
Like Cherubs in a State of Innocence?
Some wearing on their Brows your beauteous Smiles,
That their ſweet Looks may bleſs their Father's Toils;
Others appearing of a coarſer mould,
Like me, more active, maſculine, and bold;
That you each Hour in Miniature may view
My Image, and your fading Love renew.

WIFE.

No Time, my dear *Philander*, can impair
The high Eſteem I for your Vertues bear;
Th' Impreſſion is too ſtrong, my Love too great,
For Age or Envy to obliterate.
I ne'er ſhall want ſuch Bleſſings to revive
Thoſe vertuous Flames, that will for ever live;
Yet ſhould I think myſelf divinely bleſt,
To hug your Image at my tender Breaſt,
That thoſe Indearments, I ſhould fondly ſhew
To my ſweet Babe, altho' by Nature due,
Might manifeſt the Love I bear to you.

HUSBAND.

I doubt not, *Chloe*, but the Gods will bleſs
Our Nuptial Comforts with deſir'd Succeſs.
Let us, with Patience, wait the happy Time;
For to preſcribe to Heav'n, would be a Crime.
The Sun's juſt ſet, and tho' the Evening's warm,
I fear the falling Damps ſhould do us Harm:
Unwholſome Vapours may infect the Air;
Let's quit the Bow'r, and to the Houſe repair;
Sup with Content, to Bed when we have done;
Where all the Joys of Life are ſumm'd in one.

WIFE.

I'm free to all that is your Will to do,
Your prudent Meaſures gladly I purſue;
For I am only happy in obeying you.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

WHere mutual Love 'twixt Man and Wife
Adorns a marry'd Station,
It ſweetens all the Cares of Life,
And leaves no room for Paſſion.

Angelick Peace, that Heav'nly Dow'r,
That eſtimable Treaſure,
Crowns ev'ry happy Day and Hour
With inexpreſſive Pleaſure.

Indearing

Indearing Smiles, and loving Words,
Give Comfort to each other;
And ev'ry kind Embrace, affords
New Cauſes of another.

Each Minute blooms with freſh Delight,
That ripens to a Bleſſing;
And Love unweary'd crowns the Night
With Joys beyond expreſſing.

Fill'd with Content reciprocal,
They eaſe each other's Labours:
Thus do they live belov'd of all,
And honour'd by their Neighbours.

Whilſt jarring Fools in Diſcord dwell,
That 'tis a Shame to hear 'em;
And prove as noiſy as Bow-Bell,
To all that live but near 'em.

DIALOGUE XXV.

Between a generous Mechanick and his old ſtingy Wife, about her locking up the Cupboard to keep the Victuals from his Apprentices.

HUSBAND.

HEY day! what's here to do? the Cupboard Door
Lock'd up! what, Madam, muſt we eat no more?
Why, how now, Miſtreſs Wife, who is it puts
This Bar betwixt my Victuals and my Guts?
Boys, ſplit the Door: why, ſure, my ſaving Honey,
You don't take Beef, and Bread and Cheeſe, for Money?

WIFE.

Don't be ſo haſty, Love, I mean no hurt,
Here take the Key, 'tis but their asking for't:
Did you but ſee the Waſte thoſe Gluttons make,
You'd then commend me for the Care I take.
That ſlouching Rogue that laughs at what you ſay,
Had he his Will, would eat ten times a Day.
That thin-jaw'd Hound too, had he but his Mind,
For all his Looks, would not be far behind:

Victuals

Victuals, I'll ſwear, is ill beſtow'd upon
That ſneaking Whelp, that raw-bon'd Skeleton;
Were he to eat as much as half a Dozen,
The ill-got Lout would ſtill look ſtarv'd and frozen.

HUSBAND.

Therefore it ſhan't be ſaid I keep him poor
And thin, becauſe I lock my Cupboard-Door:
I'll have no Smith's Embargo on my Food,
Eat, Boys, as often as yourſelves ſee good;
Let them have change of Mutton, Beef, and Pork,
Do you take care they Feed, I'll make 'em Work.
My Servants ſhall to no Relations creep,
And there complain of what a Houſe I keep;
Tell 'em their ſtingy Miſtreſs bears the Rule,
And cry becauſe they ha'n't a Belly full.
Let me have no ſuch Doings, I command,
I ſcorn to give a Wife the upper-hand:
I'm Maſter here, mind you your Maids Concerns,
No Boy of mine ſhall want the Food he earns.

WIFE.

Lord! Love, you cannot think what they devour,
I vow and ſwear they're Cramming ev'ry Hour?
Saw you how oft they to the Cupboard come,
You'd think they'd eat you out of Houſe and Home.
One gobbles down two Pound of Bread and Cheeſe,
When almoſt burſt, to th' Vault he runs for Eaſe;
From thence returns unburthen'd in a trice,
And ſtuffs his empty Guts with t'other Slice:

No ſooner is this wide-mouth'd Glutton gone,
But t'other lean-jaw'd Cormorant ſneaks down,
And he, forſooth, no *Cheſhire*-Cheeſe can eat,
His dainty Chops muſt break his Faſt with Meat,
Then out he pulls his Knife, and off he cuts
A Pound of Beef for his inſatiate Guts,
Which his ſtretch'd Gullet ſwallows down ſo faſt,
As if he meant each Bit ſhould prove his laſt;
For in three Minutes fairly he'll devour
More than would laſt an hungry Dog an Hour,
Straining with Morſels ſo profuſely great,
You'd think him choak'd with ev'ry Bit he eat:
Thus, all day long, like Buckets in a Well,
They take their Turns to empty and to fill;
And is it fit, d'ye think, ſuch Wolves as theſe,
Should ſearch and range the Cupboard when they pleaſe?

HUSBAND.

Yet, yes, much good may do 'em with their Meat,
I never care how faſt my Servants eat,
Speedy at Victuals, quick at Work's an old
Proverbial Saying, we have oft been told;
I've found it true, and therefore do not grutch
Their eating nimbly, tho' 'tis ne'er ſo much:
I'll warr'nt you'd have them loiter at their Meals,
Piddle like Mice, and crawl about like Snails,
Feed like ſick Patients dieted by Quacks,
And look like hide-bound Tits that carry Packs,
Work too like thoſe that raiſe the Wooden Walls
Of the Queen's Ships, or lazy Rogues in *Paul's*:

No,

No, no, my Maſter's Methods I'll purſue,
That's Feed 'em well, and make 'em Work ſo too;
For he that ſtints his Servants in their Food,
Makes the Bad worſe, and irritates the Good,
That what he thinks he ſaves, they caſt away,
And makes his Stock their pinch-gut Money pay.

WIFE.

Do as you pleaſe, my Dear, but I am ſure,
Such waſtful Ways will always keep us poor;
Apprentices I've ſeen in other Trades,
Have their Meat carv'd by th' Miſtreſs or her Maids;
Nor did they dare to grumble or complain,
That this was cut too Fat, or that too Lean,
But eat whate'er the Miſtreſs thought was fit,
And fear'd to frown, or ask for t'other Bit;
But your bold Boys, regarding not your Wife,
When call'd to dine, each draws his crooked Knife,
Upon the Groundcil whets his *Sheffield* Blade,
And both, forſooth, ſit down before my Maid,
Fall to like Plow-men at a Country Feaſt,
And with unhallow'd Fingers pick the beſt;
One crying out, *Go*, Hannah, *draw ſome Beer*;
The other, *Huſſy*, *bring the Muſtard here*.
Indeed, my Dear, it is a ſhame to ſee
Apprentices ſo very bold and free,
Or that at Meals ſuch Boys ſhould firſt ſit down,
And crow above a Wench that's Woman grown.

HUSBAND.

My Boys are good Mens Sons, well born and bred,
They've paid me Pounds for teaching them my Trade;
Beſides, they earn me ev'ry Day they dine,
Not only their own Bread, but yours and mine;
Yet, I ſuppoſe, you want to have 'em made
Mere Slaves and Footboys to your naſty Jade,
To run to th' Chandler's for the Mops and Brooms,
And fetch her Water when ſhe ſcrubs her Rooms,
Be her Cole-heavers to preſerve her Hands,
And ſtoop to all her prodigal Commands;
If that's your Drift, my parſimonious Dame,
I ſhall take care to diſappoint your Aim;
No ſaucy Baggage, fondl'd by a Fool,
Shall awe my Servants, or my Boys controul;
I'd have you know I keep ſuch Sluts as ſhe,
To wait on them at Meals as well as me;
I give her yearly Wages, and you ought
To know their Work enables me to do't;
My golden Boys earn Money ev'ry Day,
By them I live and thrive, eat, drink and pay;
Therefore yourſelf and ſurvile Puſs ſhall find,
No Lads of mine your Female Pride ſhall mind;
That Maſter, ſure, muſt be a Hen-peck'd Fool,
Who lets the Women o'er his Men bear Rule;
'Tis hard that good Mens Children, bound to Trades,
Should be made Lacqueys to our ſawcy Maids;
But in thoſe Tradeſmens Houſes 'twill be ſo,
Where Men are ſilent, and the Women crow.

Moral

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

THE prudent Maſter, who allows
His Servants what is fitting,
Shews by his Conduct, that he knows,
Hard Work requires good Eating.

The Maſter ſeldom thrives in Trade,
Who keeps a ſneaking Table,
Apprentices are thereby made
Leſs willing, and leſs able.

Whilſt thoſe who feed 'em with good Fare,
By Servants are befriended,
Have all their Work diſpatch'd with Care,
And in due Seaſon ended.

But where a Wife ſhall rule the Roaſt,
Whoſe Temper's too penurious,
What ſhe believes ſhe ſaves, is loſt,
And only proves injurious.

No Servants, in Revenge, will waſte
The Food that they're in love of,
But into Holes will ſlily caſt
The Meat they don't approve of.

Beſides, he gains an honeſt Name,
Who makes his Servants eaſy;
If you are kind, they'll be the ſame,
And ſtrive the more to pleaſe ye.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXVI.

Between a nice affected Gentleman, and his careleſs, ſlatternly Lady.

HUSBAND.

WHY are your Night-cloaths on, your Stays unlac'd?
I love to ſee you powder'd, waſh'd, and dreſs'd.
A tallow Face in dirty Pinners looks
Like a poor Punk juſt riſen from a Flux:
You crown the Proverb, *That the niceſt Maid*
Becomes the greateſt Slattern when ſhe's wed;
And that each Woman in a Nuptial State,
Proves careleſs Slut, or Jilt, by Choice or Fate.

WIFE.

Thank you, my Spouſe, ſome People ſay, a Beau,
When marry'd, does the greater Coxcomb grow.
Pr'ythee, my Dear, don't be ſo nice, leſt you
Should chance to prove the modern Proverb true.
I've heard moſt Men are ſubject to admire
The Woman that they like in looſe Attire;
From whence 'tis ſaid our Sex is always beſt
Approv'd by Lovers, when we're moſt undreſt:

But

But I perceive, alas, you ſqueamiſh Beaus,
Think female Beauty dwells in formal Cloaths;
And when our Charms upon your hands grow ſtale,
Neglect the Kernel to adore the Shell.
So the weak Appetite muſt have his Meat
Set off with artful Sauce to make him eat,
Whilſt the ſound Stomach feaſts on Fleſh or Fiſh,
And ne'er regards the Garniſh of the Diſh.

HUSBAND.

Women and Food I love to ſee well dreſt,
For what offends my Eye, ne'er ſuits my Taſte.
Who but a Sloven can admire a Face,
Unwaſh'd, unpatch'd, mob'd up in dirty Lace,
Whoſe ruffled Trallups diſoblige the Sight,
And ſhew by Day, how wanton you're at Night;
Thoſe Coifs between the Nuptial Sheets you wear,
Should never in the Noon of Light appear;
They make you look like Sempſtreſs of the Town,
In rumpl'd *Diſabil*, juſt bolted down
Some *Temple* Stairs, from earning Half-a-Crown.
Believe me, therefore, I abhor to ſee
A Wife looſe rig'd, ſo like a Punk as thee;
With ſully'd Night-cloaths dangling round thy Head,
Dy'd yellow with your joyful Sweats in Bed.
Pr'ythee, withdraw, dear Dowdy, from my View,
Or what ſhould raiſe my Love, will make me Spue.

WIFE.

WIFE.

Tho' now you ſeem ſo nice, were you to 'ſpy
A newer Face, tho' more a Slut than I,
Wrap'd up in Muſlin-Rags, not half ſo white,
Tug'd every Day and rumpl'd ev'ry Night,
Tho' waſh'd but once a Week, you'd never mind
Her Dreſs, but be to all her Failings blind;
Would ſhe but dart from her prevailing Brows,
One ſmiling glance to wound my Beauiſh Spouſe,
Or ſay ſo loud t' her Maid, that you might hear,
Laud, he's a pretty Gentleman, I'll ſwear;
I can but think how you'd admire the Dame,
And with her dirty Pinners fan your Flame,
Swear her foul Linnen was the only Grace,
Or Foil, to ſet off ſuch a beauteous Face;
And that it gave ſuch Freedom to her Air,
That made her look leſs formal, and more fair:
Theſe are the Flatt'ries you can uſe to thoſe
Whoſe Bodies are unclean, as well as Cloaths;
But 'tis a wond'rous Crime to ſee a Wife
In dirty Nightrail or a ſully'd Coif.
Why, ſqueamiſh Husband, do you not deſpiſe
The tarniſh'd Plate that in your Coffer lies?
Or ſcorn the Ground you tread on, cauſe 'tis wont,
Sometimes, like me, to harbour Duſt upon't:
I'm none of thoſe that ſpend ſix Hours a Day,
T' appear, by ſtudy'd Arts, more young and gay;
I to no Pencil do my Eye-brows owe,
Nor do my Cheeks with *Spaniſh* Crimſon glow;

I uſe

I uſe no Waſhes to improve my Skin,
Nor Acids drink to keep my Body lean,
That my nice Shapes, to merit human Praiſe,
May ſtill ſit eaſy in my Maiden Stays:
I uſe no skilful Means in my Attire,
To make young Fools, in vain, my Charms admire.
I love my tender Children, and delight
To toy with them all Day, with you at Night;
And muſt a ſully'd Nightrail now offend,
Or a coarſe Pinner make you leſs my Friend?
Change you your Temper, and 'twill change the Scene,
Be you leſs nice, and I ſhall ſeem more clean:
Husband's ſhould wink, when now and then they find
Their Wives confus'd in Dreſs, as well as Mind:
What tho' unclean by Chance, Experience tells,
The beſt of Oyſters may have dirty Shells.

HUSBAND.

But you, as if you meant to thwart my Will,
Are always in a Slattern's *Diſabil*;
And ſhew, by conſtant Practice, you delight
More in foul Linnen than you do in white.
Ere I with Pains had won you to my Arms,
Your Dreſs was then unſully'd as your Charms,
The fineſt Laces did your Temples crown,
White as the driven Snow or Thiſtly Down;
Your Gloves, your Fan, and ev'ry thing you wore,
And clean as if unmade an Hour before:
But ſince I've brought you to a Nuptial Life,
And you're become a Mother and a Wife,

Uncleanly

Uncleanly Negligence your Charms diſgrace,
And foul Indecence muffles up your Face;
For want of Stays your Sides prepoſt'rous grow,
And hang in Wallops o'er your Hips below,
Both join, nor can your Apron Strings between,
Bury'd in Folds of flabby Fat, be ſeen;
Your Breaſt, like Udders, to your Navel drop,
For want of Stomacher to prop them up;
And your Pot Belly, ſwell'd with Drink and Eaſe,
Seems full of Dropſical Infirmities;
Your Petticoats, half ty'd, hang looſely on,
Like a burſt Hoop about an upright Tun:
And your ſtain'd Flag of Houſewifery before,
Looks worſe than that by greaſy Scullion wore;
Your Nightrail too, which round your Neck you tye,
To hide your Shapes, is of a Saffron Dye,
That any Eye would gueſs 't'as lain, at leaſt,
This fifty Years, unwaſh'd, in Grannum's Cheſt;
Your Wirey-Hair, like Elf-locks, ſtarts beneath
Your Coif, and hangs in here and there a Wreath,
Whilſt your plump Cheeks, by Nature fram'd to pleaſe,
Look grim'd with Dirt, like *Vulcan's* ſmutty Phiz:
Theſe are the Graces that adorn your Charms,
To pleaſe your Spouſe and tempt him to your Arms.
Who then can marry'd live, and not admire
So nice a Houſewife in ſuch clean Attire?

WIFE.

Right Beau, to loath what you have long enjoy'd,
I'm not ſo ſluttiſh, but your Fancy's cloy'd,

And

And now 'tis Pleaſure to your wand'ring Thoughts,
To ſchool your Wife and magnify her Fau'ts.
Could you but with impartial Judgment ſee
Your own nice, foppiſh Pride and Vanity;
In what a formal Geſture you delight,
What Pains you take to make your Wig ſit right,
With what premeditated Grace you bend
Your formal Shoulders to your Boſom Friend,
How you advance, what Dancing Steps you take,
When to a Lady your Approach you make,
How you exchange your Ruffles thrice a Day,
How oft you powder, to appear more gay,
What Time you waſte before the flatt'ring Glaſs,
To turn and tiff and make yourſelf an Aſs,
What Hours in Dreſſing you confound in vain,
To ſhew yourſelf leſs wiſe than other Men;
You then no more would wonder why I ſeem
A Slut to him, ſo nice to an Extreme;
For I muſt either play the Fool and riſe
To all your ſqueamiſh cleanly Vanities,
Or be a Slattern deem'd, 'cauſe I admire
My Eaſe beyond extravagant Attire:
Would you your Foppiſh Vanities abate,
And from your nice Extremes turn moderate,
I'd meet you then half way, and ſtrive to dreſs
With newer Air and greater Cleanlineſs:
But if a Fly-ſpeck on my Paper-Fan,
Or a ſoil'd Glove, muſt merit your Diſdain,
An accidental Spot upon my Gown,
Or a chance Lock diſplac'd ſhall make you frown;

So

So long in vain muſt I attempt to pleaſe,
Whilſt you're offended with ſuch things as theſe.
Conſider, I've been ſeven Years a Wife,
My Children are the Pleaſures of my Life,
'Tis time for me to quit my tempting Airs,
And bend my Genius to my Home Affairs,
To mind my Female Servants, and to ſee
Their Work perform'd with Care and Houſewifery,
Theſe Nuptial Duties muſt ſometimes employ
A Wife from Dreſſing to delight your Eye:
Nor can I think it otherwiſe than vain,
In you, a Father, and a marry'd Man,
To ſtill maintain that youthful foppiſh Pride,
Which Men at riper Years ſhould lay aſide:
I equally abhor to find you pleaſe
Yourſelf with ſuch fantaſtick Fooleries,
And vex as much to ſee you dizen'd up,
With all the Frip'ries of a fooliſh Fop,
As you can do when I appear unlac'd,
Or in ſoil'd Linnen, like a Slattern dreſs'd;
Therefore expect I'll ſtill more ſluttiſh grow,
Till you forbear to be ſo much a Beau;
Both are Extremes, and I'll confront you thus,
Whilſt you're a Fop, I'll be a naſty Puſs.

Moral

Moral Reflections on the foregoing Dialogue.

When Husbands do their Wives reprove,
For Failings that diſpleaſe 'em,
Themſelves ſhould willingly remove
Their own worſe Faults that teaſe 'em.

Men in ſome Caſes ſhould be mute,
For Women will not bear ſo
Provoking an Affront as Slut,
Altho' they know they are ſo.

'Tis true, a Woman's to be blam'd,
That's Careleſs and Uncleanly,
But he's as much to be condemn'd,
That's Foppiſh and Unmanly.

When am'rous Beau has wedded Miſs,
From Sampler and from Pattern,
Sir Courtly *ſhould not prove too* Nice,
Nor ſhe too great a Slattern.

Tho' Wives, when Children crown their Joys,
Will in their Dreſs be careleſs,
And more regard their Girls and Boys,
Than their Commode and Hair-lace.

Good

Good Dames may therefore claim excuſe,
Who Children have to dandle,
They cannot always dreſs ſo ſpruce,
As when they'd none to fondle.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

Between a High-Church Gentleman, and his Low-Church Lady, about the Difference of their Opinions.

HUSBAND.

COme, come, my Dear, forſake your *Canting Tribe*,
Marriage has made you now my crooked Rib,
My Fleſh can brook no lame Diſſenting Bone,
Join with the reſt, or you my Side diſown;
A diſlocated ſtubborn Rib I hate,
Pr'ythee, to Church, and that will ſet thee ſtreight.

WIFE.

D'ye think I'll go to Maſs, not I, indeed,
I'll be no Convert to a Popiſh Creed:
No, Satan, I defy thy wicked Power,
No *Babylonian* Whore ſhall draw me to her;
I hate her Smock, her Porridge, and her Pipes,
Her Butcher's-Sleeves, her Croſſes, and her Types,
Her *Pagan* Altars, and her *Dagon* Prieſts,
Her *Eaſter* Offrings, and her *Chriſtmas* Feaſts,

Her

Her Shepherd's Crooks, her Miters, and her Saints,
Her Pancake *Tueſdays*, and her ſtarving Lents;
I'd ſooner chuſe to bear your utmoſt Hate,
Than damn my precious Soul at ſuch a rate;
Therefore, pray Husband, let's have no Diſpute,
For Fire and Faggot ſhould not bring me to't.

HUSBAND.

Thy ſtiff-neck'd Guide has taught thee wondrous well,
Something I find thou'ſt learn'd, and that's to Rail;
Are theſe the Bellowings of thy Hornbook Dunce,
Who, like ripe bottled Ale, muſt froth and bounce,
To pleaſe the gaping Fools who ſit in Throngs,
To catch the Bleatings of his painful Lungs.
How eaſily, alas, are Fools betray'd
To vilify the Good, and chuſe the Bad?
How ſoon will ſhallow Reaſon quit its place,
For the bald empty ſound of *Saving Grace*,
Breath'd thro' the Gullet of an Aſs that brays,
And hideouſly confounds whate'er he ſays;
Empty as Echo, full of only Voice,
Dull as the Brazen-Head that ſpoke but thrice.
And you believe the Nonſenſe you have heard,
Squeez'd out between Hawk-Noſe and Peaked-Beard,
By a grave doating Wizard, who forſook
His Weaver's Shuttle for a Changlink-Flock,
That by Pretences to a heav'nly Gift,
The Saint inſpir'd might make a better ſhift,
Glean once a Quarter from each Blockhead's Store,
And live himſelf at Eaſe, who ſtarv'd before.

Shame

Shame on the ſtupid Ign'rance of your Youth,
To be miſled by Nonſenſe from the Truth;
As if a canting Owl, in Garret bred,
To wind off Silk or manage Skains of Thread,
Unskill'd in Books, taught only to diſpute
The diff'rent Prizes of his Warp and Shoot,
Should more of Scripture and Religion know,
Than thoſe who to that learned Fountain go,
Where ſacred Truths in Cryſtal Channels flow.

WIFE.

You'd need find Fault, indeed, and ſay that I
Am taught to only rail and vilify,
When you reflect that I the Church aſperſe,
I'm ſure the Kettle calls the Pot Black-arſe.
How can you thus abuſe ſo good a Saint,
A Guide ſo heav'nly good, as Mr. *Quaint*,
So Grave, ſo Pious, and as Juſt a Man,
As ever preach'd 'twixt *Berſheba* and *Dan*?
What tho', perhaps, when young, he was not bred
At what you Churchmen call the Fountain head?
Can Holy Men to Knowledge never riſe,
But they muſt paſs your Popiſh Verſities?
How came the Prophets, pray, to leave behind
Thoſe Holy Truths which we in Scripture find?
I've heard they ne'er were whip'd at Grammar-School,
Nor taught long Leſſons, or to ſpeak by Rule,
Yet they (Good-Men) all Chriſtians muſt allow,
Were wiſer far than all your Biſhops now;

Beſides,

Beſides th' Apoſtles too were meanly bred,
Some to catch Fiſh, and that's no learned Trade,
Yet they commanded were to *go* and *teach*
All Nations, and without a Book could preach,
Much better than your Prieſts, who ſtrain their Throats
To pray by Maſs Books, and to preach by Notes.
Why then mayn't Holy-Men from Looms be call'd,
As well as *Peter* from the Nets he haul'd,
And be inſpir'd, like him, to ſhew aright,
The Path that leads to everlaſting Light?

HUSBAND.

Well ſaid, my Dear, you've let me ſee at once,
How Fools are taught to vindicate a Dunce,
Who has no other way to be admir'd,
But to pretend a Call, and ſeem inſpir'd.
So *Pagan* Kings, to hide their mean Deſcent,
Back'd by their Prieſts, ſtrange Stories would invent,
That they were born of Heav'n to rule a State,
Tho' brawny Clown begot the ſpurious Brat.
Juſt ſo your Guides, proud Hypocrites at Heart,
Who from their Garrets into Pulpits ſtart,
Pretend Commiſſion by a Call unknown,
To be, by Grace, adopted Heaven's Son;
And that thoſe Myſt'ries from the Fools conceal'd,
Are only to the yawning Knaves reveal'd.
What tho' th' Apoſtles from their Nets were made
Fiſhers of Men, as 'tis in Scripture ſaid;
Their Holy Lives, the Doctrine that they taught,
Their pious Works, the Miracles they wrought,

All plainly prove they were by Heav'n inſpir'd,
With Gifts that could not be by Art acquir'd;
They nothing taught but what's divinely Good,
And ev'ry diſtant Language underſtood;
But your illit'rate Dunce, your groaning Block,
Who whoops and hollows to his brainleſs Flock,
With all his Gifts that labour in his Crown,
No Language underſtands, nay, not his own,
But cons his Leſſon till by heart 'tis got,
And, Parrot-like, talks Scripture but by Rote;
Therefore he tells you 'tis a Crime to look,
In time of Preaching, on the Sacred Book,
Becauſe he knows he ſhould be run a-ground,
In reading what he ventures to expound:
His Hems, his Heſitations, and his Cough,
Would drown the Senſe, and make the Bigots laugh,
To hear him miſpronounce Old *Eliazer*,
And read, perhaps, *Bullbeggar* for *Belſhazer*.
I cannot longer let you tread amiſs,
In following ſuch an empty Guide as this.
You muſt conſider, ſince you marry'd are,
Your Soul is now become your Husband's Care,
And 'tis my Nuptial Duty to explode
Your Female Errors and regard your Good;
Therefore, I ſay, you muſt to Church repair,
And learn the Holy Worſhip practis'd there:
For when Experience makes you once more wiſe,
You'll hug thoſe Holy Things you now deſpiſe,
And thank me then that I've redeem'd your Soul,
From the vile Clutches of an ign'rant Owl.

WIFE.

WIFE.

O! bleſs me, ſure you will not ſerve me ſo,
Muſt I to Maſs and Purgatory go?
I'll to no Popiſh painted Altar bow,
Or kneel, then riſe and ſtand I know not how:
I'll not be tutor'd, catechiz'd, or taught,
To jabber like a Magpye, G—d knows what:
The very Noiſe, I'm ſure, would make me faint,
No, no, I'll truſt my Soul with Mr. *Quaint*,
That godly Man, who loves and fears the Lord,
That faithful Teacher of the Holy Word,
Who, when he Preaches, or Expounds or, Prays,
Tells, in plain Engliſh, what the Scripture ſays.
I'll pin no Faith upon a High-Church Gown,
Altho' my Body's yours, my Soul's my own;
And, by the help of Grace, it ne'er ſhall be
Seduc'd to ſuch profane Idolatry:
I'll ſtill be ſtedfaſt, 'tis in vain to teaſe,
But you may hazard yours what way you pleaſe.

HUSBAND.

If ſo reſolv'd, it ought to be my Care
To guard my Caſh, and keep your Pockets bare,
That no diſſembling Pick-Purſe ſhall command
My Money, by my Wife's deceitful Hand:
I'll have no Preſents bought, no Guineas ſent
By Goſſip *Drill*, to Rev'rend Maſter *Cant*:
Nor ſhall he dare to thruſt his Holy Snout
Within my Doors, when told that I am out;

For ſhould a Servant in my Houſe preſume
To give him Entrance here, when I'm from Home,
As ſoon as I'm inform'd, I'll turn them off,
And drive the Rebel hence with Kick and Cuff:
Nor ſhall yourſelf from Puniſhment go free,
But, from that Hour, be under Lock and Key:
And if I chance to catch the Pick-thank here,
Whiſp'ring his Tales into your liſt'ning Ear,
After I've thus his Company forbidden,
I'll Geld him, as they do the Prieſts in *Sweden.*

WIFE.

O! cruel Tyrant, would you ſeek his Blood,
And make an Enunch of a Man of God;
I'll ſend him notice, that he ne'er may come
Within your wicked Doors when you're at Home.
Geld ſuch a Holy Saint! O ſinful Brute!
Here's Perſecution with a witneſs to't!
The Lord protect him whereſoe'r he goes,
And guard him from the Malice of his Foes.
Bleſs me! that ſuch a dreadful and profane
Deſign ſhould ſtart into the Heart of Man.
What has he done, good Soul, that he ſhould loſe
What, I dare ſwear, he ne'er knew how to uſe,
Not in a ſinful manner, I am ſure,
His Soul's too righteous, and his Thoughts too pure.
By theſe your Threat'nings you too plainly ſhow,
What Malice High-Church bears againſt the Low,
I'll ſwear I would not uſe a Jeſuit ſo.

How-

However, Words nor Blows ſhall overcome me,
I ſhall not fear what Man can do unto me,
But will be ſtedfaſt in the righteous way,
In ſpite of all that you can do or ſay.

HUSBAND.

Since you're ſo much concern'd that I ſhould ſteal
The Bandſtrings of your Guide's pretended Zeal,
Which by the Female Tribe have oft been ty'd,
And, for aught I know, by yourſelf been try'd,
I'll make a Vow ne'er to embrace you more,
Till you your Saint and all his Tribe abjure,
Unbedded and neglected ſhall you lie,
Till with the true Church-Worſhip you comply,
No more ſhall you the Nuptial Joy poſſeſs,
But like a Widow ſpend your youthful Days;
For ſhe can ne'er love truly, or obey,
Whoſe wand'ring Soul ſeeks Heav'n a diff'rent way.

WIFE.

O barb'rous Man to break his Marriage Troth!
But pray, my Love, don't make ſo raſh an Oath;
Nay, pr'ythee huſh, for God's ſake do not ſwear,
Don't vow, and I'll do any thing, my Dear.

HUSBAND.

Be then obedient to my Will, and leave
Thoſe Canting-Knaves, who labour to deceive,
Who fright you from the Truth with odious Lies,
And, thro' your Folly, make themſelves ſeem wiſe;

Encourage you to circumvent and cheat
Your own, to make their Families more great;
Wedlock our Souls as well as Bodies join,
You therefore ought to venture yours with mine;
If not, pray bid your Nuptial Sheets adieu,
I'll have no Fleſh but with the Spirit too.

WIFE.

Laud! you're the ſtrangeſt Man I ever knew,
You are too raſh, conſider what you do:
Methinks, my Dear, I am unwilling, now
We're marry'd, you ſhould make ſo raſh a Vow;
I cannot loſe your Love, or frame a Heart
To dwell beneath one Roof, yet lie apart:
Therefore, my Dear, don't aggravate my Sorrow,
Bed me to Night, I'll go to Church to Morrow.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

When Man and Wife pull diff'rent Ways,
Thro' Conſcientious Scruple,
Few peaceful Hours, or happy Days,
Will bleſs that jarring Couple.

The Churchman wedded to a Spouſe,
Who with the Saints engages,
Muſt keep a Knave without his Houſe
At very large Board-Wages.

For

For zealous Women who deride
The Church, to follow Nonſenſe,
Will cheat their Husbands to provide
For him that guides their Conſcience.

So that 'tis Prudence in a Man,
Whoſe Wife's of ſuch a Humour,
To bring her over if he can,
Or keep his Money from her.

For ſhe that's full of Zeal and Pride,
To much Devotion given,
Thinks all too little for the Guide
Who leads her Soul to Heaven.

Therefore, my Friend, if you delight
To marry and be eaſy,
Pray leave the Holy Hypocrite,
To match the Canting Niſey.

DIALOGUE XXVIII.

Between a young Libertine, and an old canting rich Widow, whom he had marry'd for her Money.

HUSBAND.

PR'ythee, old Granny, hold thy jarring Tongue;
Tho' you are old and toothleſs, I am young.
Fill not my Ears with Noiſe, or Breaſt with Cares,
But mind thy Brandy-Bottle, and thy Pray'rs.
What, tho' I've warm'd thee in my nuptial Sheets,
And thaw'd thy frozen Limbs with joyful Heats,
Muſt I not therefore to the Tavern ſtir,
But thus be teas'd with ſo much Chum and Chir?
Forbear your Preaching, with your Cant have done;
Sure, Mother Wife, you take me for your Son.

WIFE.

I only do what ev'ry Woman ſhou'd,
Adviſe a wicked Husband for his Good.
Do you not ev'ry Day ſwear, game, and drink?
What will become of your poor Soul, d'ye think?
Do you not keep a Strumpet young and fair,
In better Dreſs than I preſume to wear?

Treat

Treat the lewd Slut; and coach the Trull about?
Whilſt I, alas! am glad to walk on Foot,
Am I not forc'd to go to Church alone,
Neglected by my Spouſe, as if I'd none?
Whilſt you, perhaps, the Holy Sabbath waſte
In the vile Arms of ſome laſcivious Beaſt.
O fie! my Dear, what can you think will prove
The ſad Event of ſuch unlawful Love?
Body and Soul muſt for your Pleaſure pay;
And when you've ſquander'd your Eſtate away,
The gaudy Snakes you have ſo oft embrac'd,
Who help you to expend your Wealth ſo faſt,
Will triumph o'er your ſad Decay at laſt.

HUSBAND.

Such Doctrine from a Prieſt, is well enough;
But from a Wife, 'tis very nauſeous Stuff.
What Man would mind the moſt authentick Truth,
Spoke by a Magpy, or a Parrot's Mouth?
Kind am'rous Lectures, from a Wife that's young,
Delight the Ear, and well become the Tongue;
But ſuch long Sermons, and Reproofs as theſe,
From an old Hag, are a confounded Teaſe;
Such rev'rend Speeches, from a grizly Jade,
Fitter for Witchcraft, than a Nuptial Bed,
Can ne'er be pleaſant to an airy Spouſe,
Too young for barren Joys, and wrinkled Brows.

WIFE.

Fool that I was! O curſe the fatal Hour,
In which I gave my Bags into your Pow'r!
What fawning Proteſtations could you make,
And Vows, to keep what now each Hour you break?
Did you not ſwear, that I ſhould always find
Your Words reſpectful, and your Actions kind?
But now, alas! your Flatt'ries have obtain'd
My uſeful Wealth, my Perſon is diſdain'd;
My Years deſpis'd, my Nuptial Hopes buffoon'd;
My Love but laugh'd at, and my Fortune ruin'd;
And, becauſe deſtitute of youthful Charms,
Hateful my Bed, and nauſeous are my Arms.

HUSBAND.

Faith, Madam, if you'd know the real Truth,
I can't join Lips with ſuch a toothleſs Mouth;
Which, like *Pandora*'s Box, affords ſuch Fumes,
That ſmell of Death, and ſtink of rotten Gums.
I cannot kiſs, when you have done your Pray'rs,
And your Cheeks clammy with repenting Tears:
Or can I hug, when I have heard your Groans,
A wither'd skinful of ſuch mouldy Bones?
Your Pains and Aches fright me from your Arms,
I can't be tempted, where there are no Charms.
Therefore, ſince you would be ſo vain, to buy
So young a Spouſe, when you were paſt the Joy,
My Sins are chargeable on your ſweet Tooth,
Which, in your Age, had ſuch a Luſt to Youth:

For

For who can, in his Prime and Vigour, wed
A wither'd Relick, toothleſs and decay'd,
And not, for Beauty's ſake, defile his Marriage-Bed?

WIFE.

O wicked Man! why would you then approve
A Woman for your Wife, you could not love?
If Age, that's deſtitute of Female Charms,
Be ſo obnoxious to your younger Arms,
My Failings could not, from your Eyes, be hid,
The Faults you find, you in my Looks might read,
Before your Flatt'ries brought me to agree
To give you Title to my Wealth, and me.
Why then would you ſo ill a Match purſue,
To make me wretched, and yourſelf ſo too?
If you foreſaw my fading Years would prove
So great an Antidote to Nuptial Love,
Why ſhould you put on Nature ſuch a Force,
As to join Age for better and for worſe?
Therefore, ſince you, who knew me to be old,
With all my Faults, would wed me for my Gold,
'Tis barb'rous now to ſlight me, and deſpiſe
My Age, for my foreſeen Infirmities.
Since I, to make you happy, have reſign'd
My Wealth, you ought in Conſcience to be kind;
And not to waſte that Riches which I brought
On common Sluts, moſt ſcandalouſly naught:
For ſince I gave you what you ſpend on them,
The Donor ought to ſhare in your Eſteem;

Becauſe conſider, Wretch, that 'tis my Gold
Helps you to younger Fleſh, tho' I am old.

HUSBAND.

'Tis true, your Age and Money are the Cauſe
That I ſo oft tranſgreſs the Marriage-Laws:
For who can bury'd lie in wither'd Arms,
That wants no Wealth to purchaſe youthful Charms?
If you, with rev'rend Furrows on your Brows,
Would hazard all, to wed a ſtrenuous Spouſe,
How can you think, that I ſhould be content,
I, who am youthful, and to Pleaſures bent,
To waſte my Days, and fool away my Nights,
With a dry Skeleton, paſt Love's Delights?
If frozen Age, i' th' Winter of Decay,
On a young Mate would fling her Wealth away,
Pray how can ſuch a Wife, with Juſtice, blame
A youthful Husband, when he does the ſame?
For if Love's Appetite will prove ſo ſtrong
In aged Veins, who have enjoy'd it long,
Well may the Briſk and Youthful run aſtray,
Since old decrepid Lechers ſhew the Way!

WIFE.

Men always frame a plauſible Excuſe
For lawleſs Freedoms they are prone to uſe.
The Wicked their Evaſions never want;
The Villain labours to be thought a Saint;
And if detected, ſlily caſts the Blame
On others, that himſelf may ſhun the Shame.

Thoſe

Thoſe who the worſt of Villainies purſue,
Still plead Neceſſity for what they do;
And ev'ry common Proſtitute, pretends
She ſins for want of Money, or of Friends;
When 'tis alone their Luſt, for want of Grace,
That ſpurs them forward to be lewd and baſe,
So you would make my barren-Age, the Cauſe
Why you offend, and break good Heaven's Laws;
When your own ſinful Appetites miſlead
Your wav'ring Heart to wrong your Marriage Bed.

HUSBAND.

Pr'ythee, old Woman, hold thy teaſing Tongue;
Thou'rt ancient, and forget'ſt that I am young.
Would you remember, when with Beauty arm'd,
How ev'ry Lover's Kiſs your Fancy warm'd;
How briſk and gay, how frolickſome you were,
When youthful, pleaſant, forward, kind and fair;
What ſubtle Arts you've us'd to win a Spark;
And how you've wiſh'd to meet him in the Dark;
How cloſe you kiſs'd; what Pleaſures you have ſtole;
And what ſtrange Things he did to charm your Soul;
How you firſt nibbl'd at the tempting Hook,
In ſpite of all the Care your Mother took;
How you thought this the ſweeteſt Man alive;
Yet would, next day, ſome new Intrigue contrive;
What Vows, with Reſervations, you have made;
How many you have lov'd; what Fools betray'd:
How oft you wrong'd your Husband in your Youth;
What Lies you told, yet vow'd them to be Truth;

What

What Stratagems you form'd; what ſtrange Fatigues
You run thro', to accompliſh your Intrigues;
What plauſible Excuſes you would coin,
To cheat the Fool, and manage your Deſign.
Would you but recollect ſuch Things as theſe,
And think on all your paſt Enormities,
You would not then ſo great a Wonder make
At all thoſe youthful Liberties I take;
But ſay, My Dear, I own it is no more,
Than I myſelf, when young, have done before.

WIFE.

O wicked Man! to harbour ſuch a Thought!
What, do you think I, in my Youth, was naught?
O fie! my Dear, ſuch Cenſure only ſhews,
The wicked muſe of others, as they uſe.

HUSBAND.

Pr'ythee, I know you're made of Female Mold,
Am'rous when young, and penitent when old;
Therefore I'll leave you to your Pray'rs and Tears,
Fit Recreations for your rev'rend Years.
But I from Tavern muſt to Tavern ſtroll,
Where ſparkling Wine revives my drooping Soul;
And Boon-Companions o'er the Bottle meet,
To chear the Heart, and exerciſe their Wit.
Therefore, old Grannum, let us thus agree;
I'll drink for you, and you ſhall pray for me.

Moral

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

WHat Youth of either Sex, whilſt warm
With Love and active Vigour,
Tho' brib'd, is able to conform
To Age, and all its Rigour?

Wealth cannot ballance the Delights
Of Bacchus, *and of* Venus;
When Beauty charms, or Wine invites,
Our Vertue ſhrinks within us.

Old Mothers, with their bug-bear Tales,
May make their Daughters tremble;
Yet Nature, when they're ripe, prevails,
And then the Sluts diſſemble.

All their external modeſt Shews
Of Piety and Vertue,
Are but the cunning Ways they uſe
(My am'rous Friend) to court you.

Nor can the Lecher, old and dry,
That weds a youthful Beauty,
By Money, Padlock, Bolt, or Spy,
Oblige her to her Duty.

What

What crazy Hag can then expect
A young Man ſuch a Bubble,
That he ſhould Beauty's Charms neglect,
To gratify old Stubble?

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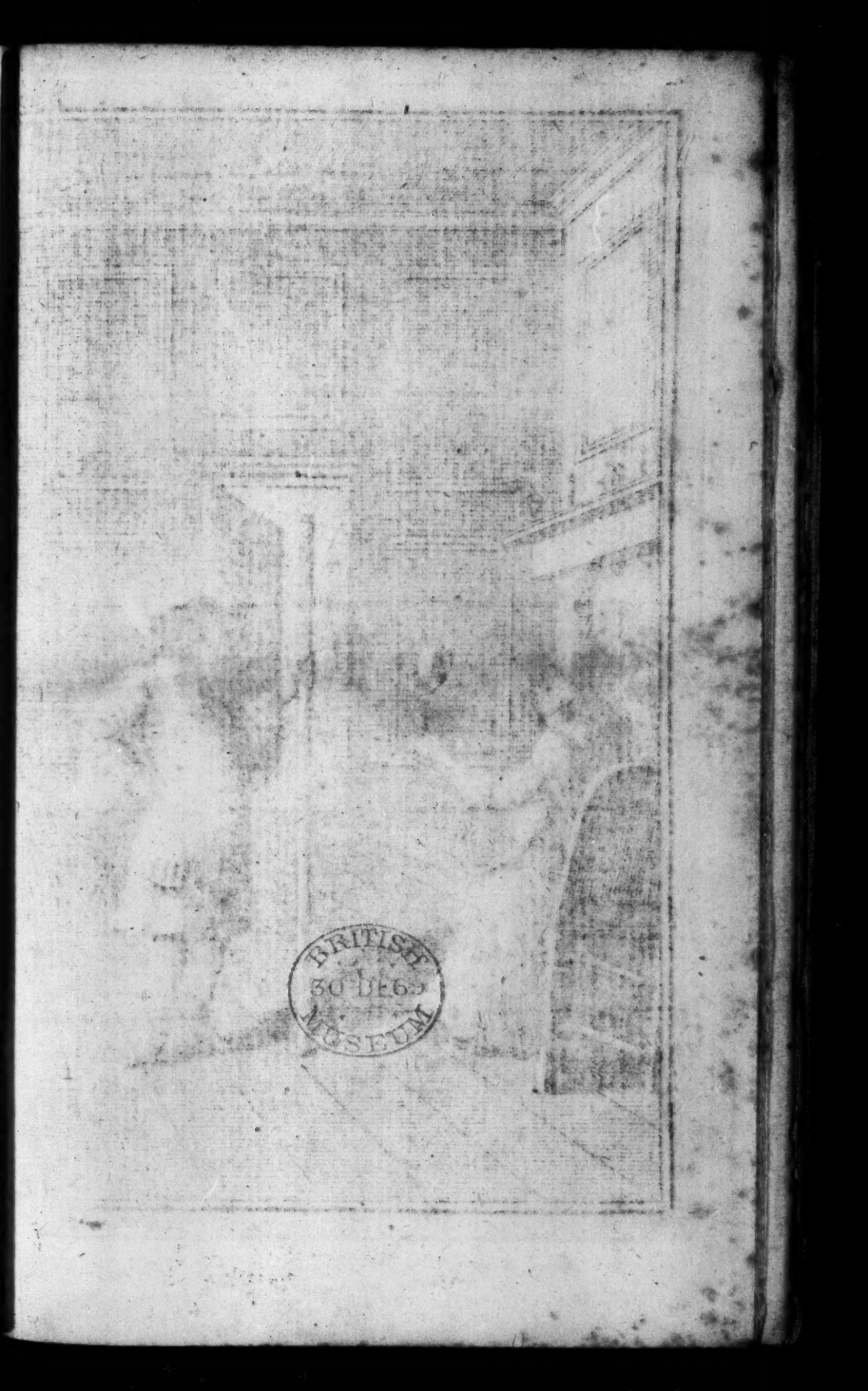
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J. Pine in &

DIALOGUE XXIX.

Between an old, prodigal, new-ſworn Conſtable and his young noiſy Wife, concerning his Power and Authority.

HUSBAND.

WIfe hold your Tongue, your noiſy Nonſenſe ceaſe,
Take Notice, Huſſy, I command the Peace;
By virtue of this Staff, whereon you ſee
The painted Arms of pow'rful Majeſty,
Altho' a Man, I repreſent the Queen;
'Tis true, you prating Minx, for all you grin;
Therefore, when, with an awful Voice, I ſay,
Do this, you ought to court'ſey and obey.

WIFE.

Marry-come-up, you repreſent the Queen!
You doating Aſs, pray tell me but wherein,
Take care you are not whip'd from Gate to Gate,
For talking Treaſon at ſo vile a Rate,
It happens well there is no other by,
To hear you prate ſo like a Fool, but I,

You're

You're a fine Fellow, with that *Roman* Noſe,
Between a wrinkled Pair of Lanthorn Jaws,
Anatomiz'd by Age, to Skin and Bone,
To repreſent a Queen upon the Throne;
Beſides, you ſilly Oaf, what Man alive
Can be a Woman's Repreſentative,
Tho', I confeſs, your Kindneſs is ſo rare,
I ſcarce remember which o' th' two you are;
Yet, I am ſure, 'tis Impudence in you
To talk of Queens as you preſume to do.

HUSBAND.

Huſſy, I ſay, what I aſſert is right,
And more than that, I'm Monarch of the Night,
Can Stop, Command, Examine, Loll in Eaſe,
And, like a King, Impriſon whom I pleaſe;
Exert my Sov'reign Pow'r as Cauſe appears,
And Nod, attended by my Halberteers.
There's Honour for a Wife, to Bed in State
With ſuch a high and mighty Magiſtrate;
For tho' I govern by the Staff I bear,
Yet you are Madam-Conſtable, my Dear.

WIFE.

I muſt confeſs, to warm your wither'd Hide
Is a great Honour to your younger Bride,
Much Joy and Credit to a Wife redounds,
From ſuch a Skinful of diſabled Bones;
The gouty Leader of a ſcabby Crew
Of louzy tatter'd Scrubs, you know not who,

Arm'd

Arm'd with long Staves, becauſe the bearded Rout
Are too infirm and lame to walk without;
Old, frowzy, croaking Sots, who live and feed
On Brandy, foggy Ale, and ſtinking Weed,
And ſmell as rank, within your Pariſh-Hut,
As an old hunted Fox, or ſtable Goat;
A Train as fit as you could well deſire,
To guard their Monarch by his Watch-houſe Fire,
Who nod and ſlumber in your Elbow Chair,
Till waken'd with the Call of, *Who comes there?*
Then in, before your Staff, perhaps, is brought
Some ſtrolling Slut, or inoffenſive Sot,
Who wanting Coin to give your Watch a Fee,
To Cage or Counter muſt committed be,
That the next Day you may have ſome Pretence
To fleece 'em, tho' they're guiltleſs of Offence:
Your midnight Majeſty, that does theſe things,
Much Honour home to me, your Conſort, brings;
I muſt have much Felicity, beſure,
In ſleeping at the Back of ſo much Pow'r,
So full of Belch, Pride, Vanity, and Wind,
That ev'ry Night you break the Peace behind,
Diſturb my Reſt from Twelve o' Clock to Four,
As if your A—ſe had learn'd to croak the Hour:
I therefore wiſh it was your Worſhip's Fate,
To nod much oft'ner in your Chair of State,
For I muſt own I always ſleep the beſt,
When you're abroad diſturbing others Reſt.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

You prating Huſſy, I ſhould ſerve you right,
To put you in the Stocks, but that 'tis Night.
How dare you give me one provoking Word?
I'd have you know, I can commit a Lord;
Therefore you'd beſt to regulate your Tongue,
That wicked Member that's ſo looſely hung,
Or when I'm angry I ſhall make you ſee,
What 'tis to aggravate Authority.
I ought to keep the Peace where-e'er I come,
Not only thro' the Pariſh, but at home,
And how, alas, ſhould I preſerve the ſame,
If aw'd by th' Clamour of my noiſy Dame?
No, you pert Huſſy, you ſhall ſee, ere long,
I'll find a way to ſtop your noiſy Tongue,
Or by this Staff, which in my Hand I hold,
I'll have you *Coram Nobis* for a Scold,
And then how like a ſhame-fac'd whining Fool,
You'll look, when leading to the Ducking Stool.

WIFE.

You have me *Coram Nob*, you ugly Dog!
You lead me to be duck'd, you louſy Rogue!
You have me puniſh'd for a Scold, you Brute!
When is't I quarrel, wrangle or diſpute?
Sirrah, 'tis your ill Tongue begins the Strife,
The Neighbours know that I'm a patient Wife,
An honeſt Woman, you provoking Owl,
Too good for you, for all you're Conſtable,

Jack

Jack in a Pariſh-Office, proud to be
The Scum of troubleſome Authority,
Pleas'd with a painted Staff, advanc'd to fright
Vagrants by Day, and drunken Sots by Night;
But don't you think my inoffenſive Tongue
Shall truckle to your Short one, or your Long;
I have no Cauſe to fear a painted Stick,
I nothing ſay but what a Wife ſhould ſpeak,
And what an honeſt Husband ought to hear,
For all he's climb'd into his Elbow Chair;
Therefore I'll talk what's proper to a Fool,
In ſpite of painted Staff or Ducking Stool;
I'll not be call'd a Scold, I know I'm none,
But ſince yourſelf this Diff'rence has begun,
I'll make you eat your Words before I've done.

HUSBAND.

You ſilly angry Waſp, I meant no Hurt,
I only jeſted for a little Sport;
Tho' ſome would think that now you ſcold and rave,
I know it's nothing but a way you have;
Suppoſe you were a noiſy Scold indeed,
As bad as Gammar *Douſe*, or Mother *Reed*,
And I had Pow'r to duck you, by my Life,
I'd ſcorn to ſo miſuſe my deareſt Wife;
Why ſhould not Woman, when ſhe's vex'd, be free
To vent her Mind ſometimes, as well as we?
For Men have Failings, very great ones too,
Nor can I boaſt that I have leſs than you.

However,

However, you ſhould now conſider, Love,
That I'm a Magiſtrate, a Man above
The common Rank, and you ſhould therefore be
Obedient now to my Authority;
Do as I bid you, mind whate'er I ſay,
'Twill be your own, my Dear, another Day.

WIFE.

What a Rout's here about a naſty Office,
Daily conferr'd on ev'ry whiffling Novice;
Beſides you're but *Jack-hold-my-Staff* at beſt,
Hir'd by a wiſer Man, that loves his Reſt,
Who ſcorns to leave a Wife that's young and fair,
To nod at Midnight in a wooden Chair,
And quit the Pleaſures of his Nuptial Bed,
To be a louzy Rabble's brainleſs Head.
The ſurly Leader of a croaking Train
Of Rogues, beneath the Dignity of Men,
Scoundrels, to Infamy and Baſeneſs bent,
Who make more Miſchief than you all prevent;
Therefore you'd need be proud of ſuch a Poſt,
And of your upright painted Bauble boaſt;
A Staff by which the Poor are oft oppreſt,
And fits a buſy Coxcomb's Hand the beſt:
But I'll not ſtoop or yield one Jot the more,
For your tall Gugaw, I defy your Pow'r,
And dare advance, for th' Honour of the Coif,
The Handle of my Broom againſt your Staff;
And if you further vex me, fairly try
Whoſe Weapon is of moſt Authority.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

Pr'ythee, my Dear, don't let us jeſt ſo long
Till we fall out, for that would quite be wrong;
My Duty is to quell all riſing Jars,
And not to aggravate Domeſtick Wars;
Therefore, I beg you, let our Diſcords ceaſe,
I'm bound, I tell you, to preſerve the Peace:
For many Nuptial Quarrels have aroſe,
From Jeſt to Earneſt, and from Words to Blows;
I vow I'm ſorry if I ſpoke amiſs,
I did not think it would have grown to this.
Come, come, let's have a Kiſs, that always ends
The Feuds 'twixt *Man* and *Wife*, and makes them *Friends*.
Well, that was kind, I hate to ſee thee frown;
Now all is over, pr'ythee lends my Gown,
'Tis late, I to the Watch-houſe muſt repair,
It's paſt Eleven o' Clock, good Night, my Dear.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

THE Man that's troubled with a Wife
That's given much to Jangling,
Muſt oft ſubmit, to eaſe his Life,
Or elſe be always Wrangling.

For

For Wives, tho' Doctors do affirm
They're cold of Conſtitution,
Yet when they're vex'd, they're very warm
In Tongue and Reſolution.

Patience is better far than Force,
For when the ſtubborn Grey-Mare
Is bent to prove the better Horſe,
No Oaken Plant can tame her.

It is of no Effect to boaſt
His Power or his Riches,
All Arguments and Means are loſt
On Wives that wear the Breeches.

What tho' the angry Fool ſhould fight,
Controul her, and fatigue her,
All he can do's but waſhing white
The Ethiopian *Negro.*

Therefore approve what e'er ſhe ſays,
Commend, but never blame her,
He's wiſe that gives a Scold her ways,
For nothing will reclaim her.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXX.

Between the forgiving Husband, and the penitent Adulteress.

HUSBAND.

MY dear *Lavinia*, once the only Joy
Of my kind Soul, and Charmer of my Eye,
Ease of my Cares, and Pleasure of my Bed,
In whom alone I once was happy made;
The Object of my Love, the only She,
Whose Welfare was my chief Felicity:
But now, alas! thy Beauties are declin'd,
Which, undefil'd, with so much Lustre shin'd;
And all those sweet Angelick Graces lost,
Which none but faithful Innocence can boast.
O! how could such a heav'nly Face and Mien,
By human Flatt'ries, be seduc'd to sin!
And with Man's lustful Rhetorick be charm'd,
To fall a Victim, when so well fore-arm'd,
And in one Moment, destitute of Grace,
Stain with Dishonour so divine a Face!
But, O! by sad Experience now I find
Fair Looks are no true Index of the Mind

And that ſoft Beauty we ſo much adore,
Tho' with ſuch tempting Graces varniſh'd o'er,
Does oft, like luſcious Fruits, prove rotten at the Core.

WIFE.

Forgive me, Dear, and eaſe a Wretch's Pain,
Thou beſt of Husbands, and the beſt of Men.
O! let my Tears and Penitence at one
For the ſad Ills I have ſo raſhly done;
Pity the Sorrows of a ſinful Breaſt,
Loaded with Grief, too great to be expreſt.
'Tis true, I have been faithleſs and unkind,
Deaf to good Counſel, to my Duty blind,
Perverſe, unruly, to my Ruin prone,
Forgetful of your Honour, and my own:
But, could unfeign'd Repentance re-obtain
Your Nuptial Love, and waſh away my Stain,
From this ſad Hour I would my Life renew,
Abhor the Guilt, in Pray'rs devoutly true
Implore the Mercy of good Heav'n and you.

HUSBAND.

O! that frail Woman ſhould ſuch Charms poſſeſs,
Unarm'd with Vertue, and uncrown'd with Grace!
And that ſuch Beauty ſhould be left to ſtray,
For want of Prudence, to conſult the Way;
But harder ſtill, that injur'd Man ſhould bear
Part of the Shame, who'as in the Guilt no Share.

How

How then, *Lavinia*, can your Spouſe forgive,
Who, for your Pleaſures, does ſuch Pains receive?
Your Crime's too black, and bears too deep a Dye,
Too bad for injur'd Man to paſs it by.
It's true, the Goodneſs which the Gods extend,
May meet your Pray'rs, their Mercy knows no End;
Nor can our Failings interrupt their Eaſe,
They're not diſturb'd with our Enormities.
Therefore, when Mortals do their Sins repent,
Heav'n may forgive what human Nature can't.

WIFE.

Should I capitulate at ſuch a Time,
'Twould ſwell my Guilt, and aggravate my Crime.
Offenders, when they're caſt, and Mercy need,
May be allow'd to pray, but not to plead:
Detected Guilt will no Diſputes admit,
'Tis Favour to be ſuffer'd to entreat.
Therefore, ſince all Excuſe muſt be forborn,
I only beg you'll give me leave to mourn;
And that my humble Sighs and Tears may move
Your Pity, tho' I've forfeited your Love.

HUSBAND.

'Tis true, the Guilty have no other way
To obtain Mercy, but to weep and pray.
Sorrow's the beſt Return that can be paid,
Where Reſtitution is not to be made:
Yet Show'rs of Tears, alas! are but a ſmall
Atonement for a Crime ſo capital,

Whoſe ſad Effects the injur'd Breaſt muſt feel,
As long as Mem'ry can ſurvive the Ill.
Such monſtrous Crimes whole Families torment,
Beyond Forgiveneſs of the Penitent.
Who then can pardon an Offence ſo great,
Which Time cannot repair, or Man forget?
An ignominious Blot, that ſtains ſo home,
'Twill blacken Generations ſtill to come;
Make your own Children, when they chance to hear
Their Mother's Failings grate upon their Ear,
Diſſolve their Duty, doubt their lawful Birth,
And curſe the vicious Womb that brought 'em forth.
What Husband then can ſmother an Offence
Attended with ſuch dreadful Conſequence?

WIFE.

O! baſe and wretched Woman that I am,
Moſt juſtly doom'd to Miſery and Shame;
Nor can I call you cruel or unkind,
Since I've deſerv'd worſe Uſage than I find.
O! that I could but reach ſome lonely Place,
Where I might ever hide my bluſhing Face;
Or to ſome unfrequented Deſart run,
Untrod by Man, ungilded by the Sun;
There be compell'd for ever to reſide
With Brutes leſs ſavage than a faithleſs Bride.
For what baſe Wife, tho' ſhe has ſtain'd her Charms,
Can bear Excluſion from her Husband's Arms,
And live unpity'd, ſlighted, and contemn'd,
By her beſt Lover, and her ſureſt Friend?

O!

O! lend your Sword, that I may eaſe my Breaſt,
And ſend my poor diſtracted Soul to Reſt,
That at one Thruſt I may my Grief remove,
And pierce that Heart which has betray'd your Love.
Tho' my own Ills my Happineſs have croſt,
Yet thrown from you, I am entirely loſt.
O! who can live a poor diſcarded Wife?
Death is leſs Terror, than ſo baſe a Life.

HUSBAND.

What Pow'r has faithleſs Beauty in her Tears?
How Guilt withdraws, when Penitence appears?
You know, *Lavinia*, once I lov'd you well,
Nor have your Crimes yet chang'd my Heart to Steel;
I cannot hear you ſo much Grief expreſs,
But ſtill muſt pity your Unhappineſs:
I own, *Lavinia*, I'm a little mov'd
To eaſe that Heart I once ſo dearly lov'd.
Could I forget, methinks I could forgive;
But Crimes like yours, will ſtill unbury'd live;
In the moſt patient Boſom gnawing lie,
And, like the Worm of Conſcience, never die.

WIFE.

My deareſt Husband, O! thou God-like Man,
Could you one Thought of Pardon entertain,
My Love, Obedience, and my pious Life,
Should ſhew I was become ſo good a Wife,
That, by my future Penitence, I'd blaſt
The odious Mem'ry of my Follies paſt;

Perform my Duty with ſuch humble Care,
That not one Action of my Life ſhould err;
So that we both ſhould bleſs the happy Time
Your Goodneſs pardon'd, O! my hated Crime;
My chaſte Deportment ſhould in Time perſuade
Your peaceful Breaſt, that I have never ſtray'd.
Thus the deep Senſe of my Misfortunes paſt,
Shall make me always kind, and always chaſte.
But if your Heart be harden'd, and your Ears
Are deaf to my repenting Cries and Tears;
If ſo ſevere, O! miſerable me!
I'm loſt, and muſt for ever wretched be.

HUSBAND.

Such heav'nly Promiſes, and ſuch a Flood
Of falling Tears, are not to be withſtood:
Such penitential Drops of liquid Gems,
More rich than Pearl on Princes Diadems,
Muſt bribe a Soul ſo lenitive as mine,
And make my Heart more ſorrowful than thine.
My dear *Lavinia*, you have charm'd my Breaſt,
Forc'd me to yield to ev'ry ſoft Requeſt.
The Vows that flow from your melodious Tongue,
Compel me to forgive the greateſt Wrong.
Who can ſuch kind and mournful Accents hear
From ſo much Beauty, and be ſtill ſevere?
What dire Revenge upon the worſt Offence,
Is able to withſtand ſuch Penitence?
Tho' thy paſt Liberties deſerve my Scorn,
I cannot, without Pity, hear thee mourn.

I muſt

I muſt forgive thee.—— From the Ground ariſe,
Comfort thy Breaſt, and dry thy flowing Eyes;
And let the future Conduct of thy Life
Shew thee a thankful and obedient Wife:
For Crimes repeated after Pardon giv'n,
Deſerve from Man no Mercy, or from Heav'n.

WIFE.

O! beſt of Husbands, be for ever bleſt.
May my paſt Folly ne'er diſturb your Breaſt;
But from this Time remain a cancel'd Blot,
Unthought of as the Child that's unbegot.
O! how ſhall I reward your gen'rous Mind,
To Patience, Love, and Mercy thus inclin'd?
By what kind Meaſures ſhall I ſtrive to ſhew
The Gratitude to ſo much Goodneſs due?
O! help me, Heaven, to improve my Charms,
That I each Night may doubly bleſs his Arms,
And yield him ſuch Enjoyments, when embrac'd,
That human Nature ne'er before could taſte.
May I that kind and lovely Creature be,
That with his Wiſhes may the beſt agree;
Always obliging, diligent, and meek;
And may my Words be Muſick when I ſpeak,
That I may charm his Soul with new Delights,
And make his Days as happy as his Nights.
My deareſt Husband, you ſhall find me prove
A faithful Bleſſing to your future Love;
An humble Wife, whoſe Vertues ſhall atone
For all the Wrongs my fooliſh Youth has done.

No Pow'r on Earth ſhall tempt one Thought awry;
The Wiles of Men and Devils I'll defy,
And on your Love for evermore rely.

HUSBAND.

Like your ſweet Looks, your Promiſes are fair:
But ſtill ſuch Charms as yours muſt have a Care;
Depend not on your Strength, 'tis Grace alone
Muſt guard you, if attack'd, from being won.
Woman, by Nature, ſubject is to change,
Too eas'ly tempted, and inclin'd to range;
Therefore, by humble Pray'rs, make *Heav'n* your Friend;
Without, no Vertue can itſelf defend.
The Gods alone muſt guard you from the Fate
That does ſo oft on female Beauty wait:
Implore their Aid, your Follies paſt lament,
And I'll forgive and love, tho' I repent.
For how can Man, that ſeeks Revenge below,
Of Heav'n ask Mercy, if he none will ſhow?

WIFE.

O pious Man! how greatly am I bleſs'd,
To hear ſuch Love and Lenity expreſs'd,
When the baſe Wrongs, which now I truly mourn,
Deſerve no leſs than Infamy and Scorn!
Had your Reſentments your Compaſſion ſour'd,
And your Revenge your Vertues over-pow'r'd,
How wretched had I been, involv'd in all
The Mis'ries that could curſe a Woman's Fall?

But

But ſince, O gen'rous Suff'rer, thou has ſav'd
A ſinful Wife, polluted and deprav'd,
With all Abhorrence I my Crimes abjure,
And date my happy Life from this good Hour;
Will, for the future, Vertue's Paths purſue,
And prove for ever juſt to Heav'n and you.

HUSBAND.

Tho' your unhappy Crimes my Love have croſt,
'Tis pity ſo much Beauty ſhould be loſt.
I muſt be kind to thy repenting Charms,
And hug my dear *Lavinia* in my Arms.
All that I now can ask, is, that you'll prove
Futurely faithful, to reward my Love;
Therefore be good and juſt, that I may ſee
Forgiveneſs mends beyond Severity.

WIFE.

The gen'rous Pity you have thus beſtow'd,
Inſpires my humble Soul with all that's good,
After ſuch Mercy, I can ne'er offend
So kind a Husband, and ſo true a Friend;
But ſhall my Thoughts and Actions ſtrictly bind
To Vertue's happy Rules, that you ſhall find
Your Pardon, to the Comfort of our Lives,
Has made a worthleſs Wretch, the beſt of Wives.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

HOW happy is that God-like Man,
Who can forgive Offences,
And wink at ſuch an odious Stain,
That ſtartles human Senſes?

The nuptial Treach'ry of the Fair,
Tho' nothing grows more common;
Yet it is hard for Man to bear
Such Uſage from a Woman.

Adultery! the very Name
Is hateful to the Guilty;
The wanton Dame is ſtabb'd with Shame,
Whene'er ſhe's thought ſo filthy.

When once detected in a Wife,
It proves the Bane of Wedlock;
And ſhe that loves it, ought for Life
To wear a publick Padlock:

But if ſhe turns from Bad to Good,
And mends her ill Behaviour,
'Tis hard repenting Beauty ſhou'd
Be caſt away for ever.

Therefore

Therefore, when Wives their Weakneſs ſhew,
Paſs not too harſh a Sentence;
But pardon Wrongs upon their due
Submiſſion and Repentance.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

Between a rich Sea Captain, and his young beautiful buxom Lady after ſix Months Marriage.

WIFE.

YOU ſay you love me, and admire my Charms,
And place your greateſt Bleſſings in my Arms;
Why will you triumph then o'er Love and Eaſe,
T'embrace the Dangers of the doubtful Seas?
And leave me in my tender Years, to mourn
Your Abſence, and deſpair of your Return?
Forſake what you avow you moſt eſteem,
To pile up Riches to a vain Extreme?

HUSBAND.

My Love, dear Child, I cannot but aſſert,
I own your Charms ride Adm'ral o'er my Heart,
'Tis for your ſake that I expoſe my Life;
If I ſurvive, you'll be the happier Wife;
Wealth is the only ſure Support that bears
From human Life the Weight of Marriage Cares,
Which elſe might cruſh our Fondneſs, now we're wed,
And ſpoil the Pleaſures of our nuptial Bed;

For

For Love and Friendſhip, tho' confirm'd for Years,
Always withdraw when Poverty appears.

WIFE.

Were we in Danger that approaching Want
Should cool our Love, your Argument I'd grant;
But you have Wealth enough to live at Eaſe,
And may on Shore be happy, if you pleaſe:
Nor was the Fortune which my Father paid
Too ſmall to keep me, had I liv'd a Maid;
I had no Cauſe to change my Virgin State
T' indulge my Pride, and to appear more Great;
I'd all the Comforts of a Maiden Life,
Before I knew what 'twas to be a Wife:
I marry'd not for Riches, but to prove,
By ſweet Experience, the Delights of Love:
And now the pleaſing Secret I have known,
'Tis hard I ſhould be left to ſigh alone.

HUSBAND.

Conſider, Love, the Wars have been my Friend,
All I poſſeſs have on the Seas been gain'd;
And ſince my Country, who have giv'n me Bread,
Approve my Service, and require my Aid,
It muſt be deem'd Ingratitude to ſlight
The Nation's Welfare for a Wife's Delight;
Such tame uxorious Folly would appear
Th' Effects of daſtard Jealouſy and Fear;
As if the Charms that grac'd your blooming Youth,
Caus'd me, when abſent, to diſtruſt your Truth;

Or

Or that I had poſtpon'd, to my Diſgrace,
The publick Safety to a Wife's Embrace.
No, no, when Fame does in the Front appear,
Love ſhould be always poſted in the Rear.
I own I place much Happineſs in you,
Yet cannot bid the jarring Seas adieu,
My Ship's the older Miſtreſs of the two.

WIFE.

Had, I, alas, foreſeen my youthful Charms
Could not have fix'd you to my tender Arms,
But that you would have taken ſtill more Pride
In your ſham Kingdom, than a faithful Bride,
And in a wand'ring Caſtle ſpent your Life,
Inſtead of Anch'ring with a ſtedfaſt Wife,
He ſhould have only joy'd in my Embrace,
Who'd lov'd me better, and his Honour leſs;
For I'm too young and airy to approve
Of fruitleſs Abſence, or *Platonick* Love.

HUSBAND.

Abſence renews the Matrimonial Bond,
And makes the happy Nuptial Pair more fond;
It tries how far they're truly juſt and kind,
And proves the Strength and Vertues of the Mind,
Doubles their am'rous Ardour when they meet,
Comforts their Days, and makes their Lives more ſweet.
So the ſharp Winter, tho' it ſeems ſevere,
It makes the ſoothing Spring more gay appear:

Thus

Thus after Cold leſs ſharper Air ſeems warm,
And a freſh Gale a Calm behind a Storm.

WIFE.

But I, my Dear, am amorous and young,
My Appetite's too keen to faſt ſo long;
I cannot ſtarve my Love, ſix Months at leaſt,
On the bare Promiſe of a doubtful Feaſt;
For ſhould my Vertue conquer my Deſires,
And bear the Want of what my Youth requires,
You may return diſabled from the Wars
Crippled with Wounds, andmaim'd with Honours Scars
Then what Amends can your poor Wife expect
For her long Patience, under cold Neglect?

HUSBAND.

Your Modeſty that Queſtion might have ſpar'd,
For Vertue always is its own Reward.
A Wife is bound in Duty to be juſt,
She's infamous that breaks her Nuptial Truſt;
'Tis her own Safety to be chaſte and good,
She's always wretched from the Time ſhe's lewd:
Nor will the Abſence of her Spouſe excuſe
Th' adult'rous Freedoms that a Wife ſhall uſe;
There's no Condition in the Nuptial Tye,
To favour Woman if ſhe treads awry,
Tho' ſhe for abſent Years lives unembrac'd,
The ſolemn Vow ſhould ſtill preſerve her chaſte.

WIFE.

But he that ſteps into a marry'd Life,
Should all forſake to cleave unto his Wife;
And not, like you, prefer a hoſtile Chace
Of Honour to her kind and ſoft Embrace.
If you, when no Neceſſity requires,
Leave me alone to pleaſe your vain Deſires,
'Tis you that firſt the Marriage Vow tranſgreſs,
And, by your Abſence, tempt me to be baſe:
I am not ſafe, of Nuptial Joys debarr'd;
A Husband's Preſence is a Woman's Guard;
I'm young, and, in your Abſence, cannot tell,
How far (alas!) Temptation may prevail.
A youthful Bride, forſaken in her Bloom,
Will be attack'd, and may be overcome;
Mere Pity will excite the Young and Kind,
To ſtorm her Vertue and inflame her Mind;
And what fair She, unguarded in her Prime,
Can ſtand the warm Aſſaults of Love and Time?
Stay you at Home, and that's the only way
To make a Wife love, honour, and obey;
Then free from Fears and Dangers ſhall I be,
Happy in you, and you ſecure in me;
But if to rove the Seas you're raſhly bent,
I know not what may prove the croſs Event;
Long Abſence may a youthful Bride provoke,
And ſtrong Reſolves be in a Moment broke.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

Methinks, my Dear, you are too plain and free,
Your Tongue exceeds the Bounds of Modeſty.
If now you're wed your Vertue proves ſo weak,
You cannot bear my Abſence, leſt you break
Your ſolemn Vow of Wedlock, to fulfil
The craving Warmth of your ſalacious Will;
You give me Reaſons to believe from thence,
I ne'er embrac'd your Virgin Innocence,
But that you firſt impos'd upon my Bed
Th' experienc'd Charms of a polluted Maid;
For if when ſingle, you could bear Reſtraint,
'Tis ſtrange your Virtue ſhould be now ſo faint:
If you could then reſiſt a Man's Embrace,
Why in my Abſence muſt you needs tranſgreſs,
Since now you know, what you before muſt be
Inclin'd to taſte, thro' mere Curioſity?

WIFE.

Had I ne'er known the Bliſs I find ſo great,
But ſtill continu'd in my Virgin State,
I ſhould have been content without the Joy,
For thoſe that never drink are never dry,
Nor did I ever ſin to baſely know
The Pleaſures that from Man's Embraces flow;
You are the only he, by mighty *Jove*,
That ever gave me the Delights of Love;
My Virgin Bluſh in your Embrace was loſt,
No Arms but yours that Happineſs can boaſt:

Nor

Nor do I ſay, if from my Breaſt you fly,
That ſome new Rival ſhall your Place ſupply;
Nor durſt I on my Female Strength depend,
The ſtouteſt Vertue may by chance offend;
Eſpecially ſhould your Affections ſtray,
Or your long Abſence clear the pleaſing Way:
For ſhe that's ne'er ſo coy may be betray'd
By ſtrong Attacks, if opportunely made;
For Woman, tho' well fortify'd within,
Yet Love has Bombs to fire her Magazine;
And tho' in her Defence ſhe's ne'er ſo warm,
She may be won by Treachery or Storm.

HUSBAND.

Muſt I, Slave-like, be fetter'd by your Charms,
And bury all my Glory in your Arms?
Muſt I renounce an active noble Life,
To dwell, like a tame Cuckold, with a Wife?
Abandon Honour, and forſake the Seas,
Surfeit with Plenty, and be chain'd to Eaſe,
Grow ſick of Beauty, weary of Delight,
Drink down the Day, and ſnoar away the Night?
Be a dull Wretch, to drowſy Sloth inur'd,
And live confin'd, 'twixt Marriage Walls immur'd?
Thrive, like a Crab-louſe, on the Brink of Love,
Till grown too fat and corpulent to move?
Attend the Chriſt'nings of a ſqualling Brood,
Whoſe Veins, perhaps, are fill'd with ſpurious Blood?

Drink

Drink to the Parſon, tattle to the Wives,
With coſtly Bowls renew their drooping Lives,
And ſmile to hear 'em wonder how the Infant thrives.
Walk with my Lady in my Hand abroad,
To viſit this ſly Jilt, that private Bawd?
And thus, to pleaſe a ſubtle Wife, become
An Inſtrument of my own Cuckoldom?
Not I, by all the Sea-Gods in the Deep,
I'm born to rove, and not at Home to ſleep:
If you're too free and buxom to contain
Yourſelf, whilſt I in Triumph plow the Main,
E'en take your Fill, be wanton as you pleaſe,
My Ship ſhall be my Bride, our Bed the Seas;
There will we toſs and tumble thro' the Waves,
Whilſt I bear Rule, and triumph o'er my Slaves.

WIFE.

My Dear, ſince I to my Affliction find,
No Female Arts can change your ſteady Mind,
But that I'm doom'd to ſo ſevere a Fate,
As to live ſingle in a Nuptial State,
Believe me, 'twas my Love, and nothing more,
Made me implore your Reſidence on Shore,
And take the Freedom to alarm your Breaſt,
With what my Youth and Innocence deteſt;
In hopes thereby to make you quit the Seas,
And, free from Danger, live at Home in Eaſe;
That you may truly know how much I love,
And what a kind, obedient Wife I'd prove:

But ſince no Female Threats will awe your Soul,
Or ſoft Entreaties your Reſolves controul,
Pray be aſſur'd, no Diſtance ſhall abate
My Love, or tempt me to thoſe Ills I hate:
I have to Vertue all my Life been bred,
Both fear and ſcorn to ſtain my Nuptial Bed.
Sin I abhor, and dread the impious Shame
That waits on female Luſt, that odious Flame:
Nor ſhould the *Indies* win me, or a Throne,
To proſtitute thoſe Charms you've made your own;
Therefore, believe me, whilſt on Seas you dwell,
Fix'd as the Northern-Star by which you ſail;
And that no human Pow'r ſhall e'er remove
My Thoughts from you, my only Orb of Love:
Pious I'll live, and conſtant will I be,
With heav'nly Thoughts I'll charm the raging Sea,
Pray for your ſafe Return, and hope you'll think of me.

HUSBAND.

Theſe Reſolutions from ſo kind a Wife,
Revive my Soul, and crown my happy Life.
Be chaſte at Home, and I'll Abroad be brave,
And thou the Honour of my Deeds ſhalt have.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

WHoever takes into his Arms
A young and buxom Bride,
All over Beauty, Love, and Charms,
And leaves her when enjoy'd,

Ought

Ought to expect, when once she knows
What 'tis to be embrac'd,
That to some Rival she'll dispose
Of what's beneath her Waist.

Good Wives may vertuous be, I'll grant,
Whilst in their Husband's Pow'r,
But in their Absence few will want
The Joys they marry'd for.

No Maid her Freedom would resign,
For an obeying Life,
Did not her panting Breast incline
To th' Pleasures of a Wife.

'Tis hard the lovely Dame should wed
A Rover of the Seas,
Who, when he's cloy'd, forsakes her Bed,
And robs her of her Ease.

If she the Nuptial Blessing loves,
And pines for his Embrace,
The truer to his Bed she proves,
The harder is her Case.

DIALOGUE XXXII.

Between an old Country Couple, in the Winter of their Age, concerning the Diſobedience of their Children, &c.

HUSBAND.

HERE take away the Beef and Cale,
And fill the Goblet full of Ale;
Bring me my Pipe, ſit down, my Dear,
And draw thy Wicker-Chair more near;
Lay on another Block or two,
I'm cold, and ſo, I fear, are you.

WIFE.

I am not over warm, be ſure;
Jug, pr'ythee ſhut the Parlour-Door;
We're in the Winter of our Age,
And ſliding off this worldly Stage;
Our frozen Nerves, alas! require
Good Liquor, and a thawing Fire,
That may our icy Clay revive,
And make us know that we're alive;
Elſe, we but ſleep our Time away,
Like Inſects in a Winter's Day.

HUSBAND.

HUSBAND.

Thou'rt in the right, I muſt allow,
We're but *Memento Mori*'s now,
Mere walking Skeletons, to ſhew
What Youth, in Time, muſt come unto:
Deſpis'd by all the Young and Gay,
Who fleer and ſcoff at our Decay;
Slighted by Children of our own,
Who think 'tis time that we were gone,
That they might waſte, in worldly Pleaſure,
What thou and I have ſcrap'd together.

WIFE.

Therefore, ſince we're become the Scorn
Of thoſe who of my Womb were born,
And that they wiſh us in the Grave,
For the ſmall Riches which we have,
'Tis time that we take care, my Dear,
To be each other's Comforter;
And that we wiſely keep our Store,
Now paſt our Labour, in our Pow'r,
And not relinquiſh what's our own,
To gratify a craving Son,
Or Daughter, to depend, now old,
On more uncertain Friends than Gold.
No, no, hold faſt your Wealth, I ſay,
'Tis a ſure Safeguard in Decay:
If once you part with that, you'll find
Repentance follows cloſe behind.

You ſee what Slights our Children ſhow,
How ſurly and moroſe they grow;
On all Occaſions how they flout us,
Now they can ſcarce ſubſiſt without us:
Therefore, ſhould we at once reſign
To them our friendly Bags of Coin,
And on their Gratitude depend
For Raiment, Food, and all we ſpend,
What Uſage then can we expect
But moody Frowns, and cold Neglect,
Provoking Snarls, and little Eaſe,
Amidſt our weak Infirmities:
Then let's be wiſe in what we give,
And ſave, that we ourſelves may live
Without depending on the Aid
Of thoſe that ong have wiſh'd us dead.

HUSBAND.

I'll take thy honeſt Couuſel, Wife,
I know our Children grudge us Life,
And long to ſee us ſafely laid
In Nature's laſt, but eaſy Bed,
Where all that are, or are to be,
Muſt come in time, as well as we,
And mighty Kings, who now ſit high,
With Beggars undiſtinguiſh'd lie.
Alas! what Comforts can we find,
Now old, beſides a peaceful Mind,
And Wealth ſufficient, that may be
Our Guard againſt Neceſſity?

The

The latter does the first preserve,
No Man can be Content and Starve;
No Sage Philosopher secure
A quiet Breast, if Old and Poor.
I, therefore, like what you advise,
'Tis Wealth alone makes Age seem Wise,
And not our Wrinkles, but our Pence,
That gain Respect and Reverence.

WIFE.

The greater Reason still we have
To keep what we have toil'd to save,
That now we're Ancient we may be
Secure from helpless Poverty.
Unhappy those that do depend,
When Old, upon a Child or Friend.
'Tis hard, my Dear, we should be taught
Now Aged, how to Eat, and what;
Rudely directed where to sit,
And caution'd how we Smoak or Spit;
Be fearful to disclose our Wants,
And tear'd with the imperious Taunts
Of some proud Minx our Son shall wed
Who'll think we are too nicely fed,
And ne'er be easy till we're dead.

HUSBAND.

Therefore the way to live at Ease,
And spend our aged Days in Peace,

Is ſtill to keep what we poſſeſs
And not, by giving, make it leſs:
'Tis better, that our Children wait
Till we are dead, for our Eſtate,
Than that we ſhould reſign the ſame,
And then turn Penſioners to them.
Whilſt in our Hands we keep the Staff,
And they depend on us, we're ſafe.
Our own paternal Love, we know,
Is great, and will continue ſo;
But filial Duty in a Son
Is not to be rely'd upon;
Age may be fond of Youth, we ſee,
But Youth with Age can ne'er agree:
Whene'er they buckle and obey,
Or humour us in what we ſay,
They only ſeemingly comply,
In hopes, at laſt, to gain thereby;
And coax and flatter us, for fear
We ſhould beſtow our Wealth elſewhere:
Therefore 'tis fit our Brood depends
On us, who are their faithful Friends;
Not we on them, who only want
To gain what we have Pow'r to grant,
Which if we part with whilſt we're living,
They'll make us ſoon repent our giving.

WIFE.

Children, we know, affect their Pleaſure,
And ſooth their Parents for their Treaſure:

But

that ariſe too often betweeen imprudent Perſons, will ſcoffingly affirm, that a Man and his Wife are like a Couple of Cats ty'd together by their Tails, and flung croſs a Sign-Poſt, who, as long as they live, will be always ferretting and tormenting of each other.

Other merry Blades will tell us, marrying is but putting two Lovers into a Ring to fight for the Breeches; *and* He *or* She, *who has the Fortune to win the Prize, will be ſure, without Mercy, to make a Slave of the Victim.*

The Father of the Engliſh *Poets, has long ſince oblig'd the World with this Compariſon*, viz.

Marriage is like a Revel Rout,
Thoſe that are out, would fain get in,
And thoſe that are in, would fain get out.

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Another celebrated Poet tells us, in one of his merry Madrigals, that a marry'd Man is like a Dog with a Bottle faſt ty'd to his Tail; *with many other very coarſe Similies, too immodeſt to recite.*

Alſo the famous Dr. Brown, *in his* Religio Medici, *is not behind-hand with the reſt, in inveighing againſt that ſacred Ordinance, wiſhing, That Mankind might procreate like Trees, or beget their Like by ſome other Means than what Heaven has appointed: Which, I think, is not only cavilling at the Wiſdom of Omnipotence, but, as it were, preſcribing new Meaſures to the Almighty after a blaſphemous Manner. Which unhappy Over-ſight has been no ſmall leſſening to the Credit of that Book, which would otherwiſe have deſervedly obtain'd a large Reputation for its learned Author.*

Many other ſuch like Paſſages, and ſatirical Scoffs, might be collected out of ſeveral celebrated Authors, ancient, as well as modern; which ſhew, that the greateſt Wits, like the beſt Fruits, are very ſubject to produce Maggots.

Therefore, I ſhall only take the Freedom to aſſure you, that the following Dialogues have not the leaſt Tendency to the Diſhonour of a marry'd State; for which I cannot but acknowledge I have as great a Reverence as any Man: and have often wonder'd, with what Confidence any Perſon living, except a proſtigate By-blow, can give himſelf the Liberty of exclaiming againſt it; when he cannot but know, that if his Parents Embraces had wanted the Nuptial Sanction, he muſt have been born a Baſtard.

I muſt

The Preface.

I muſt confeſs, the Paſſions and Follies of ſome indiſcreet Husbands, and obſtreperous Wives, who want a Senſe of their Duty to each other, may very reaſonably render Wedlock but an uncomfortable State, to ſuch ſingle Perſons, who, living under the ſame Roof, have frequent Opportunities of being Eye or Ear Witneſſes of their ridiculous Contentions. But, whoever reflects upon the holy Inſtitution, becauſe they ſee it ſhamefully abus'd by ſome imprudent Perſons, may as well condemn the natural Neceſſities of Eating and Drinking, becauſe ſome Men are Gluttons, and others Drunkards; or diſparage a Houſe for its Loftineſs, becauſe the Tenant was ſo mad as to wilfully break his Neck out of the Garret-Window.

Matrimony was certainly ordain'd for the Delight and Comfort of both Sexes;

But who can blame 'em, ſince we find,
That all are to the ſame inclin'd?
Money, we ſee, commands the Great,
The Wiſeſt nibble at the Bait;
Yet, tho' 'tis lov'd by Young and Old,
For Pleaſure ſtill they barter Gold,
And, by their Lives, let others ſee
The World is all but Vanity:
Therefore ſince Money bears the Sway,
And all Delights its Pow'r obey,
Let us, whilſt we have Life, take care
To ſave enough, that we may bear
Our Charges to our Journey's End,
Without the Help of Child or Friend;
For wretched muſt thoſe Parents be,
Who feel the Smart of Poverty,
And for Subſiſtance muſt rely
Upon their Childrens Charity.

Moral REFLECTIONS on the foregoing Dialogue.

NO Parent is oblig'd to ſave
To pleaſe a craving Son or Daughter;
Firſt let's be careful to preſerve
Our ſelves when Old, our Children after.

For

For he that parts with all his Gold,
Or Lands, without a Reservation,
To bless his Issue, may, when Old,
Repent his liberal Donation.

'Tis true, the wealthy Father ought
To make a suitable Provision
For his own Brood, and grant 'em what
May place them in a blest Condition:

But he that gives his Children all,
And on their Curtesy relies,
Will fare but ill, and surely shall
Repent his Folly ere he dies.

FINIS.

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